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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benjamin Franklin

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A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

INASMUCH as the scene of this story is that historic pile, Belpher Castle, in the county of Hampshire, England, it would be an agreeable task to open it with a leisurely description of the place, followed by some notes on the history of the Earls of Marshmoreton who have owned it since the fifteenth century. Unfortunately, in these days of rush and hurry a novelist works at a disadvantage. He must leap into the middle of his tale with as little delay as he would employ in boarding a moving street car. He must get off the mark with the smooth swiftness of the Californian jack rabbit surprised while lunching. Otherwise, people throw him aside and go out to picture palaces.

I may briefly remark that the present Lord Marshmoreton is a widower of some forty-eight years; that he has two children—a son, Percy Wilbraham Marsh, Lord Belpher, who is on the brink of his twenty-first birthday, and a daughter, Lady Patricia Maud Marsh, who is just twenty; that the chatelaine of the castle is Lady Caroline Byng, Lord Marshmoreton's sister, who married the very wealthy colliery owner, Clifford Byng, a few years before his death—which unkind people say she hastened; and that she has a stepson, Reginald. Give me time to mention these few facts and I am done. On the glorious past of the Marshmoretons I will not even touch.

Luckily the loss to literature is not irreparable. Lord Marshmoreton himself is engaged upon a history of the family, which will doubtless be on every bookshelf as soon as his lordship gets it finished. And as for the castle and its surroundings, including the model dairy and the amber drawing-room, you may see them for yourself any Thursday, when Belpher is thrown open to the public on payment of a fee of one shilling a head. The money is collected by Keggs, the butler, and goes to a worthy local charity. At least that is the idea; but the voice of calumny is never silent and there exists a school of thought, headed by Albert, the page boy, which holds that Keggs sticks to these shillings like glue and adds them to his already considerable savings in the Farmers and Merchants' Bank on the left side of the High Street in Belpher village, next door to the Odd Fellows' Hall.

With regard to this, one can only say that Keggs looks far too much like a particularly saintly bishop to indulge in any such practices. On the other hand, Albert knows Keggs. We must leave the matter open.

"The Family History is More Important Than Grubbing About in the Dirt. Go and Attend to These Notes at Once"

Of course appearances are deceptive. Anyone, for instance, who had been standing outside the front entrance of the castle at eleven o'clock on a certain June morning might easily have made a mistake. Such a person would probably have jumped to the conclusion that the middle-aged lady of a determined cast of countenance who was standing near the rose garden, talking to the gardener and watching the young couple strolling on the terrace below, was the mother of the pretty girl; and that she was smiling because the latter had recently become engaged to the tall, pleasant-faced youth at her side.

Sherlock Holmes himself might have been misled. One can hear him explaining the thing to Watson in one of those lightning flashes of inductive reasoning of his: "It is the only explanation, my dear Watson. If the lady were merely complimenting the gardener on his rose garden, and if her smile were merely caused by the excellent appearance of that rose garden, there would be an answering smile on the face of the gardener. But, as you see, he looks morose and gloomy."

As a matter of fact the gardener—that is to say, the stocky, brown-faced man in shirt sleeves and corduroy trousers who was frowning into a can of whale-oil solution—was the Earl of Marshmoreton; and there were two reasons for his gloom: He hated to be interrupted while working, and, furthermore, Lady Caroline Byng always got on his nerves, and never more so than when, as now, she speculated on the possibility of a romance between her stepson Reggie and his lordship's daughter Maud.

Only his intimates would have recognized in this curious corduroy-trousered figure the seventh Earl of Marshmoreton. The Lord Marshmoreton who made intermittent appearances in London, who lunched among bishops at the Athenæum Club without exciting remark, was a correctly dressed gentleman whom no one would have suspected of covering his sturdy legs in anything but the finest cloth. But if you will glance at your copy of Who's Who and turn up the M's, you will find in the space allotted to the Earl the words "*Hobby—Gardening.*" To which, in a burst of modest pride, his lordship has added "Awarded first prize for Hybrid Teas, Temple Flower Show, 1911." The words tell their own story.

Lord Marshmoreton was the most enthusiastic amateur gardener in a land of enthusiastic amateur gardeners. He lived for his garden. The love which other men expend on their nearest and dearest, Lord Marshmoreton lavished on seeds, roses and loamy soil. The hatred which some of his order feel for socialists and demagogues, Lord Marshmoreton kept for rose slugs, rose beetles, and the small, yellowish-white insect which is so depraved and sinister a character that it goes through life with an alias, being sometimes called a rose hopper and sometimes a thrip. A simple soul, Lord Marshmoreton, mild and pleasant. Yet put him among the thrips and he became a dealer-out of death and slaughter, a destroyer of the class of Attila the Hun and Genghis Khan.

Thrips feed on the underside of rose leaves, sucking their juice and causing them to turn yellow; and Lord Marshmoreton's views on these things were so rigid that he would have poured whale-oil solution on his grandmother if he had found her on the underside of one of his rose leaves sucking the juice.

The only time in the day when he ceased to be the horny-handed toiler and became the aristocrat was in the evening after dinner when, egged on by Lady Caroline, who gave him no rest in the matter, he would retire to his private study and work on his history of the family, assisted by his able secretary, Alice Faraday. His progress on that massive work was, however, slow. Ten hours in the open air make a man drowsy, and too often Lord Marshmoreton would fall asleep in mid-sentence, to the annoyance of Miss Faraday, who was a conscientious girl and liked to earn her salary.

The couple on the terrace had turned. Reggie Byng's face as he bent over Maud was earnest and animated, and even from a distance it was possible to see how the girl's eyes lit up at what he was saying. She was hanging on his words. Lady Caroline's smile became more and more benevolent.

"They make a charming pair," she murmured. "I wonder what dear Reggie is saying. Perhaps at this very moment ——"

She broke off with a sigh of content. She had had her troubles over this affair. Dear Reggie, usually so plastic in her hands, had displayed an unaccountable reluctance to offer his agreeable self to Maud, in spite of the fact that never, not even on the public platform which she adorned so well, had his stepmother reasoned more clearly than she did when pointing out to him the advantages of the match. It was not that Reggie disliked Maud. He admitted that she was a "topper," on several occasions going so far as to describe her as "absolutely priceless." But he seemed reluctant to ask her to marry him. How could Lady Caroline know that Reggie's entire world—or such of it as was not occupied by racing cars and golf—was filled by Alice Faraday? Reggie had never told her. He had not even told Miss Faraday.

"—— perhaps at this very moment," went on Lady Caroline, "the dear boy is proposing to her."

Lord Marshmoreton grunted, and continued to peer with a questioning eye into the awesome brew which he had prepared for the thrips.

"One thing is very satisfactory," said Lady Caroline. "I mean that Maud seems entirely to have got over that ridiculous infatuation of hers for that man she met in Wales last summer. She could not be so cheerful if she were still brooding on that. I hope you will admit now, John, that I was right in keeping her practically a prisoner here and never allowing her a chance of meeting the man again either by accident or design. They say absence makes the heart grow fonder. Stuff! A girl of Maud's age falls in and out of love half a dozen times a year. I feel sure she has almost forgotten the man by now."

"Eh?" said Lord Marshmoreton. His mind had been far away dealing with green flies.

"I was speaking about that man Maud met when she was staying with Brenda in Wales."

"Oh, yes!"

"Oh, yes!" echoed Lady Caroline, annoyed. "Is that the only comment you can find to make? Your only daughter becomes infatuated with a perfect stranger, a man we have never seen, of whom we know nothing, not even his name—nothing except that he is an American and hasn't a penny—Maud admitted that. And all you say is 'Oh, yes!'"

"I Say, Maud, Do You Find Love Puts You Off Your Stroke? Does It Make You Slice Your Approach Shots?"

"But it's all over now, isn't it? I understood the dashed affair was all over."

"We hope so. But I should feel far safer if Maud were engaged to Reggie. I do think you might take the trouble to speak to Maud."

"Speak to her? I do speak to her." Lord Marshmoreton's brain moved slowly when he was preoccupied with his roses. "We're on excellent terms."

Lady Caroline frowned impatiently. Hers was an alert, vigorous mind, bright and strong like a steel trap; and her brother's vagueness and growing habit of inattention irritated her.

"I mean speak to her about becoming engaged to Reggie. You are her father. Surely you can at least try to persuade her."

"Can't coerce a girl!"

"I never suggested that you should coerce her, as you put it.

"I merely meant that you could point out to her, as a father, where her duty and happiness lie."

"Drink this!" cried his lordship with sudden fury, spraying his can over the nearest bush, and addressing his remark to the invisible thrips. He had forgotten Lady Caroline completely. "Don't stint yourselves! There's lots more!"

A girl came down the steps of the castle and made her way toward them. She was a good-looking girl with an air of quiet efficiency about her. Her eyes were gray and whimsical. Her head was uncovered and the breeze stirred her dark hair. She made a graceful picture in the morning sunshine, and Reggie Byng, sighting her from the terrace, wabbled in his tracks, turned pink, and lost the thread of his remarks. The sudden appearance of Alice Faraday always affected him like that.

"I have copied out the notes you made last night, Lord Marshmoreton. I typed two copies." Alice Faraday spoke in a quiet, respectful, yet subtly authoritative voice. She was a girl of great character. Previous employers of her services as secretary had found her a jewel. To Lord Marshmoreton she was rapidly becoming a perfect incubus. Their views on the relative importance of gardening and family histories did not coincide. To him the history of the Marshmoreton family was the occupation of the idle hour; she seemed to think that he ought to regard it as a life work. She was always coming and digging him out of the garden and dragging him back to what should have been a purely after-dinner task. It was Lord Marshmoreton's habit when he awoke after one of his naps too late to resume work to throw out some vague promise of "attending to it to-morrow"; but, he reflected bitterly, the girl ought to have the tact and sense to understand that this was only polite persiflage and not to be taken literally.

"They are very rough," continued Alice, addressing her conversation to the seat of his lordship's corduroy trousers. Lord Marshmoreton always assumed a stooping attitude when he saw Miss Faraday approaching with papers in her hand; for he labored under a pathetic delusion, of which no amount of failures could rid him, that if she did not see his face she would withdraw. "You remember last night you promised you would attend to them this morning."

She paused long enough to receive a noncommittal grunt by way of answer.

"Of course if you're busy," . . . she said placidly, with a half glance at Lady Caroline. That masterful woman could always be counted on as an ally in these little encounters.

"Nothing of the kind!" said Lady Caroline crisply. She was still ruffled by the lack of attention which her recent utterances had received, and welcomed the chance of administering discipline. "Get up at once, John, and go in and work."

"I am working!" pleaded Lord Marshmoreton. Despite his forty-eight years his sister Caroline still had the power at times to make him feel like a small boy. She had been a great martinet in the days of their mutual nursery.

"The family history is more important than grubbing about in the dirt. I cannot understand why you do not leave this sort of thing to MacPherson. Why you should pay him liberal wages and then do his work for him I cannot see. You know the publishers are waiting for the history. Go and attend to these notes at once."

"You promised you would attend to them this morning, Lord Marshmoreton," said Alice invitingly.

Lord Marshmoreton clung to his can of whale-oil solution with the clutch of a drowning man. None knew better than he that these interviews, especially when Caroline was present to lend the weight of her dominating personality, always ended in the same way.

"Yes, yes, yes!" he said. "To-night, perhaps. After dinner, eh? Yes, after dinner. That will be capital."

"I think you ought to attend to them this morning," said Alice, gently persistent. It really perturbed this girl to feel that she was not doing work enough to merit her generous salary. And on the subject of the history of the Marshmoreton family she was an enthusiast. It had a glamour for her.

Lord Marshmoreton's fingers relaxed their hold. Throughout the rose garden hundreds of spared thrips went on with their morning meal, unwitting of doom averted.

"Oh, all right, all right, all right. Come into the library."

"Very well, Lord Marshmoreton." Miss Faraday turned to Lady Caroline. "I have been looking up the trains, Lady Caroline. The best is the twelve-fifteen. It has a dining car, and stops at Belpher if signaled."

"Are you going away, Caroline?" inquired Lord Marshmoreton hopefully.

"I am giving a short talk to the Social Progress League at Lewisham. I shall return to-morrow."

"Oh!" said Lord Marshmoreton, hope fading from his voice.

"Thank you, Miss Faraday," said Lady Caroline. "The twelve-fifteen."

"The motor will be round at a quarter to twelve."

"Thank you. Oh, by the way, Miss Faraday, will you call to Reggie as you pass and tell him I wish to speak to him."

Maud had left Reggie by the time Alice Faraday reached him, and that ardent youth was sitting on a stone seat smoking a cigarette and entertaining himself with meditations in which thoughts of Alice competed for precedence with graver reflections connected with the subject of the correct stance for his approach shots. Reggie's was a troubled spirit these days. He was in love, and he had developed a bad slice with his mid-iron. He was practically a soul in torment.

"Lady Caroline asked me to tell you that she wishes to speak to you, Mr. Byng."

Reggie leaped from his seat.

"Hullo-ullo-ullo! There you are! I mean to say, what!"

He was conscious, as was his custom in her presence, of a warm, prickly sensation in the small of the back. Some kind of elephantiasis seemed to have attacked his hands and feet, swelling them to enormous proportions. He wished profoundly that he could get rid of his habit of yelping with nervous laughter whenever he encountered the girl of his dreams. It was calculated to give her a wrong impression of a chap—make her think him a fearful chump and what not!

"Lady Caroline is leaving by the twelve-fifteen."

"That's good! What I mean to say is—oh, she is, is she? I see what you mean." The absolute necessity of saying something at least moderately coherent gripped him. He rallied his forces. "You wouldn't care to come for a stroll, after I've seen the mater, or a row on the lake, or any rot like that, would you?"

"Thank you very much, but I must go in and help Lord Marshmoreton with his book."

"What a rotten—I mean what a damn shame!" The pity of it tore at Reggie's heartstrings. He burned with generous wrath against Lord Marshmoreton, that modern Simon Legree, who used his capitalistic power to make a slave of this girl and keep her toiling indoors when all the world was sunshine.

"Shall I go and ask him if you can't put it off till after dinner?"

"Oh, no, thanks very much. I'm sure Lord Marshmoreton wouldn't dream of it."

She passed on with a pleasant smile. When he had recovered from the effect of this, Reggie proceeded slowly to the upper level to meet his stepmother.

"Hullo, mater! Pretty fit and so forth? What did you want to see me about?"

"Well, Reggie? What is the news?"

"Eh? What? News? Didn't you get hold of a paper at breakfast? Nothing much in it. Tam Duggan beat Alec Fraser three up and two to play at Prestwick. I didn't notice anything else much. There's a new musical comedy at the Regal. An American piece. Opened last night and seems to be just like mother makes. The Morning Post gave it a topping notice. I must trickle up to town and see it some time this week."

Lady Caroline frowned. This slowness in the uptake, coming so soon after her brother's inattention, displeased her.

"No, no, no! I mean you and Maud have been talking to each other for quite a long time, and she seemed very interested in what you were saying. I hoped you might have some good news for me."

Reggie's face brightened. He caught her drift.

"Oh, ah, yes, I see what you mean. No, there wasn't anything of that sort or shape or order."

"What were you saying to her, then, that interested her so much?"

"I was explaining how I landed dead on the pin with my spoon out of a sand-trap at the eleventh hole yesterday. It certainly was a pretty ripe shot, considering. I'd sliced into this bally bunker, don't you know—I simply can't keep 'em straight with the iron nowadays—and there the pill was, grinning up at me from the sand. Of course, strictly speaking, I ought to have used a niblick, but ——"

"Do you mean to say, Reggie, that, with such an excellent opportunity, you did not ask Maud to marry you?"

"I see what you mean. Well, as a matter of absolute fact, I, as it were, didn't!"

Lady Caroline uttered a wordless sound.

"By the way, mater," said Reggie, "I forgot to tell you about that. It's all off!"

"What!"

"Absolutely! You see, it appears there's a chappie unknown for whom Maud has an absolute pash. It seems she met this sportsman up in Wales last summer. She was caught in the rain and he happened to be passing and rallied round with his raincoat, and one thing led to another. Always raining in Wales, what! Good fishing, though, here and there. Well, what I mean is, this cove was so deucedly civil, and all that, that now she won't look at anybody else. He's the blue-eyed boy, and everybody else is an also-ran with about as much chance as a blind man with one arm trying to get out of a bunker with a toothpick."

"What perfect nonsense! I know all about that affair. It was just a passing fancy that never meant anything. Maud has got over that long ago."

"She didn't seem to think so."

"Now, Reggie," said Lady Caroline tensely, "please listen to me. You know that the castle will be full of people in a day or two for Percy's coming-of-age, and this next few days may be your last chance of having a real, long, private talk with Maud. I shall be seriously annoyed if you neglect this opportunity. There is no excuse for the way you are behaving. Maud is a charming girl ——"

"Oh, absolutely! One of the best!"

"Very well, then!"

"But, mater, what I mean to say is ——"

"I don't want any more temporizing, Reggie!"

"No, no! Absolutely not!" said Reggie dutifully, wishing he knew what the word meant, and wishing also that life had not become so frightfully complex.

"Now this afternoon, why should you not take Maud for a long ride in your car?"

Reggie grew more cheerful. At least he had an answer for that.

"Can't be done, I'm afraid. I've got to motor into town to meet Percy. He's arriving from Oxford this morning. I promised to meet him in town and tool him back in the car."

(Continued on Page 150)

"Nature Had It All Doped Out for Me to be the Belle of Hicks Corners. What I Ought to Have Done Was to Buy a Gingham Bonnet and Milk Cows"

WHO WON THE WAR?

By George Pattullo

IT ALL depends on whom you ask.

The French admit that they won it. To be sure, there are hundreds of thousands of the humbler class—more especially those living in the invaded areas—who tell a different tale, but unfortunately the masses in Europe are generally inarticulate through lack of mouthpieces, and so their viewpoint seldom finds expression. Those who do find expression are their political leaders, professional men, writers, bankers and upper strata, through the medium of the press and platform; and these have no hesitation in declaring now that France vanquished Germany, backed by the British Navy and Armies and some help from Italy.

As for the Italians, they are prepared to concede the leading rôles on the Western Front to France and Great Britain; but didn't Italy put Austria out of the fight? And with her great ally hors de combat what hope remained for Germany?

Should the average Englishman give you an honest opinion, undiluted by tact, it would be about like this: "The British Navy and our gallant Army. Of course the French did very well—very well, indeed, don't you think?—but after all, you know, they would have been lost without us, eh, what? Yes, I rather fancy we beat the Huns."

And should English historians run true to form—which is to say, should they write history as they have been writing it for hundreds of years—future generations of that wonderful staunch breed will thrill to schoolbook narratives of British victories by sea and land, from the First Battle of the Marne to the glorious day of November 11, 1918, when the boches took the count. But what about France, Italy, Russia, Serbia, the United States? Patience! They will not be left out; no, indeed! For away down at the tail end of the recital will appear the following tribute: "Our gallant Allies participated in these operations." I can say this with surer confidence because I was born a British subject; what is of greater import, contemporary English newspaper reviews and analyses of the war already indicate this trend.

The beauty of these divergent claims is that they are so human and natural, and are all correct as far as they go. But it seems to me that various contributing agencies are being overlooked. What about Russia? The Allies would have been beaten hopelessly in 1915 but for the Russian effort. Yet that much harried country is never mentioned nowadays except as a butt for abuse.

And what about the United States? Weren't we in it? Not ten months ago, with the German hordes crashing through the line for sickening gains, French and British statesmen, the French and British press, were unanimously declaring that the day would yet be saved if they could hold out until the Americans arrived in force. Mr. Lloyd George pronounced it a race between Time and America; a tremendous newspaper propaganda was started in France and Great Britain to stimulate morale by promises of speedy American aid.

Rapidly Cooling Admiration

ON JUNE 24, 1918, Mr. Lloyd George said in the course of a speech in the House of Commons: "The organization which has enabled us since March twenty-first to send to France a considerable number of American troops of first-rate fighting value has accomplished a surprising feat. It is impossible to state the exact number of soldiers. All that I can say is that it is sufficient to encourage our Allies and bring about the final defeat of our enemies. . . . The effectives of the opposing armies were on June twenty-first as nearly as possible equal. The Americans are arriving en masse, and I should be very much surprised if in a comparatively short space of time the Allied forces on the Western Front were not greater than those of the Germans."

And in those days our troops were wildly cheered whenever they appeared in a French town en route to the Front, whenever they disembarked at a British port.

All that is changed to-day. Ever since the armistice went into effect there has been a steady persistent propaganda in some quarters to belittle the American military effort. Its motive is obvious—to weaken the prestige she had won in Europe and throughout the world.

The attempt has been fairly successful in France and Great Britain; it has made headway in Canada and Australia and other parts of the Empire, but not to the same extent. In all these countries they have cooled very perceptibly toward the United States and have reverted to their original attitude, which found its most active expression in the winter of 1917—that America got into the war at the last moment in order to gather a fat share of the gains without suffering the heavy losses. In other words, the United States held off until Germany was almost beaten and then crowded in that she might have a stronger voice at the peace table.

This propaganda has come from the top. By "top" I do not mean the heads of government, but the upper stratum in each country—what they call the "governing classes" over here. At first it did not produce any perceptible effect upon the masses. The French peasants and laboring classes had come to regard the Americans as the saviors of the Allied cause; the French soldier, too, last fall appreciated our military aid at its worth. However, propaganda being merely a form of advertising and the influence of advertising being cumulative—if you keep telling people a thing long enough the majority will come to believe it—to-day the French and British peoples are about persuaded that they could have finished the business without the United States, and American military help was of so insignificant a character that it does not entitle their Ally from overseas to speak with the same authority on the peace terms as those nations which bled and suffered and bore the brunt. As this belief gains ground it alters their sentiments toward the American soldier, and to-day he does not get the same reception they accorded to him in the dark days. Any man of the A. E. F. will tell you that.

There still remain many hundreds of thousands of French living in the threatened areas who know the truth; to them the coming of the Americans spelled salvation. And I have an idea that among the troops who fought side by side with our men, and among the unbeatable forces from Canada, Australia and New Zealand, there is a disposition to concede us an honest share in the triumph. But as regards the bulk of the civilian populations in France and Great Britain the propaganda has worked. They sincerely believe that we proved a small factor in the final effort.

The Propaganda of Detraction

TWO methods of attack are employed in this propaganda—one is active, the other takes the form of omission. The French press inclined more to the former, publishing articles and editorials which frequently minimize America's part in the war to the point of absurdity. For instance, a prominent Paris newspaper ran a chart purporting to show what each Allied nation had done in a military way. The space assigned to the United States was almost as blank as Modred's shield; from that chart one would have supposed that Montenegro ran us a close second in the fighting.

This is an extreme instance—so extreme that the newspaper in question next day felt called upon to publish some sort of amends—but it reveals the trend. Not a day passes but one can find in the French press references which slight American participation and misrepresent the conduct of our troops.

Even so great a man as Clemenceau took a back-handed crack at us. Perhaps it was unintentional, but the soldiers of the A. E. F. felt it, nevertheless. On February ninth, in an interview which appeared in the Associated Press the French Premier was quoted as saying: "France might have died. She would not have surrendered. But do not mistake me. I do not mean to minimize the importance of the American military aid nor of the American Red Cross nor the Salvation Army nor any of the helpful agencies." Linking up our contribution to the fighting with the "helpful agencies" seemed to the A. E. F. to carry an implication too obvious for doubt.

The English propaganda takes a different slant. They don't belittle us in words—they simply ignore us or, when some mention of American aid is obligatory, accord it either with a condescending pat on the head or in the hollow phrases of diplomatic language worn threadbare in references to their lesser Allies, the Portuguese and such.

Lord Northcliffe has been a consistent champion of all things American, and one of the warmest friends the United States possesses in any foreign country, yet the London Daily Mail seems unable to see America in the war at all—now that the fighting is over. The day after the armistice was signed—on November twelfth—it published a survey on its editorial page entitled Four Years of War. Let me quote—and these are the only references to the United States in the entire article:

"The German offensives of 1918 turned our own methods against us—at first with considerable success. The enemy proclaimed his intention of beginning a war of movement, in which he assumed that the superior skill of his staff and the superior fighting power of his troops would enable him to gain decisive success. In the March offensive he broke through our Front and all but reached Amiens. In April he took Kemmel Hill. In May and June he broke through the French Front to the Marne and almost reached Compiegne. In July he opened his last offensive.

"Meantime the Allies had increased the output of aircraft and tanks, so that in both these new arms, which gained in importance with each week of the war, they now had a marked superiority. They unified the command and placed it in the hands of Marshal Foch. They were magnificently supported by President Wilson, who with the aid of the British Navy moved American troops to Europe at the rate of 300,000 men a month. Their Armies had gained in solidity notwithstanding defeat, and their soldiers had never lost faith in victory. Their generals had grown in experience and skill. So that when suddenly Foch began his counteroffensive on July eighteenth the world witnessed startling results. The Allies were not at this date superior in numbers. What they did was, therefore, the more wonderful.

"From July eighteenth the British and French continuously attacked the German Armies. At every point of contact they gained ground; they captured prisoners; they took guns. Their battles were no longer the amateurish affairs of 1915 and 1916; they advanced with generalship and brain; and time after time they surprised the enemy. The great German fortified lines, which were the essence of Hindenburg's strategy, so soon as the German campaign of movement had failed proved powerless to resist our troops. The Canadians, whose fame as storm troops stands so high, broke through the Wotan Line. British troops, with equal valor and determination, swam the Canal du Nord and captured subsidiary lines of work of immense strength. Australians, whose part in the fighting was second to none, forced the main Hindenburg positions near Le Catelet. Finally, in the great battle of October eighth, the British inflicted the most demoralizing blow yet dealt to the enemy, and smashing through the rearward works of the Hindenburg Line pierced the German center, reached open country, driving before them the beaten German Armies. The events of the past month have been even more rapid. The Allies have met the German staff, defeated it in its own game, proved themselves superior to the Germans in a war of movement, and shown they can storm with moderate loss the strongest German fortifications. Never before has such a machine existed as the modern British Army, whose masses of men have developed the superb qualities of the 'Old Contemptibles.'"

Isn't that prodigious?

Now the writer mentions that the Americans were arriving at the rate of 300,000 men a month—but not another syllable concerning them. What were they doing during all this war of movement? Idling comfortably somewhere along the lines of S. O. S.; or did they possibly engage in the business?

Let us look into this matter:

"In May and June he broke through the French Front to the Marne and almost reached Compiegne." No reference to American troops here; but who stopped the boches? Paris seemed to be doomed, the French were aghast; but suddenly the enemy hordes were thrown back and held. Ask the mayors of Meaux and adjoining towns; go ask the inhabitants of the Château-Thierry region. They know. So do all of us who were up there or in France at the time. The Second Division of the Americans did it.

Facts That are Ignored

"THE civilian population will never forget," said the mayors of Meaux and the neighboring districts in a letter to the commanding general of the American forces on the Marne, "that, beginning in the month of June, when their homes were threatened by the invaders, the Second Division victoriously stepped forth and succeeded in saving them from the impending danger. The mayors who were eyewitnesses of the generous and efficacious deeds of the American Army in stopping the enemy advance send this heartfelt expression of their admiration and gratitude."

At this time no troops except the Americans were seriously fighting the boches. Strategic retreats were the vogue; sometimes at a run, again at a walk. Rearguard actions were the fashion—and all honor to the men who stood and died, to gain time for their comrades.

That these statements are true may be realized by interpreting the German progress. A big army cannot advance sixty kilometers in a few days, as they did in March, or carry its Front forward at the rate of ten miles a day, as it did for a while in May, if there is serious resistance. For an army of hundreds of thousands such rate of progress is creditable as a hike, without a fight at all.

Of course critics will now rise up on their hind legs, shaking official reports to prove what a monstrous and wicked liar I am, but they may spare themselves the pains. For I have personal knowledge of these matters—and I have seen many an official report which lied outright or grossly misled. If obliged to do so I will reluctantly cite some.

I went to the Château-Thierry sector, and to other sectors as well, in those tragic days, and I pledge my word of honor that never have I seen the morale of fighting forces

lower than it was among the Allies at that period. They didn't seem to have a punch left in them. They were sullenly awaiting the next onslaught, fearful of its success, almost hopeless of their ability to stop the boches. And then a small force of Americans did the trick temporarily—and presto!—hope revived. They took a new lease on life; their spirits rose. General Gouraud knew what he was talking about when he said that the morale of an army could change in twenty minutes.

After this success there was a lull of some weeks, with the Germans reorganizing for another effort. They started an offensive on July fifteenth. It was the French under Gouraud who checked that; but again an American division distinguished itself.

The Third Division came back at the boches on July fifteenth like a sledge hammer. It hurled the Germans out of all their gains in that sector—and when the desperate struggle was over five thousand enemy dead lay in the area the Third held.

"From July eighteenth the British and French continuously attacked the German Armies," asserts the Daily Mail. And where were the Americans?

The Meuse-Argonne Offensive

WITHOUT them the French command could never have launched a counter-offensive. Their armies did not contain sufficient divisions with the requisite spirit for an onslaught. They could still put up a defensive fight, but they were wearied by hard service and many reverses. So the First and Second American Divisions, with the famous Moroccan Division—than whom there are no storm troops on earth more fiery—constituted the head of the spear in the Soissons battle of the Marne-Aisne offensive. With them in that grueling and costly struggle were six other American divisions—the Third, Fourth, Twenty-sixth, Twenty-eighth, Thirty-second and Forty-second. It should be remembered in estimating numbers that an American division is numerically double the strength of either a French or a British division, so that we had there the numerical equivalent of sixteen Allied divisions—round 225,000 men.

We will pass over the reduction of the St.-Mihiel salient, a brilliant accomplishment at a comparatively small loss. Suffice that the French for long considered the position impregnable, and their assaults had broken down. The American attempt was made under most favorable conditions and succeeded, freeing an important railroad for further operations.

The Daily Mail refers to the capture of the main Hindenburg positions near Le Catelet by the Australians. That was one of the outstanding feats of the operations of 1918. But why forget the American share in it? We had two divisions fighting with the Australians—the Twenty-seventh and Thirtieth; and they assuredly held up their end, according to the reports received from the Australians themselves.

And now we come to the Meuse-Argonne offensive, the greatest battle in American history. In that long-drawn struggle, which began on September twenty-sixth and did not end until the finish, the Americans employed more than eight hundred thousand men and suffered close to one hundred and fifty thousand casualties. Surely this ranks with any offensive ever undertaken by either the French or British. The French effectives in the Argonne offensive were in the neighborhood of 320,000 men.

They told us we could not do it. The French were willing to bet five to one that the dense Argonne Forest with its frowning ridges and hills and deep ravines could not be taken. They exclaimed at the very thought of such an undertaking, predicting unspeakable losses. Well, the losses came—nobody can deny that—but the Americans broke the German line at its pivotal point and forced a precipitate retreat all along the Front. Sickening as were our casualties, they were not out of proportion to the importance of the feat. And had not the Argonne position been forced a spring campaign might have been necessary, with double the toll of dead and wounded.

The German communiqué admitted that their line had been broken through by the Americans. For the first time in the war they admitted a break through. On every other occasion they announced that their line had been "pierced" by the French or British; or that they were withdrawing a few kilometers to straighten out a bulge made by the enemy. But in the Argonne they lost a lot of artillery, and material of war beyond count; they had to abandon their entire Front and head back beyond any prepared positions, and there was no alternative but to confess it.

The strategic results of this victory were enormous and decisive. The mainstay of the German Front south of the Sambre was the four-track railroad line between Carignan, Sedan, Mézières and Ham-les-Moines. It had two double-track extensions, through Liart and Signy. This line in conjunction with the network of railroads through Thionville and Metz furnished them a wonderful system for the rapid movement of reënforcements between the Sambre, Aisne and Lorraine Fronts.

The boches had been able to move two divisions a day from the Sambre to the Meuse, through Mézières and Sedan, and five divisions in two days by utilizing Libramont in addition to those two points. This mobility gave them an enormous advantage, since they could rush reserves from one sector to another as required. But after the American break through they were able to transport only one division in two days between the same points, which made rapid reënforcements of the Front below Metz impossible; and it was below Metz that the Germans expected the next attack. Furthermore, the stroke destroyed two-thirds of the evacuation facilities into Germany from Verdun to the Sambre, and a third of the evacuation facilities from Verdun to Holland.

This situation compelled an immediate withdrawal by the boches from the Aisne-Sambre Front, and accounts in a measure for the rapid advance of the French and British Armies during the closing days of the campaign. Which brings us to the astounding assertion in the Mail article that the Allies have "shown they can storm with moderate loss the strongest German fortifications." What utter nonsense! Repeat such rot as that to a fighting man who has been through it and he would laugh in your face.

No troops in the world can storm the strongest German fortifications with moderate loss, assuming there are Germans there to hold them. The French poilu can tell you that; the British Tommy will swear to it; the American doughboy will make his affidavit to it. One has only to glance at the progress reported by the French, British and Belgian commands in those latter days of the struggle to realize that the resistance opposite them must have been half-hearted, and in some cases almost nonexistent. The Belgians swept forward for enormous gains. Anybody who knows troops knows that this cannot be done against obstinate resistance.

The Simple Truth of the Matter

THE truth of the matter is that the Germans had withdrawn their reserves to meet the American threat in the Meuse-Argonne Battle. They were pulling out of the northwestern sectors. On September twenty-sixth, when the first American attack was launched, they had only 110,000 men opposite us. They used up enormous numbers in the bloody death grapple which followed; division after division was hauled out, broken and exhausted. On November eleventh they had 586,000 men engaged in trying to hold the Americans. It is probable that from first to last they employed about seven hundred thousand men in the vain attempt to halt our drive.

When the war came to an end we had 1,950,000 men in France. The British forces totaled 1,718,000. All through the October fighting our Armies exceeded the British by more than two hundred thousand men, even including their allies, the Portuguese. And the ratio of men behind the lines to men in the Front is less in the American Army than in the British. It is only to be expected that each of the principal nations engaged on the Allied side should claim the credit of defeating the enemy.

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The Battle of the Tanks

Confessions of a Platform Weevil

If You Want to Know About Hotels See Me

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON

THESE evenings when the hour of eight-fifteen approaches, the hero of this brochure engages in a certain rite or ceremonial, simple but in a way touching, and replete with a sentiment of deep sincerity. He observes the time and he half rises from his seat, as though remembering pressing business, then as he sinks back again into the comfortable chair he internally utters three silent yet ringing cheers, and as the echoes die away within his own convolutions he says to the clock: "You can go plumb to thunder, dog-gone you! I'm going to keep right on resting my face and hands, and you might as well tick along and do likewise, because, praises be, to-night's the night when I don't have to speak!"

That is the answer—he doesn't have to speak. He doesn't have to climb into the habiliments customarily worn by lyceum weevils, butlers and persons who are going to be buried. He doesn't have to lurk offstage awaiting the cue words from the lips of the chairman of the meeting which shall bring him forth before the assembled audience. He doesn't have to worry about the acoustics of the hall, if any such there be, or about the state of his voice, or about the size of the crowd, or about whether the train for the next town will or will not be on time. He is not concerned with the haunting fear that in the midst of his remarks, when he is trying to be oratorical and gets to gesticulating round, his dress waistcoat will creep insidiously up from his front terrace toward his first mezzanine, and expose between two strips of black a cross-section of white shirt, like a slice of Prince of Wales cake. He doesn't have to stand on his poor tired fallen arches alongside a table with a pitcher of ice water upon it for two hours at a stretch. He doesn't have to make notes and then mislay them. Most blessed relief of all, he doesn't need to wonder whether the official introducer will say too much or too little.

In the Livery Called Ponto

FOR you should know that night after night for months past the subject of these lines has been doing these things and the surcease from them is very welcome to him. It gives him opportunity to sprawl at ease and to consider the comparative merits and demerits of the four kinds of indoor-speaking stunts of which he repeatedly has been guilty in an otherwise, he trusts, not entirely misspent life. In the order in which he essayed them these four are as follows:

FIRST—After-dinner speaking.

SECOND—A tour under the direction of a firm of theatrical managers.

THIRD—Chautauquas.

FOURTH—Lyceums.

By these successive stages has this gentleman's fall been marked. His first experience was speaking at banquets and at smokers and on other more or less similar occasions when men had assembled together to gratify that desire to gloat over human suffering which has come down through the ages from the time of Nero; only the ancient Romans customarily used for this purpose a martyr in connection with hungry lions or other wild beasts, whereas the moderns preferably choose for their victim an amateur after-dinner speaker who didn't have very much to say in the first place, and in the second place forgets it all even as he is rising to his feet.

When a man has weathered his first distressing and disastrous attempt at after-dinner speaking—it is always distressing and nearly always is disastrous—he usually swears a solemn oath never again to submit himself to this form of exquisite torture. But as a general proposition he does not keep the pledge he has taken. For he has tasted the alluring flattery which is produced by the friction of many pairs of hands being clapped together, and he is on the verge of the discovery which Demosthenes made long before him, that in a man's ears there is no music that is quite so sweetly seductive as the sound of his own voice fluting forth, once he has mastered the difficult art of emitting articulate and more or less intelligible sounds before an audience. The prospect of going on daunts him, and yet it allures him too. So he goes on.

The habit is one hard to acquire and hard to break off. Many men never do entirely get over it. Mark Twain never did, Chauncey Depew never has, Mr. Taft never will.

Even so, if bone-dryness has its nation-wide way with us it is a reasonable prediction that after-dinner speaking will lose a good part of its present vogue in a fair but arid land. Among us we still shall have just as many persons who are willing to stand up at the guest table and speak a piece, but we shall not have so many persons who are willing to fatten out the audiences. Let the Prohibitionists say what they will, the fact stands forth, indubitable and incontrovertible, that on ice water alone the majority of men will not sit through two hours and a half of indifferent steam-tabled food, and then sit through two hours and a half more of variegated oratory. A man may shun the wine cup himself, may be the most teetotal of teetotalers, but through some curious quirk in human nature he develops better staying powers on festive occasions by reason of the presence, at least, of the fizzy water. I am not speaking of the exceptions to the rule but of the average, the broad general run of mankind. Who was it said nobody ever saw a group of care-free roisterers at two o'clock in the morning singing For He's a Jolly Good Fellow while clustered round a pump? Mind you, I'm not defending the practice, or condemning it either; I merely am pointing it out.

So, the trend of the times being what they are, the central figure of this recital may well be glad that he served his elocutionary apprenticeship in the golden days of post-prandial endeavor before the accursed stuff got to be twelve dollars a quart.

He went then, the exact time being just four years ago, upon a limited tour under theatrical auspices, appearing mainly in theaters and accompanied on his wanderings by a regular theatrical manager wearing—as all orthodox traveling theatrical managers do wear—a high hat and a fur overcoat answering to the name of Ponto.

It was within the past eight months that he courageously essayed the two most popular vehicles of platform expression remaining open and accessible to the layman. Last summer he trekked the Chautauqua trail, following in the footsteps of Mr. William Jennings Bryan and the Hawaiian Ukulele Four. During the ensuing winter, which was the past winter, he operated through the instrumentality of a booking agency upon the lyceum courses, which in a broad way of speaking are akin to the Chautauquas though differing from them in various particulars.

In the carrying through of these two more recent campaigns he spoke in most of the states of this Union and under nearly every imaginable combination of physical and atmospheric circumstances. In June, during an unseasonable cold spell, he spoke beneath a tent, when the temperature had fallen to fifty or thereabouts and the rain descended in sheets and spouted through a ripped seam in the canvas just overhead and ran in a stream down the back of his neck and chilled his ardor and everything. During a sudden wind storm which tore the sides out of another tent and broke most of the guy ropes and sent the populace fleeing to near-by cyclone cellars he finished his remarks before an audience consisting of three men and a boy who were trying to keep the center pole from leaving too. On a Sunday afternoon in August, in the vast steaming heart of the midcontinental Corn Belt, where the thermometer would have registered one hundred and ten in the shade—if there had been any shade—he stood with his head within six inches of the underside of the tin roof of a summer park auditorium, for two hours undergoing all the sensations of an egg that is being fried on one side, the only point of variance being that the egg does not have to furnish its own grease to be fried in. Now whenever he sees an egg in the act of being fried with the sunny side up a deep wave of fellow feeling and sympathy surcharges his being.

A Kaleidoscope of Horrors

IN ADDITION to speaking under tents he spoke in regular theaters, and irregular ones; in town halls, municipal auditoriums, armories, convention buildings, skating rinks, high schools, colleges and assembly halls; in converted livery stables and in livery stables that had been converted but showed signs of backsliding; in lodge rooms, dancing academies, moving-picture palaces, vaudeville houses, unoccupied stores and hotel ballrooms, in Mormon tabernacles, Jewish synagogues and Protestant chapels; in churches and Sunday schools; in outdoor forums, at military cantonments and under brush arbors. To keep his appointments he has traveled by train, lake steamer, ferry, skiff, canoe, motor boat and launch; by automobile, truck, bus, jitney, buggy, sleigh and sledge; on slow freights and on horseback and afoot. He has devoured more hurried meals than any Untamable Wallace in captivity. He knows all that there is to know about good hotels and bad hotels, about good food and bad food, about the cafeteria pie and the lunch-stand sandwich, about the dining-car oyster and the way-station doughnut; and of these last-named two greatly prefers the latter, because the way-station doughnut can withstand any climate, and the dining-car oyster cannot and does not, as full well the seasoned traveler knows.

For six weeks of last winter he did not sleep in one bed twice, and in the cases of quite a number of said beds did not care to do so either. Of February's twenty-eight nights he spent twenty-four in sleeping-car berths, and never the same berth two nights in succession.

When he moved across country rapidly, as generally he did, life to him became a confused kaleidoscopic blur made up of long hard jumps and overheated cars; of table d'hôte provender flavored with smoke and garnished with clinkers; of strange porters, strange waiters, strange towns, strange faces; and hotel accommodations that were stranger by far than any of these. Occasionally there befell a blessed period when by virtue of an easier itinerary

he might travel at a somewhat more leisurely gait, and then he had opportunity to observe that the most hospitable hosts, the most kindly casual acquaintances, and the most generous audiences to be found anywhere upon the face of the habitable globe reside on this continent.

In addition to being generous they are as intelligent as any audiences anywhere; he's quite certain of that, as a result of his observations. Another discovery he made was that the average rural audience is just as quick to grasp a point as the average metropolitan audience is—sometimes quicker. He decided long ago that the platformist who thought it necessary to talk down to an American crowd was a plain ass; and nothing occurred in his recent experiences to cause him to alter this opinion.

His subject was Big War, he having witnessed some of its earlier phases, in 1914, and some of its latter phases, in 1918, as a staff correspondent for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Having given this clew to his identity we may as well complete the disclosure and admit that our hero is none other than the author of these confessions, who hereinafter in this narrative will employ the personal pronoun, both for convenience's sake and because he finds it easier to speak in the first person inasmuch as this is the method pursued by most of us in speaking about ourselves and about the things we have seen and felt and heard and done. So be it then.

A lot has been written about the scope and influence of that distinctly American institution, the Chautauqua; but to my way of thinking the whole truth in this matter has never been told and probably never will be told, especially as it practically is impossible to analyze or to sum up in words without the use of extravagant metaphor the effect which the Chautauqua must have annually upon the minds of millions of Americans. People who live in the bigger cities, where the Chautauqua is an incident and not an event, have no conception, I am sure, of what the Chautauquas mean to smaller communities and to farmer folk in the United States generally, and particularly in the Middle West, the Northwest and the Farther West.

A Startling Experience

AS A RULE, the size of a town wherein a Chautauqua course is being given has nothing to do with the size of the audience attending from day to day. The factors that really count for attendance are more apt to be the density and the character of the rural populace in the surrounding country, coupled with the fact that the Chautauqua here has become a regular institution instead of being a novelty; and the progressiveness of the local committee in charge. To the man who is getting his first taste of the Chautauqua it is a startling experience—until he is used to the sensation—to step off a slow way train into a town so small and so new-looking it has the appearance of having been built especially for this occasion, and to find the main street, which often is the only street in the place worthy of the name of street, blocked off with wagons, buggies and automobiles, and to find the adjacent grove dotted thick with the tents of campers, and finally to find somewhere back in the woodland a huge crowd awaiting the beginning of the afternoon or the evening program.

I recall a certain town in Northern Indiana, that state which among the Chautauqua booking agencies is called blessed and thrice blessed. It is not a county seat, as I recall; it is not located on a main railroad line or on a navigable river, and in normal times—that is, for fifty-one weeks a year—it numbers less than twenty-five hundred inhabitants. But on a Sunday last August in a park on its outskirts I saw assembled a gathering which, as proved by the tally of season tickets and special admission receipts for this particular date, totaled nearly nine thousand men, women and children. Literally there were solid acres of humanity packed in and about the open-sided amphitheater where the afternoon's entertainment went on.

It is through the medium of the Chautauquas that millions of Americans who mainly reside in districts remote from the big cities get, once every year, within the period of a week or ten days or two weeks, their principal contact with the outside world. Excepting only the newspapers and periodicals and books they read it is for a great many of them the only opportunity for acquiring such contact, either directly or indirectly. Many of them have not the means or the spare time or yet the taste to travel long distances for amusement and instruction. By the instrumentality of the Chautauqua these very necessary things are brought to them. To them come singers, musicians, orchestras, theatrical companies, concert bands, readers, impersonators, pageants and speakers upon almost every imaginable topic that is timely or helpful or illuminating. To them are brought explorers, travelers, naturalists, experts and publicists in nearly every line of endeavor, persons of whatsoever calling who for the moment bulk large in the eye of the nation. At relatively small cost they are vouchsafed the opportunity to see and to hear former Presidents and future Presidents, great political leaders, great reformers, great economists, great churchmen, great evangelists, great soldiers, great artists, great orators and—speak softly—great bores.

The vogue of the popular-priced, easily handled automobile and the spread of good roads have together made it possible for the man who lives forty or fifty or sixty miles distant to run in with the members of his household every morning for the Chautauqua, and run home again at night. Even so and despite the fact that nearly every live American farmer to-day owns and operates his own car there are yet vast numbers of rural dwellers who, obeying a habit which they acquired years back, move into town for the whole Chautauqua season. They bring their families along and camp on the grounds, housekeeping under canvas and religiously attending every session of the Chautauqua doings, morning, afternoon and evening. At the end of the week or the ten days or the two weeks, as the case may be, these faithful ones pack back and up and return to the farm, they being by now gorged with fried chicken, watermelon-rind preserves, eloquence, music, blueberry pies, pink popcorn, soft drinks and stored-up impressions in quantities sufficient to suffice for the ensuing twelve months. But they leave their used quids of chewing gum behind them. Deliberately and unequivocally I make this statement—they leave their used chewing gum behind.

The bulk of the chewing gum produced in this country must be purchased and chewed—and then thrown away—by Chautauqua audiences; in fact I am sure of it. I have yet to skirt a spot where a Chautauqua was in progress without picking up on toe or heel or instep or elsewhere at least one still moistly adhesive putty-colored gob of gum. I have seen two buckskin shoes transformed, as to their soles, into the semblance of an asphalt spreader's brogans after their owner had spent an hour strolling about the grounds. And within a Chautauqua inclosure the man who sits down upon the greensward without first searching along the grass roots for the newly abandoned quidlet which lurks in hiding there, does so at his and his pants' peril.

I would dwell briefly upon another outstanding manifestation of the Chautauqua. Scattered over this Union there are countless thousands of mothers who are suffering from the delusional belief that if a very young infant, a toothing infant by preference, is suffering from nettle rash nothing will so conduce to the speedy recovery of the ailing offspring as taking it to a crowded tent on a nice, steamy, warm midsummer midafternoon and letting it hear a lecture on the Holy Land or a discourse upon the wonders of wireless telegraphy. Of course the one common answer to this seeming idiosyncrasy of the maternal mind is that in a majority of cases unless the mother brought the baby along she would have to stay away from the proceedings herself, and so by bringing it she indirectly is paying a tribute to the drawing powers of the performer; but while he appreciates the compliment it is rather disconcerting for him to have to divide his time with two or three or four or half a dozen sore-gummed, prickly-heated little ones, all of whom are determined to be heard in their own behalf regardless of what may be going on in the way of an opposing attraction. He is likely to find his train of thought wrecked by a head-on collision with a day nursery.

With Pores Wide Open

FROM a mass of recollections, most of them pleasant ones, that were accumulated during a seven weeks' Chautauqua tour there stands out in the mind of the present writer the memory of one particular day in one particular Middle Western town. Reader, conceive the setting for the picture and the chief actors therein: It is three o'clock of one of the warmest afternoons experienced during the Christian Era. Upon the platform stands the speaker of the day. When I state that he is perspiring freely I am using the most moderate of language. At this moment he feels almost improperly open-pored. He has the apprehension that his face is about to melt entirely and run right down on him.

Scattered hither and yon through the audience which he faces are fully a dozen very new, very unhappy babies, each accompanied by at least one parent. Seated side by side upon the very front row

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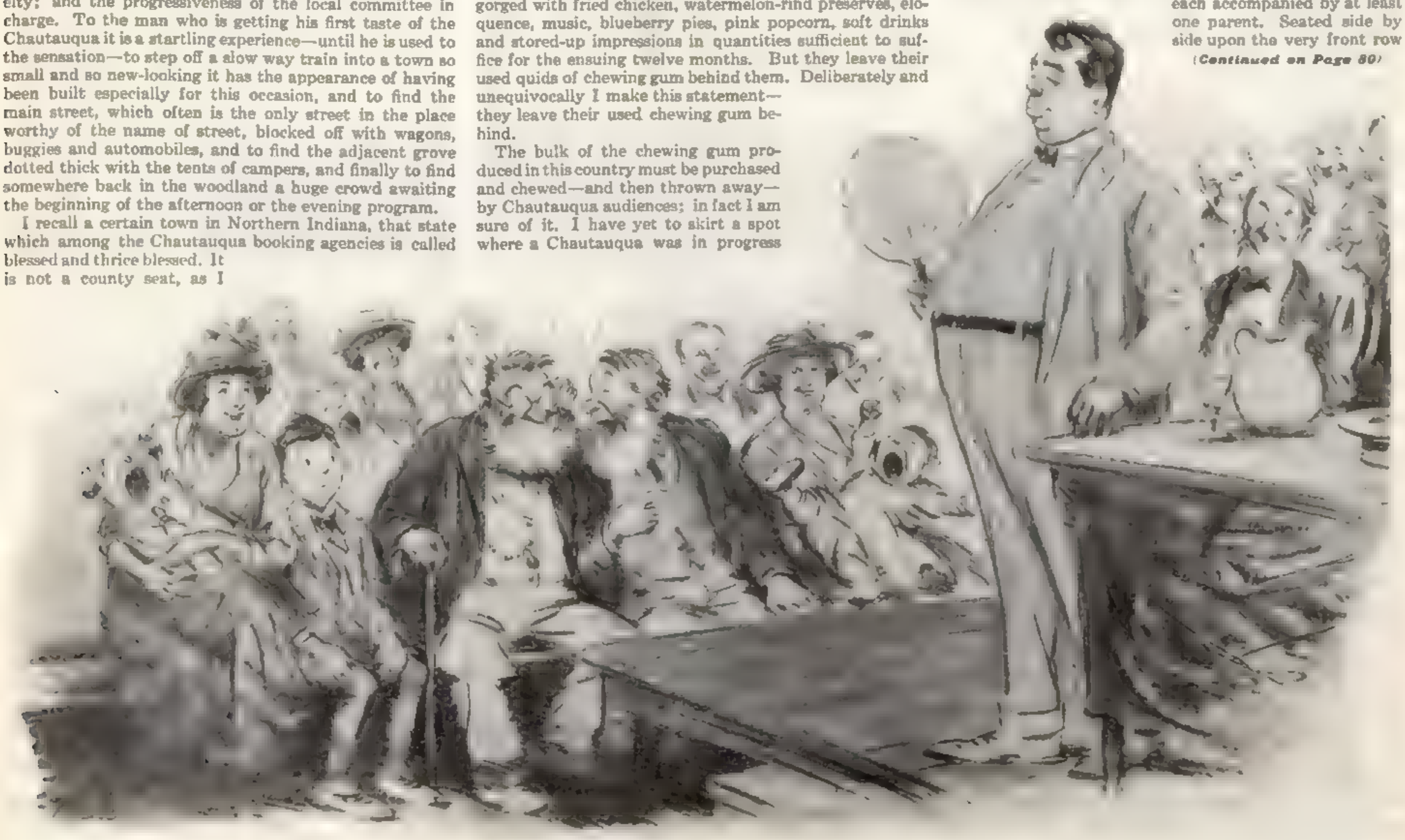

The Performer is Likely to Find His Train of Thought Wrecked by a Head-On Collision With a Day Nursery

ANYTHING ONCE

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY THELMA CUDLIPP GROSVENOR

AIN'T it funny the things that comes into a person's head when they are rubbing cold cream onto their nose? All sorts of stuff, some of it good sense and some of it the bunk. But most of it pretty near O. K. If someone was to take down the ideas I get at such a sacred hour I'd be out of the dancing game and into the highbrow class just as quick as the printer got through his work.

It sure is a time when a woman's true thoughts come to the surface along with the dust and last night's make-up, and many a big resolve has been made owing to that cleanly habit. Wasn't there some wise bird made up a quotation about cleanliness being next to goodness knows what? Well, believe you me, it's the truth, for once a woman starts in with the cold cream all alone—and she sure does it at no other time—there is no telling what will come of it beside a clean pink face.

With me personally myself, that's where most of my ideas about life come from—right out of the cold-cream tube! And while indulging in this well-known womanly occupation the other evening I commenced thinking about rest and how important it is for us Americans—and of the way we go after it—like it was something we had to catch and catch quick or it would get away from us. Do you get me? If not leave me tell you what a friend of mine which has just been mustard out of the service says to me when I was checking up his experiences abroad while he was checking up what the waiter had put down.

"My idea of rest?" he says. "Why taking Belleau Wood after three restless weeks in the trenches," he says.

Which sort of puts the nut in the shell, as the saying is. And also at the same time reminds me of the rest I just recently took.

Not that I generally need one any more than any other thoroughly successful star, for heaven knows the best-known parlor dancing act in the world and Broadway, which mine undoubtedly is, don't need to rest because the managers theirselves always come after me, and resting I leave to the booking-agency hounds. But this time it was *bona fido*, and come about in a sort of peculiar way.

To commence at the start it begun with me falling for the movies, which goodness knows I only done it for the money, there being no art in it, and they having hounded me into them for a special fillum. And of course many well-known girls like Mary Garden and Nazimova go into pictures, and even myself, but it's simply because of being hounded, as I say. But once in you earn your money, believe you me, and I have stood round waiting for the sun like Moses, or whoever it was, until my feet nearly froze to the Palisades before jumping off; only of course it was a dummy they threw after I had made the original motions of the leap to death.

And the worst part is once you are signed up on one of these "payment to be made whether the party of the first part"—that's me—"is working or not" you got to do like they say, and a whole lot of the "not working" means plain standing round waiting for the director or the camera man or the rain to quit, and what us public favorites suffers when on the job is enough to make the photographer's Favorite of Granger, Wyoming, abandon the career she might of had in favor of domestic service or something like that where she'd get a little time to herself.

Well anyways my judgment having slipped to the extent of having signed my sense of humor away for six months at twenty-two hundred a week I was in the very middle of a fillum called the Bridge to Berlin when one day, just as a big brute of a German officer by the name of O'Flarety had me by the throat in a French château, the studio manager comes in and says the armistice is signed and the war is over, and we was to quit as who would release a war fillum now and we was to start on something entirely different, only he didn't know what the hell it was to be and here was eight thousand feet wasted. And believe you me I was sore myself, for we had shot that strangling scene six times by then and my marcelle wave was completely ruined by it, and I would of liked to of had something to show for it.

But anyways orders was to quit and so me and ma and the two fool dogs and Musette left the wilds of Jersey and after a stormy voyage across the Hudson come safely home to our modest little apartment on the Drive, there not to work at twenty-two hundred a week until Goldringer got the studio manager to get the scenario editor to get me a new story, which at the price was not of long duration, for while they don't care how long a person stands round waiting to be shot they just naturally hate to pay you for doing the same thing at home in comfort.

Well anyways the bunk that scenario editor picked out was something fierce. I wouldn't of been screened dead in it. But it just happened I had a idea for a scenario myself, which come about through somebody having give me a book for Christmas, and one night, the boy having forgot to bring the papers, I read it. And was it a cute book? It was! I had a real good cry over it, and while it wasn't exactly a book for a dancer I could see that there was good stuff in it. So finally me and ma stopped into Goldringer's office after he had twice telephoned for me and handed him a little surprise along with the volume.

"I got a idea for a picture, Al," I says, "and here's the book of it."

"Well, Miss LaTour, what's the name of it and idea?" says he, chewing on his cigar strong and not even looking at the book but throwing it to the stenographer, which is a general rule always in the picture game and one reason we don't see such a crowd of swell fillums.

"The name is Oliver Twist," I says. "It's a juvinile lead the way it stands, but I want it changed a little, with me as Olivette Twist—the editor can fix it so's that will be all right. It's really a swell part. I could wear boy's clothes some of the time."

"I Bought Off the Colored Man While You Were Sleeping, and Have Been Your Humble Servant for Almost an Hour!"

"Huh! Olivette Twist," says Goldringer, taking back the book and looking at the cover of it. "Always thought it was a breakfast food! But if you say it's O. K. we'd better get it. Where is this feller Dickens? We'll wire him for the rights. Friend of yours?"

You see if anybody brings scenarios personally, a star in particular, it's generally a friend's.

"No," I says. "It was sent me by Jim along with a letter which shows the bird is well known," I says, "and is in Westminster Abbey, London, England, which Jim says proves his class."

"Must be a swell apartment," says Goldringer. "All right, we'll send a cable to him and see if the picture rights is gone or not. If the boy is so well known he may stick out for a big price. This is Thursday. We may hear from him by Monday or Tuesday, and we'll get a scenario ready anyways so's we can begin to shoot not later than a week from to-day. Until then," he says, "run along and amuse yourself and don't do anything I wouldn't."

Well, me and ma was shown out then, and down on Broadway ma seen some salt-water taffy in a drug store and wanted to go in and buy it, which I had to prevent because outside of ma being in no need of nourishment she weighing considerable over the heavyweight requirements already and if she was to have went back into the circus it would no longer be on the trapeeze, and a certain party in the sideshow would have a strong competitor for her job and it wouldn't be the human skeleton either. But leaving off these considerations how would it look for us to go up the avenue in my new wine-colored limousine—which I earned myself and no one can say different with truth—and eating stuff like that out of a folded paper box?

Ma certainly has my health well in hand and heart, and it's seldom we quarrel over any little thing, but she certainly has no class instinct, or instinct for class—do you get me? And when I try to make her see that them little refinements is what makes me the big success I am she sometimes kicks, and if it's hunger it's got to be met immediately; if not one way—why, then another. So in lieu, as the poet says, of the taffy, I had to take her to the Ritz and watch her put away six vanilla eclairs at two bits each, and a quart of cocoa; not that I begrudge the money, only believe you me the way all hotels charges nowadays is rapidly making Bolsheviki out of even we capitalists. Do you get me? You do! But of course in my line you got to keep before the public in the right way.

Well anyways ma complained over the loss of that taffy the whole way through the six eclairs, which it was certainly a little hard on me to have to sit there and watch her while for professional reasons eating only one of these tomato surprises which never surprise but the once, on my figure's account, and certainly it's a fact that the two of us was doing the next best thing to what we wanted instead of the thing itself, which is one of the prices of success. So, as is also often the case at such times, I was a little mean to ma on account of having been mean already—do you get me?

"Mamma," I says, "you certainly are getting heavier. It's a crime for you to wear these narrow skirts!"

Ma give me a searching look the same as used to lead up to castor oil when I was a kid, and then took the half of a eclair at one bite before replying.

"Now, Mary Gilligan, you needn't take out your artistic temperament or any other ailment on me!" she

says as firmly as the eclair would permit. "Just because Jim is in France yet, and your moleskin dolman was a failure and you ain't been occupied daily for a week or more, and slipped up on doing your setting-up exercises this morning, which I wouldn't of mentioned only you started it," she says. "It's no excuse for picking on me," she says. "What if I am a little plump? Ain't I earned the right to be? What with three kids and your pa to bring up, and on the center trapeeze in the circus right through it all except when absolutely necessary? You don't know what a woman can go through!"

"Don't I, just!" I snapped; for ain't it the truth every woman has the very worst troubles that any woman ever had? And she sure gets sore when another woman sets up to go them one better!

"No you don't!" retorts ma with that maddening air of being older than me which she uses to squelch me every time she can't get me any other way. "No you don't!" she says. "You never brought up three kids without a nurse girl while on the trapeeze; you never brought up a thing but two fool dogs, and you even leave them to the carelessness of a personal maid," she says. "Poor dears, goodness knows what will become of their little canine minds and morals."

"Now ma!" I begged, because she oughter know that is a sore point with me, and she had me on the raw.

"Well then!" she says. "You got a swell job and no troubles only maybe a sluggish liver, and you ain't the only woman in America which General Pershing can't yet spare the husband of," she says. "And maybe I do need to reduce a little." Which was her way of apologizing.

And just as this lull occurred who should come into sight but Maison Rosabelle, her which runs the shop where myself and all the most chic professionals get their clothes. She was all dressed up like a plush horse with real sables, part of which must of come off them simple refined little gowns I had made for the Bridge to Berlin that was ruined by the armistice. Her hair had just been rehennered and her face was as fresh as a tea rose straight from the fragrant facial massage. She smiled and sailed down on the two of us, which we welcomed with the usual relief of a family quarreling when neither sees the way to win out and have got to go on living together. In other words she automatically buried the hatchet for us, as the schoolbooks say.

"So pleased to of run into you, dearies!" she says. "For I'm goin' to Atlantic City to-morrow for a little rest."

No sooner was them words out from between her lip rouge than I see a vision of salt-water taffy arising in ma's eyes. Believe you me, ma is certainly hard to pry loose from anything she has once set her mind on! And Maison had to continue in that cordial manner.

"Why don't you run down for a few days?" she says. "It'll do you good. You're looking kinda pulled down, Mrs. Gilligan!" she says. And of course ma fell for that.

"I do feel a little low," she says, finishing off her cocoa. "And Mary—Marie here—is waiting until they get a answer to a cable which was sent to England by the studio. I understand we may have quite a wait, so I really believe we might go along."

Now as I looked at ma it come over me that maybe she had the right dope. When people that live together, especially if not friends but relations, commence to get a little on each other's nerves, going away on a trip is good for what ails them. The only trouble is that in the case of females they generally go together. Still, with the whole bunch of new and different stuff it gives them to fight over—railroad tickets, and who wired for these horrid rooms, and I told you to bring a heavier coat, and etc.—they generally get straightened out quite a lot. Even the idea of going along with Maison didn't worry me then, I having been on tower many a time when the Number One Company went out, and ma the same for years, and we generally speak, even to the publicity man, no matter if we have made Rochester, Buffalo and Chicago in a quick jump, playing matinées as well.

So I am without the wholesome and well-founded fear of taking a pleasure trip with friends which is the bitter fruit of most persons' experience of the same. Besides, I sort of like Maison, which of course her real name is Masie Brady, and her funny little husband, which is also still in France, she not being dependent any more than myself nor would she hold him back from serving his country only I don't hardly believe she urged him to go for quite the patriotic reasons I did, he having been a traveling man and so when he retired on her income she didn't feel as natural and affectionate and homelike and all that as when he was away most of the time. But at any rate I and she were both war widows and old friends from the time her mother was lady lion tamer and mine on the trapeeze, and so in spite of the bills she charges me she has more refinement than most people and so I says all right, we'll go to Atlantic City and we'll be on the one-twenty train to-morrow.

"That's sweet, dearie!" says Maison. "We'll get a swell rest!"

Then she set sail, and was off with a gentleman friend, which had been waiting at the entrance all this time with a gardenia in his buttonhole. And ma and me called for the check and dogs and limousine and hitched our way homeward through the traffic to our quiet little apartment with seven windows and a beautiful outlook of the river and the railroad tracks and etc.

Then while Musette packed only three trunks and my gold-fitted dressing case and a couple of hat boxes and my specially designed jewelry box and the traveling hamper for the dogs, we having decided to travel light and probably not stay over three or four days, ma went into the all-tiled kitchen and commenced getting up a little snack of cold beef and potato salad and fried-cheese sandwiches and coffee and a few hot biscuits and honey so's we wouldn't have to go out and eat, which ma certainly loves to do, and no cook ever stands it for more than a week and the current cook's week was up that morning before we went downtown.

Well anyway while she was doing this I went into the drawing-room, which is all fitted up in handsome gold furniture—that the dealer said was one of the Louis periods. Louis Cohen, I guess; I never remember quite. And I put a record on the phonograph in the case I had especially built in the same style at fifty dollars extra and all the installments paid, and streached out as good as I could manage to on the *chaise lounge*, which is a sort of house-broken steamer chair, and while John McCormick's own voice sang My Little Gray Home in the West to me in the privacy of my own home I thought dreamingly about Jim and how much I was missing him and how swell we danced together and how kind and loving and brave he was and how refined, and believe me he's about the only theatrical male that don't murder a dress suit, and how horrible it was to be seperated from him after being married only two weeks and what fools we was to have danced together in every first-class theater in America and only got married so recent, for if only we'd been married sooner maybe the pain of seperation wouldn't of been so great by now, who knows?

And believe you me it was some pain, and I had myself crying before I knew it. For I sure am stuck on that poor simp and my only war work ain't been done on the screen, when I give him up to whatever the Allies was fighting for, which if it don't turn out to be as represented, believe you me, myself and a whole lot of other girls is going to want to know why!

Well anyways before ma had the biscuits baked and I had run Jada Jada and Sing Me to Sleep I was wild to get away to the pure country ocean air and some healthy outdoor exercise which would help me forget my loneliness. And a lot of quiet and rest and sleep, with the ocean pounding me to the pillow and all that.

I had only a sort of twenty-minute small-time sketch of a idea of what Atlantic City was like on account of me having been there for openings only and getting in at four-forty-five with the show beginning at eight-fifteen and the wash-up you need after the trip and ma always insisting on me doing a twenty-minute practice in my room and underwear before every opening, which is perfectly correct and one of the principal things which has made my handsprings what they are, and getting dinner far enough in advance to do the handsprings in time.

So I knew little or nothing of what Jim calls the Coney Island that went to finishing school except that there is swimming and horseback riding and a boardwalk that anyone without French heels to catch in the cracks can have a elegant walk on. What little sniff of air I had outside the theater and my bedroom at the hotel give me a appatite for more, which up to now I never had the opportunity to get because of always being with a high-class show that went right back to New York Sunday to open on Broadway. But now I was going like a regular American lady citizen to rest and get full of health and do as the regular resorters did. And I was glad. I was so anxious to keep myself in a pure atmosphere for Jim's sake, and the studio wasn't exactly the farm—do you get me? You do! And a rest in the country was the very thing. I got quite excited thinking about it; dried my tears, stopped the phonograph and made sure that Musette put in my riding suit, bathing ditto and walking boots. And when this was done I felt better already as the saying is, and fully able to take some of the nourishment ma had got up.

"I'm Not Your Advance Agent!" She Snapped. Then She Looked at Mr. Freddy in a Sweet, Womanly Fashion

The minute we set down to the table I see that she had also been making good resolutions, and waited till she got ready to confess. It come after the seventh tea biscuit and honey. On her part, I mean, I only taking cold meat and salad and things I don't like much, for reasons before stated.

"Mary Gilligan!" she says. "I believe I'm getting heavier," she says, just as if it occurred to her for the first time. "And I have decided that while I am away to Atlantic City I won't eat to amount to anything and reduce in other ways the whole time I'm there!"

"You don't say!" I says, without batting an eye. "Do you really think you need to?"

"I do!" she says. "This is my last real meal. And you needn't try to persuade me out of it."

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ROMANCE—By Ellis Parker Butler

WE MUST have romance. Human nature demands it. Even in the future, when our world fixers have fixed the world so neatly that brainpans will be opened at birth and all brains beyond a certain size trimmed down to the legal state standard, we shall have romance. Even when the state—all-wise, as states always are—arranges to have every newborn child face rammed into a steel mold and kept there until it resembles all other faces, when all hair is decreed by law to be of a certain shade, and when eyes that sparkle more than the legal limit are dimmed by the deputy supervisor of optics, there will be romance.

The state may do away with booze, tobacco, tea, coffee, dimples, neat ankles and brains; but it can never do away with romance—not, at least, unless it can arrange to have us all born at the age of fifty years.

An immortal—like Washington, Mike Angelo, Shakspere, Beethoven—is given to the world but once in a blue moon. Only one-tenth as often—once in centuries—is a human being born without romance in the heart. There is a legend among the Copper River Eskimos of Victoria Land that a man named Akatatigitik, absolutely free from and impervious to romance, was born in that tribe in the days when there was no ice and no snow north of Hudson Bay, winter or summer. But Susie Berkow was born at Potsville, Iowa, June 6, 1885.

I have read, I imagine, something like eight hundred and seventy-two thousand love stories in books, magazines and newspapers, and eight hundred and seventy-one thousand of them were stories of the struggles of two men for a girl, or two girls for one man. The love life of the world, judged by the love stories of the world, would seem to be one big burning battle of infuriated and infatuated males struggling in pairs for the same girl; or of clever brilliant females moving heaven and earth for the same man. Getting a wife would seem to be a regular set battle. One would think the first thing necessary was for a lover to hunt up a rival, so the two might do battle for the hand of the dear palpitating creature.

The battles vary, but they are always tense struggles. There are seven hundred and twenty-two ways in which rival lovers battle—in love stories; but battle they must. They fight with wits, swords, coupling pins, pistols and—in the movies—custard pies. They speak haughtily, slap on the cheek, bite each other on the neck, strangle each other, murder, undermine, defame, and have a dickens of a time generally.

I should like to see Potsville, Iowa, on a spring day, when the young men's fancies were turning lightly to love, if all this was as true as gospel. That sleepy dead-and-alive Main Street, with its street car every half hour, would be a scene of carnage that would make Petrograd at the moment of a Bolshevik uprising look like an afternoon nap. Lungs and livers of demolished male lovers would hang from every projection, and the length of Main Street would be filled with mad-eyed males, in pairs, killing each other.

That is not a bit like Main Street, Potsville, even in the balmiest spring days. So far as I have been able to learn, no lover there ever killed a rival lover, let alone dismembering one. Once in a long period there are rumors that two young fellows are "stuck" on the same girl. For a week both young men send the girl boxes of chocolate creams. One of them asks her to go to a party, but she has already accepted the invitation of the other. Nothing happens. The disappointed lover asks some other girl to go to the party with him.

You see, there are so many girls in Potsville—and in the world—and they are all such suitable girls! There are always enough girls to go round and a few perfectly dear ones left over. There is no reason why Benny Wright, wishing a sweetheart, should load a thirty-two automatic and go forth and slaughter Sam Curtis, the haberdasher's clerk, in order to secure the smiles of Bessie Dilbrow, when Mamie Stack has an equally sweet smile and is ready to be mighty pleasant to Benny because no one took her to the last oyster supper of the Methodist Episcopal Ladies' Aid.

The murder and destruction thing simply is not done. George Castrow, who has not thought of love, is weighing out granulated sugar in Durbin & Sweet's Grocery, when Mrs. Stanbury comes bustling in and talks him into buying two tickets for the Strawberry Festival. George tucks them into his vest pocket and says: "Fifty cents more gone to the dickens!"

A week later Eddie Ryan says he is going to the Strawberry Festival. He is going to take Mamie Little. He coaxes George to go along.

"Ah! I ain't got no girl," says George.

"Whyn't you take May Deemer? She'd go with you," Eddie says. "Come along, anyhow."

So George turns to the telephone. He joshes May more or less, and then plays safe to save his face.

"Say, May; you don't want to go to the Strawberry Festival, do you?" he asks her.

A couple of months later it is rumored that George Castrow and May Deemer are engaged. They don't really know whether they are or are not. So they make it formal. They become engaged. Sooner or later they get married.

It is all so simple and tame and uninteresting—from the love-story writer's point of view—that it might have been arranged by card system. No murders; no stranglings or burning-eyed rivals. They just kept company for a while, and then got engaged, and then got married. That is how hundreds of thousands of matings come about all over the world every year.

No romance? Listen! It is all absolutely soggy and dripping with romance. Those gentle, inconspicuous, seemingly tame and uninteresting couples simply wallow in romance. They bathe in it, splash in it, go down in it, and come up gasping and strangling and burning and smothered. Even a watchmaker's helper, like Billy Bell, with a sweetheart as void of romance as Susie Berkow, is swept to and fro, tossed and tumbled, and beaten and bruised, by the wild sea of romance.

At twenty-two Billy Bell was a poet; but it was his misfortune not to know that he was anything more than a watchmaker's helper. He had never put two rhymed lines together. In both these particulars he was like ninety-nine out of every hundred young men of Potsville, and of the world since time began. All young men are poets—romantic poets. Fate does not happen to drive spigots in many of them; so not many spout forth poetry. I figure there are six mute inglorious Miltons to every square mile in the United States.

On the other hand, Susie Berkow was not a poet. There are far fewer female poets than male poets, mute or otherwise. The proportion is perhaps one to one thousand; and Sue Berkow was not one of the rare few. Sue was plain simple prose. She was extremely simple prose. She was such simple prose that a child could read her. She was a primer—"I see the cat. Does the cat see me? The cat sees the dog." Anyone could understand Sue Berkow. She was the least mysterious of young females.

Sue Berkow was a fair sweet girl, just a little plump and just a little motherly. She had graduated fifth or sixth in a class of twenty at the high school. She confidently expected to be married in due time; and meantime she loved chocolate creams, ice-cream soda, food in general, church, buggy rides and new dresses. She loved romances—the printed kind; but she did not draw analogies between the adventures of the heroines and her own life. She was a warm-hearted, matter-of-fact girl.

Billy Bell began going with Sue Berkow when she was notably unattached. Several boys went with her, taking her to the ice-cream socials and to parties. There were Rance Carter, James Long, Sam Oberwitzel, Ed McCall and Billy Bell; but they were not rivals. They were a "crowd"; and there were five or six girls in the crowd besides Sue. Sometimes one boy took one girl and sometimes he took another.

As soon as the other young men saw that Billy was Sue's beau they left Sue alone. The girls put Billy in his proper place when he threatened to stray from it.

"Oh, you take Sue," they would say when he asked one of them to go anywhere with him. "I guess Ed is going to ask me. I guess Sue sort of expects you to, don't she?"

Neither Sue nor Billy had any particular choice in the matter. There was no violent love-at-first-sight business. Probably there happened to be a time when he asked her three times in succession to go with him on some of the crowd's goings, with the result that the others thought perhaps he and Sue might like going together.

It would have been equally satisfactory to Sue had it been Rance or Sam or James or Ed. Billy would have been as well satisfied had it been May or Laura or Ina or Kate. It was the merest bit of chance that Sue did not find herself engaged to one of the four other boys, and only a slightly greater chance that her fiancé was not one of several hundred other young men in town. The same with Billy. It might have been any other girl.

Once engaged—in Potsville you are tacitly engaged long before the formal words are spoken—Billy became immediately and violently pro-Sue. Sue became a hundred per cent solidly, faithfully and—barring accidents—eternally pro-Billy. She was Billy's "for keeps," as they say in Potsville. And Billy was hers for keeps. She understood that. She never doubted it a moment.

The night Billy learned from Sue's own lips—in a couple of ways—that she loved him was a wonderful night for Billy. As a matter of cold fact, he need not have been surprised at all. Everyone in the crowd had known it for weeks. Sue's father and mother knew it. Even Billy knew it. But right then romance stepped in and Billy entered a new world. He had won a kiss and a confession, and he was transfigured and raised to a place among the lesser gods. He walked on air as he went home. He did a hop-step of happiness.

In front of Miller's big lawn he rested his head against the cool iron fence and shed a few tears of joy. He swore an oath that he would always be kind and gentle and true to Sue, stopping in the middle of the sidewalk and holding his hand above his head. "I swear it!" he said solemnly—and then put his hand in his pocket quickly and pretended he had been

At Twenty-Two Billy Bell Was a Poet; But It Was His Misfortune Not to Know That He Was

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SECRET SERVICE

By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREBE

BUT, *Excellenz!*"

The entreaty, from such a man, was oddly and strikingly sincere. About forty years of age, sprucely dressed in a well-cut lounge suit, spats over patent boots—he was the type to be seen any day gazing rather aimlessly into the shop windows of Piccadilly or the Rue de la Paix; the type that haunts the hotels frequented by the best society and yet is not of that society; the type that drifts behind the chairs of every gambling casino in the world. A dark mustache carefully trimmed curled over lips whose fine curves were unpleasantly thin and clear-cut. His complexion was sallow; his dark eyes, fixed on his companion in an accentuation of his entreaty, implored now with an expression of genuine truthfulness which was certainly not habitual to them. He gesticulated with a white and exquisitely manicured hand.

"But rubbish!"

The speaker was an oldish thickset man in evening dress. His round red face barred with a clipped white mustache, lit with a pair of small gray eyes, vivacious behind pince-nez, was set upon a short apoplectic neck which rucked into folds above his collar. The scalp showed pink through close-cropped white hair. He stood warming himself with his back to the fire—a very large fire for Berlin in the winter of early 1918—and glared angrily at the younger man. He spoke with the irascibility of a brutal superior whose impunity is of long date and unquestioned.

"Are you mad, Kranz? Do you take me for an imbecile old woman? Am I feeble-minded? Do I look feeble-minded—that you should dare to—to play such a trick upon me?" He was obviously working himself up into one of his official rages. "You—you tell me that you have an infallible means of obtaining secret information, no matter how hidden. You persuade me to come and test it—me! I give you credit for your impudence! And this is what it is!" He almost choked with offended dignity. "Be careful, Kranz! You have traded this once upon your record with us—you will never do it again! To bring me—me!—to this absurdity! To expect me to listen to the hypnotic ravings of that idiot girl! I wonder you didn't offer me crystal gazing!"

"But, *Excellenz!*"

The old man waved a hand at him. "My dear Kranz," he said, dropping suddenly into a tone of tolerant contempt, "I forgive you this once. I dare say you have been the victim of a genuine hallucination. You would not have dared else. You don't drug, do you?"

The question was asked with a disconcertingly sudden sharpness. The younger man made a gesture of emphatic denial, defying the piercing gray eyes that probed him. The old man grunted:

"Keep your sanity, Kranz—or the bureau will lose a valued servant. Drop this nonsense. I know what I am talking about—I studied psychology under Wundt of Leipsic. The whole thing is a hallucination, the raving of the dream-self released from control. *Dummes Zeug!* Give me my coat!"

"*Excellenz*, I implore you!"

The old man looked at him with a snarl of savage mockery.

"Don't waste any more of my time, Kranz! Look at her! Is it even probable that an imbecile creature like that can be of use in our business? Look at her, I say!"

He flung out a hand toward a young girl, who stood with obvious reluctance in the center of the luxuriously furnished apartment. She was perhaps eighteen, but her youth had neither beauty nor charm. Her features were soft and heavy—the nose thick, the chin receding, the eyes weak and protuberant. Her personality was of the feeblest. Her face flooded scarlet with shame and her eyes swam with tears at this brutal insult. Yet evidently she did not dare to rush away. Only she looked beseechingly toward Kranz, like a dog that awaits a sign from its master.

His sallow face blanched. The thin lips under the dark mustache lost their curves, became a straight line.

"Agathe," he said, and his voice of command was strangely in contrast with the tone in which he had entreated the old man, "go into the next room and wait!"

The girl vanished without a word. Kranz waited until she had closed the door, and then he turned once more to his superior.

"I implore Your Excellency to listen!" he said with a desperate gesture. "I stake my reputation upon it ——"

The old man grunted scornfully:

"Your reputation!"

The dark eyes flashed.

Her Heart Began to Pump Again—Certainly Two Figures Had Passed Through the Swing Doors!

"My reputation with you, *Excellenz*," he corrected in a gentle voice of complete cynicism.

The old man stared at him.

"Well, go on!" he said brutally after a short pause which was eloquent of his appraisement. He cleaned his pince-nez to mark his contemptuous indifference to anything that might be said.

"You remember Karl Wertheimer, *Excellenz?*"

The old man swung round on him, replaced the pince-nez.

"Shot by the English. You'll never equal him, Kranz."

Kranz shrugged his shoulders.

"*Excellenz*, I believe in neither God nor devil. Until the other day I believed that death finished us completely; but I assure you solemnly upon my—upon anything which you think will bind me—that the soul, or whatever you choose to call it, of Karl Wertheimer speaks through that girl!"

There was a pause of silence in which the old man's eyes probed him to the depths. He proffered no comment and Kranz continued, his voice intensely earnest: "The English shot Karl Wertheimer in London—but they did not kill him. His—his soul is here, in Berlin, in that room, alive as ever, as eager as ever to work for the Fatherland!"

"He always had patriotic notions," murmured the old man, with a sly smile at the obviously cosmopolitan Kranz. "That is why he was such an invaluable agent. Go on with your little romance."

"It is no romance, *Excellenz*, I assure you—it is living fact. Karl Wertheimer was a useful agent while he lived upon this earth, but he is immeasurably more useful now that he is a—a spirit. There are no walls that can keep him out; there is nothing he cannot see if he chooses to; there is no conversation he cannot overhear."

"H'm!" grunted the old man; "admitted that if he is a spirit he can do all this—how can he convey it to us?"

"Through this girl!"

"Who is she, this girl?"

"The daughter of some shopkeeper or other. I followed her ankles one evening in the park—she was ahead of me, and I could not see her face." He smiled cynically. "I won't trouble Your Excellency with the details. I brought her in here, and no sooner had she sat down in that chair than she swooned off.

"I was just cursing my luck—I saw her face for the first time then!—and wondering how I was going to get rid of her, when Karl spoke to me. I confess, *Excellenz*, it gave me a pretty bad turn. It was so utterly unexpected—his voice coming from her lips. However, I pulled myself together—and we had a most interesting conversation."

"He could answer your questions?" interjected the old man sharply.

"Just as if he himself were sitting in the chair. So, naturally, I kept a tight hold on the girl. She has not been allowed out since."

"H'm!" The old man grunted again and looked at his watch. "Well, I have missed my appointment," he said with the factitious bad temper he owed to his dignity. "I may as well see her performance. Fetch her in!"

Kranz went to the door and called:

"Agathe!"

The girl entered, stood with her eyes fixed timorously on him. He pointed to a large armchair by the fireplace.

"Sit down!" he commanded.

The girl obeyed dully, one little apprehensive glance at him the only sign of any mental life in her. She sat upright, her hands on her lap, staring stupidly into the fire. Two heavy tears collected themselves in her protuberant eyes, rolled down her cheeks; they seemed but to emphasize her degradation. Her tyrant stood over her, his dark eyes hard.

"Lean back and go to sleep!"

She sank back among the cushions. Obviously she had no will at all of her own. Her eyes closed. Her expressionless face twitched for a moment and then was as still as a mask. Her bosom heaved in the commencement of deep and heavy breathing, which continued in the normality of slumber. The old man watched her, keenly and contemptuously alert for any sign of simulation.

Kranz pulled a little table across to the fireplace. A telephone instrument, incongruously utilitarian in this luxurious room, and writing materials were on it.

"You should note down what is said, *Excellenz*," he said earnestly in a low voice.

The old man ignored him, his eyes on the girl. Suddenly he shuddered in a rush of cold air. The paper on the table fluttered as in a draft. He turned to Kranz in savage irritation:

"Shut that window!"

Kranz shook his head.

"They are all shut, *Excellenz!*" His whisper was one of genuine awe. "Hush! It's beginning! He's come!"

The old man favored him with a glance of inexpressible contempt. The scorn was still in his eyes when he jerked round to the girl again in an involuntary start of surprise at a sudden greeting:

"Good evening, *Excellenz!*"

The words issued from that expressionless mask of the deeply breathing girl, but they were uttered in a tone of easy jocularity, followed by a little good-humored laugh, which was uncanny in its contrast with her degraded personality. Despite the feminine vocal cords which had articulated the phrase the timbre and intonation were vividly those of a man of the world.

The old man stared speechlessly. His faculties seemed inhibited under the shock. The red faded out of his round face, left it ashen gray under the close-cropped white hair. Kranz watching him feared for his heart. He made a brusque little gesture as though seizing control of himself.

"*Herr Gott!* It's—it's his voice!" he gasped.

His eyes turned to Kranz and there was fear in them, a primitive fear of the supernatural. Trembling he reeled rather than walked to the chair by the table with the telephone, dropped heavily into it. Kranz broke the oppressive silence, posed himself as master of the situation.

"Good evening, Karl!" he said, as though welcoming an everyday acquaintance into the room.

"Hello, Kranz!" came the easy jocular voice through the lips of the entranced girl. "*Wie geht's?* I am glad you persuaded His Excellency to come. Now we can start!"

The old man pulled himself together, moistened his lips for speech.

"Is—is that really you, Karl?" he asked unevenly

The merry little laugh, so uncanny from the only origin visible, preceded the answer:

"Really I, *Excellenz*. Karl Wertheimer, shot six months ago by the English in the Tower of London, and as alive in this room as ever I was."

The tone changed to that of a humorously bantering introduction. "Karl Wertheimer, *Excellenz*, the terror of the English counter-espionage department; at your service—still!"

The old man fumblingly produced a handkerchief and mopped at the perspiration on his brow. He hesitated for an appropriate remark.

"Why?" he asked falteringly and stopped.

The merry little laugh rang out again in the silent room.

"Why, *Excellenz*? Because in my earth life I had only one passion—and it is as strong as ever it was. Stronger, for I owe our enemies a grudge for that little early-morning shooting party in the Tower. You've no idea how I long for a really good cigar, *Excellenz*," he finished in a tone of jesting complaint.

The old man stared into the empty air beyond the girl.

"And you can really obtain information and convey it?"

He was recovering his poise. The question was asked in the brusque tone familiar to his subordinates.

"Test me, *Excellenz!*"

"I assure you, *Excellenz* ——" interjected Kranz eagerly.

His superior waved him aside. The brow under the short white hair had recovered its normal ruddiness, was wrinkled in cogitation. He felt in his pocket and produced a letter in a sealed envelope.

"Tell me from whom this comes."

He proffered the letter as though expecting it to be taken out of his fingers. Then, as it was not, he dropped his hand with a gesture of hopeless bafflement. There was so real a feeling of the actual presence of Karl Wertheimer in the room that the quite normal fact of the letter remaining untouched emphasized suddenly the uncanny nature of this conversation.

"Permit me, *Excellenz*," said Kranz politely. He took the letter and laid it on the girl's brow. Her lips moved at once.

"This purports to be from the firm of Wilson & Staunton, Boston, to the firm of Jensen & Auerstedt, Christiania, with reference to an overdue account." The voice was still the chuckling voice of Karl Wertheimer. "Actually it is a communication in code to you from Heinrich Biedermann at New York. Do you wish me to read the message? I still remember the old code, *Excellenz!*"

"No, no!" interposed the old man. "Never mind!"

"Perhaps you would like me to tell you what Heinrich Biedermann is doing at this moment, *Excellenz?*"

"But he is in New York! You can't be here and there too!"

Again came the merry little laugh.

"Time and space are an illusion of matter, *Excellenz*. I half forget that you are still subject to it. Well, Heinrich Biedermann is sitting with a young woman in a restaurant, having tea. They are both very cheerful, for he has just received a remittance from you, and he has bought her a new hat. The sun is just setting, and he is lost in admiration of the glow of her red hair against the background of the illuminated sky which he can perceive through the window. He is hopelessly in love with her, which is unfortunate, as the lady happens to be a spy, by name Désirée Rochefort, in the pay of the French Secret Service."

"The devil!" ejaculated the old man.

"But," said Kranz in a puzzled tone, "sunset? It is nearly midnight!"

The old man turned on him.

"Fool! There is a difference of six hours in time between here and America. That proves it—if anything can be proof of such wild improbability!"

"Test me again!" said the amused and confident voice of Karl Wertheimer. "Something really difficult this time!"

The old man leaned back in his chair and pondered. Then the gleam of an idea came into his malicious gray eyes.

"Right!" he said emphatically. "You know the library in my house?"

"Certainly, *Excellenz!*"

In a Blind Whirl of Impulse She Whipped Out the Automatic, Rushed Up Close, and Fired

"Go into my library. Read me the fifteenth line of the ninety-first page of the sixth volume on the third shelf of the right-hand side, without opening the book. Can you do that?"

"You shall see, *Excellenz*," replied the voice cheerfully. "The sixth volume counting from the left, I presume?"

"Yes."

"I will note that," said Kranz, coming to the table. He wrote the particulars and looked up to his superior. "Do you know what the line is, *Excellenz?*" he asked.

"I don't even know what the book is!" replied the old man harshly. He wrinkled his brows in impatience at the silence, which prolonged itself through several seconds. The girl seemed quite normally asleep.

"Here you are, *Excellenz!*" It was again the mocking voice of Karl Wertheimer which issued from her lips. "The book is Shakspere. The line is 'England, bound in with the triumphant sea.' Can you interpret the omen, *Excellenz?*"

"The U-boat war," murmured Kranz, as if to himself.

"Write it down!" commanded the old man. Kranz wrote the line.

His Excellency took up the telephone receiver.

"Hello! Hello!" He gave a number and waited. "Hello! Is Wolff there? . . . Tell him I want him at once! . . . Yes. . . . A thousand devils! Wolff, my secretary! Are you all deaf?" he vociferated irascibly. "Hello! Is that you, Wolff? Yes, of course it is I speaking! You ought to know my voice by this time! Go into the library and get ——" He hesitated. Kranz passed him the sheet of paper. "—— get the sixth volume from the left on the third shelf of the right-hand side. Bring it to the telephone. Hurry now!"

Again he waited. There was a tense silence in the room, a silence that was emphasized by the heavy and regular breathing of the sleeping girl.

"Hello! Are you there? Is that you, Wolff? . . . Be quiet! Answer my questions! Have you got the book? . . . Right! What is it? . . . An English book? . . . Shakspere—right! Now turn up page—page ninety-one. Got it? Count to the fifteenth line." He turned from the telephone to Kranz. "Write down what I repeat!" Then again speaking into the telephone. "Yes? . . . Read out the line! . . . What? . . . 'England, bound in with the triumphant sea.' A thousand devils! Wolff! Wolff! Wait a minute! Where did you find the book? On the shelf? . . . Had it been touched? . . . You are sure that it had not been touched—not opened? . . . Oh, you have been in the library all the evening, working ——"

"Tell him that the love poem he has been writing to Fräulein Mimi in your library tonight is not only banal but it does not scan," interjected Karl Wertheimer. "The line '*Unsere Herzen schlagen rhythmisch*' is particularly bad."

The old man glanced toward the vacant air over the girl and grinned. He repeated the message into the telephone. He waited a moment—and then burst into chuckling laughter.

"*Famos!* He's smashed the receiver. Scared out of his life! I heard him yell." He put down the instrument and turned again to the chair. "Karl Wertheimer, I believe in your reality—I believe in your powers." His voice was solemn. "The Fatherland has work for you to do"

"That is why I am here, *Excellenz*." The voice came jauntily through the expressionless lips of the unconscious girl. The old man pursed his mouth under the clipped white mustache and pondered. Kranz watched him with acute interest.

"Listen!" said the old man, looking up in a sudden decision. "At the present time the Allied military missions in Washington are negotiating with the United States Government with regard to the dispatch of the American Army to Europe for the coming campaign. We know this—we know that any day now they may come to an agreement. It is of the utmost importance to us that we should know immediately the numbers promised and the schedule of sailings. The fate of the world depends upon it. The secret will be most jealously guarded—triply locked out of reach of any ordinary agent. Can you read it as you read the line in that closed book?"

"I can, *Excellenz*—if you can give me some indication where to look," replied the voice. "We must, so to speak, focus ourselves. I can't now explain the conditions with us, but you will understand what I mean. Spirit pervades ——" For the first time in the colloquy the voice spoke with hesitation, as though despairing of explaining the inexplicable. "Direction—definite direction—is essential."

"H'm," the old man grunted. "Well, I suggest Forsdyke—you know, the permanent undersecretary of department—as the man most likely to prepare the schedule. You know where he lives?"

"The very house in Washington!" replied the voice triumphantly. "Good enough! I will do my best, *Excellenz*."

"To-day is the twenty-first of February," said the old man. "We must know by the end of the month. Vast issues depend on it. Can you do it?"

"I will try." The voice came feebly and as from far away. "I must go now, *Excellenz*. The power—the power is failing—fast. Good-by—good-by, Kranz. Take—take care of the girl. She—she is the—only means—of—communication." The last words came in a whisper, ceased. The girl appeared to be in normal slumber.

The old man turned to Kranz, spoke out of a preoccupation which otherwise ignored him.

"Give me my hat and coat!"

A sudden anxiety paled the sallow face.

"Your Excellency remembers what Karl said," he murmured as he assisted his chief into the heavy fur-lined garment. "The girl is the only means of communication. I need not remind Your Excellency that the girl is my ——"

"You need not remind me of anything, Kranz," interrupted the old man harshly. "You will not be forgotten. Good night!"

Kranz accompanied him obsequiously to the door.

On that evening of the twenty-first of February a cheerful little party was assembled round the dinner table of Henry Forsdyke, chief of a certain department in the United States Administration. The large room, which had been built by a Southern magnate who led Washington society in pre-Civil War days, was illumined only by the shaded lights of the table, and beyond the dazzling shirt fronts of the men it lapsed into a gloom that was intensified by the dark curtains over the long windows and was scarcely relieved by the glinting gilt frames of the pictures

spaced on the walls hung in a dull tint. In that half light the servants moved, scarcely real. Only the party within the illuminated ellipse of white napery, sparkling glass and gleaming silver was vividly actual, plucked out of shadow. It was a fad of the host's, this concentration of the light upon the table. He alleged that it emphasized the personalities of his guests. His daughter, who was irreverent, accused him of an atavistic tendency that craved for the candlelight of his ancestors.

Within the magic ellipse the party exchanged light-hearted talk that effervesced every now and then into merry laughter where a young girl's voice predominated. All were in evident good spirits. The host himself, a man of between fifty and sixty years, with shrewd gray eyes looking out of a face characterized by a pointed and neatly clipped iron-gray beard, set the tone. He smiled down the table with a contentment that seemed to spring from a secret satisfaction, the contentment of a man who has completed an anxious and difficult task and can now relax. He was in his best vein of sententious humor.

The same undertone of relief could have been discerned by the acute in the gayety of young Jimmy Lomax, Forsdyke's private secretary, though one alone of the little glances between him and his host's daughter, if intercepted, might have seemed sufficient reason.

Captain Sergeantson, Jimmy Lomax's chum, had obvious cause for cheerfulness. Attached to a special-service department he had just returned from Europe, where he had fulfilled an extremely difficult mission with conspicuous success. His home-coming had provided the excuse for this little dinner party.

As for Professor Lomax, Jimmy's father, no one had ever seen him other than in high spirits. The author—after a lifetime of profound and exact scientific research that had earned him a worldwide reputation—of an inquiry into the possible survival of human personality, which was the controversial topic of that winter and which threatened to deprive him of that reputation, he was in striking contrast with the idea of him propagated by the sensational press. There was nothing of the visionary about those clear-cut features. A stranger would have diagnosed him as a lawyer—a lawyer whose judicial perception of evidence was clarified by a sense of humor. The mobile mouth even in silence hinted at this latter quality. The eyes twinkled, eminently sane, under a well-balanced brow. He joked like a schoolboy with his host's daughter, exciting—for the secretly selfish pleasure of hearing it—her gay young laugh. Occasionally he glanced across to his son, approbation in his eyes.

Hetty Forsdyke, the only woman of the party, was a typical specimen of the self reliant college-bred American girl. Good to look upon, her beauty hinted at a race which had been proud of its exclusiveness long after Napoleon had sold Louisiana to the States. Her vivacity and charm had roots perhaps in the same stock, but the cool level-headed understanding of life, which she expressed in a slang that provoked her father to vain rebuke, and the genuineness of which was vouched for by her clear gray eyes, was an attribute of the Forsdykes and the North.

The dinner was nearly at an end. Forsdyke, launched on a story of a presidential campaign in the Middle West a generation ago, had arrived at the stage where the chuckles of his hearers were on the point of culminating in the final burst of laughter. Hetty, her glass between her fingers, halfway to her mouth, was looking at him with a smile that pretended the story was quite new to her. Suddenly her expression changed. She stared as if spellbound at the dark curtains, from which her father's oval face detached itself in the illumination of the table. The glass slipped from her fingers, smashed.

Forsdyke's story ceased abruptly. Four pairs of alarmed eyes focused themselves upon his daughter. Jimmy involuntarily had half risen from his chair. The movement seemed to recall the girl to her surroundings. She shuddered, and then with an evident effort of will brought back her gaze to the table. Her smile routed the momentary anxiety of her companions.

"How careless of me!" she said easily, quelling with quiet self-control her confusion ere it could well be remarked. "I don't know what I was thinking of! Do go on, papa! It was just getting interesting."

She signed composedly to a servant to pick up the broken glass and settled herself for the familiar story.

"What a hostess she is!" thought her father. "Just like ——" He did not finish the complementary clause, and stifled another which began "I wonder what I shall do when ——" He picked up his story again and was rewarded by his meed of laughter. But his eyes rested uneasily on his daughter, and he promised himself a later inquiry into this abnormality.

The party withdrew into the drawing-room, where, since Forsdyke was a widower of many years' masculine supremacy, the men lit their cigars. Hetty at a request from her father seated herself at the grand piano in the far corner and commenced the soft chords of a Chopin prelude. Jimmy Lomax stood over her. There was already something proprietary in his air. But the girl after one glance up at him seemed to forget his presence in the spell of the music. Her position commanded a full view of the room and she looked dreamily across to where the three men were gathered by the white-marble fireplace.

Suddenly the music stopped on a crashing discord. The girl had jumped to her feet, was trembling violently. Young Lomax clutched at her.

"Hetty! What ——"

She broke away from him, came swiftly across the room to his father.

"Professor!" she said. "You were once in practice as a doctor, weren't you?"

The twinkling eyes went grave as they met hers. There was unmistakable seriousness in her question.

"Yes, my dear."

"Then I want you to examine me right here, professor!" she said. "Tell me if I've got fever!"

She met the amazed eyes of the other men with a look which announced that she knew her own business.

Without a word the professor lifted up her wrist and felt her pulse.

"Now show me your tongue!"

She obeyed. He nodded his head, and placed his hand upon her brow. His eyes plunged into hers for one second of searching scrutiny, and then he nodded his head again, satisfied.

"My dear," he said, "I haven't a thermometer here, but I should say you are absolutely normal in every way. Your pulse is a shade rapid perhaps."

The girl took a long breath.

"Thank you, professor," she said simply. She turned to the others. "You heard what the professor said? There's no fever about me. Now—listen! I want to tell you something. I've been wanting to tell you ever since we sat down to dinner—and now I must tell you! And you mustn't laugh! Papa, this is serious!"

The four men, puzzled at her demeanor, grouped themselves round her. She assured herself of their gravity.

"This evening," she began, "between five and six o'clock I suddenly developed a dreadful headache. It was so bad that I just had to go to my room and lie down. I went to sleep straight off. And then—then I had a—a—dream. Only," she interposed quickly, to hold their interest, "it wasn't like an ordinary dream. It was so vivid that I felt all the time it meant something. I dreamed that someone or something that I could feel was sort of loving and kind and earnest—very earnest; I could feel that strongly—took me into a room. And somehow I knew that the room was in Berlin. It seemed quite a nice room, but I don't remember much about the details of it. I only remember that I saw myself there with two men, one young and dark, the other old and white, who were staring at a girl sleeping in a big armchair. They took not the faintest notice of me, and I didn't worry much about them. The girl was the interesting thing to all of us—and yet, though I was staring at her with a sort of fascination I couldn't shake off, I didn't know why.

"Didn't You Hear? Didn't You Hear? Someone Laughing at Us—Close Behind! Oh, Look! Look! There He is Again!"

"Then a strange thing happened: The girl kind of faded away. I don't know how to describe it, because I felt all the time she was still there; and as she faded there came up the figure of a man. He seemed to grow out of her, to take her place. It was really uncanny. This man that grew out of the girl like a—like a ghost, was somehow more living than any of us. It was as if he were in the limelight and we were in the shadow. I shall never forget his face. It was handsome but wicked—mocking—malicious—like a devil. And he had a scar over the right eyebrow, which made him look even more devilish."

"What color was his hair?" interposed Captain Sergeantson. "Any mustache?"

The girl looked at him in surprise at the question.

"Fair; sticking up straight. No mustache. Why?"

Captain Sergeantson nodded.

"I only wondered. Go on, Miss Forsdyke."

The girl resumed.

"Well—it seemed that we were all looking at this man and not at the girl at all. She had disappeared behind him, or into him, I don't know which. The other two men were talking to him, talking earnestly. And it

(Continued on Page 177)

HOME FROM THE WARS

THIS is a mixed tale I have to tell. I want to write an honest-to-goodness piece about how a returned soldier feels coming home from the wars; how his home town and the people in it look and seem to him; what he thinks of the United States and its Government after eighteen months in France, Belgium, England and Germany; and—as Hill's rhetoric book says we mustn't do—look back in retrospect over the past. The only excuse for writing about what I think and feel is that my thoughts and feelings are shared by most of the two millions who were sent abroad. It's important, and it ought to be interesting, to the people at home to know what is in the returned soldier's head, because his ideas will affect the whole country when they become clarified and formulated and effective. The trouble is I don't know just how to begin; what to put in and what to leave out. My mind is so full of a number of things. We are all like that.

The state of mind of the returned soldier is really not nearly so curious and interesting as the state of mind of the people who have stayed at home and who now welcome him back from foreign shores. We went abroad because we thought this was a pretty good sort of country, worth preserving and worth fighting for. After the things we saw in Europe we are assured and confirmed in this belief.

The daily papers aren't pleasant reading as this is written. All the front pages are full of the spread of Bolshevism and revolution and fighting here, there and everywhere; inability to come to an agreement at the Peace Conference, lack of food, strikes, civil disorders, the whole of a continent seemingly flopping about and spattering blood exactly like a chicken with its head cut off. Now we are all agreed that we don't want any of that sort of thing over here.

I find more than a few fearful souls timidly and apprehensively asking what sort of new notions are being brought home by the boys. They have been scared by what they are reading in the newspapers. To these alarmed Aunt Hetties I would say: Cheer up! There's nothing to fear. The boys, as you call them, are not Bolshevists or militarists or revolutionaries. We still think that the United States as a place to live in has got anything in Europe beat a city block, thence east to a stake and mound.

Once Upon a Time

SO THIS is not a tale about war or soldiers or world politics or Europe or the social unrest abroad. It's about us homefolks. About two million of us have spent a year or more away from home. It just so happens there was a war on there and we took part in it, and now we are coming home. What you think of us and what we think of you is going to make a lot of difference to all of us in the next year or two. Our arrival and our new relationships with one another are much more important to us than the boundary lines of Czechoslovakia or many other things now being telegraphed to the newspapers from Paris and London and Berlin. Let's talk about ourselves for a while. We who have just come back are still rather restless and ill at ease. The reaction and the let-down after the long nervous strain have made us a little irritable and grouchy. We've got a vague sort of feeling that we want to take the Government apart and see what makes it tick. Not to destroy it or change its form, but to make it better; and we haven't any faith in these European doctors and prescriptions. This is a good country to live in. It can be made a better one when ——

But the best way, I suppose, is to begin at the beginning in the old-fashioned way. Like this:

Once upon a time I was an average citizen. When the war came along I was interested in it from the start. I thought we ought to be in it. I knew the German had wrong ideas in his head that would have to be knocked out. He was a menace to such as I all over the world. I knew it in my bones. He was dangerous. I felt we all ought to be over there alongside the French and the British, fighting. I was impatient with President Wilson for not putting us in sooner, and with the officials for thanking God we were unprepared. I thought that was the wrong idea. It was as plain as the nose on your face that we would have to get in sooner or later; and when a job like that has to be done, the sooner it is started and finished the better.

All my friends and neighbors felt the same way about it. In those days we hardly talked about anything else. That is why the draft law went into effect with such ease and success. We were all prepared for it. The common mind and opinion of the country were all made up. We were ahead of the Government and waiting for it to act.

Millions Hail the Heroes of the 27th in the Great New York Parade

From the beginning I was determined to go if it could be managed. I knew I should have to go as an officer. I wasn't good enough to be a private. My age was against me, and my physical condition. I never shall forget the day when it was found that I had a small talent that might be useful. I felt exalted and free and uplifted; and pretty humble too. I wondered secretly whether I should make good. But I was glad my gamesome days were not over. I had come to think of myself as a settled man of family with a routine, and submerged among the drab list of adult males with gainful occupations. But I saw high, wide and handsome days ahead. I was off the side lines and in the game.

Then I found myself among scores and scores and scores of other fellows in the same state of mind and high clean feelings. All these newly joined men who were sacrificing their careers and abandoning the well-ordered paths in which they had contrived to arrange their lives knew what the war was about; knew why the United States was participating; knew and recognized and accepted the moral obligation that lay upon them to take part in it. They were giving themselves freely and unselfishly to the country. They had undergone, so to say, a variety of religious experience. These men knew what they were about. They went to war in the spirit of crusaders. Their motives were clean and high and unselfish and disinterested. No high emprise or adventure that this country or any other has ever embarked upon has ever drawn together a cleaner, finer, straighter-living, straighter-thinking set of men. I remember the letter one of them wrote to his mother: "I am living clean and trusting in God. Don't you worry." Could anything be finer than that? Thousands and thousands of them could write that sort of thing home in all truthfulness and honesty.

"But the men swore so terribly," protests the prudish type of mind. Surely they cussed—and played craps, and talked tough, and acted rough, and didn't wash behind the ears every morning. But in heart, spirit and mind they were pure gold. Against them as a whole nothing mean, low or ignoble can be brought. Whatever else may be said or written about this war in all the years to come not a syllable or accent of that verdict will be shaded. "The men were fine!" They came from every sort of place and every sort of home and every sort of job. Where they got the quality that made them what they were I don't pretend to know. How was it bred into them? Who transmitted the spark and the flame?

Where Did They Get It?

WAS there ever a greater wonder and mystery than this—that a farmer's boy from Brewton, Alabama; a petted, frail, carefully reared lad from Summit, New Jersey; a steam-laundry hand from Terre Haute; a bookkeeper for a gravel-roofing concern in South Chicago; and a score of other equally dissimilar types, in environment, antecedents and upbringing—should sit tight and steady under a hell of big-gun fire that literally made the earth tremble for hours on end, should suffocate in their masks in clouds of poisonous gas, and should then go forward and take machine-gun nests from the gunners who were confessedly and avowedly the best trained and disciplined professional soldiers in the world? Where did that sergeant at Belleau Wood get the stuff in him that made him cry: "Come on, you! Do you want to live forever?"

God's best, that lot, and I am proud and grateful to have known them. The pity is that that fine spirit has been dulled by the home coming. But more of that later.

It's amusing and interesting to go back and recall and recover step by step the phases of experience as the Army took hold of us and tried to make us over again in its own image. The first thing we learned was that a soldier is not supposed to have habits. Such things are purely of the civilian world. A soldier has rules and regulations and ordinances and orders to govern his wakings and risings and comings and goings. What he eats, and when and where; when he shaves; when he bathes; when he has his hair cut; what he wears when he works, when he plays; how much cover he has on his bed, when he gets up, when he goes to sleep; how often he is to put on clean socks and underclothing—all these details of his private life are arranged for and ordered by persons whom he has never seen, never heard of, and in whom he is not interested.

We began to learn that the Army had ways of its own and that its ways were not civilian ways, pretty soon after we got into it. Orders that must be obeyed without question and without delay, telling us to do things that we had never done before and did not know why we were doing now, always made us gasp a little at first. We discovered

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Coast to Coast and Return by Air

Two Weeks' Adventures With the Liberty Motor

By MAJOR THEODORE C. MACAULAY

FOR some time I had believed it would be possible, conditions being favorable, to start an air trip from Fort Worth, Texas, to San Diego, California, one day, return to Fort Worth the second day, continue to Jacksonville, Florida, the third, and return to Fort Worth the fourth. This would make two trips across the continent from coast to coast in four days. I believed that this could be done without a relay of ships or of pilots, and that it would demonstrate very clearly that the aërial trans-continental route from Jacksonville to San Diego via Fort Worth was unquestionably the most practical and feasible.

The De Haviland Four plane equipped with the Liberty motor seemed to be the logical type of machine to attempt such a flight with, and I decided to use a machine that I had already flown more than a thousand miles on cross-country trips, a machine that I had found to be very satisfactory and reliable. No changes were made in the ship except the adding of a fifty-gallon gasoline tank and an auxiliary oil tank.

Preparations were made for an early start on the morning of January nineteenth, and on the afternoon of January eighteenth the machine was wheeled out of the hangar for a little trial spin to Sweetwater, Texas, and return, a distance of three hundred and sixty miles. A fairly fresh breeze was blowing from the southwest, and from Fort Worth to Sweetwater required two hours and thirty minutes. Circling the water tower of the latter place the return trip of one hundred and eighty miles was made in ninety minutes, or at the rate of one hundred and twenty miles an hour. The machine handled well and everything appeared favorable for the start the next morning.

All Aboard for Florida
Above—Leaving Taliaferro Field for Florida

An Unauspicious Start

AT ONE-THIRTY A. M. on the bright moonlight morning of January nineteenth everything was in readiness for the start, the big motor had been gradually warmed up, the lights on the dash had been adjusted so that they would throw their steady rays on the map of Western Texas which I carried on my knees, the mechanic had climbed into the rear cockpit and adjusted his safety belt, and the thousand and one things that precede a long cross-country flight had been carefully attended to.

At two-ten after a short run across the airdrome the big ship took to the air and heading a few points south of west we started for the Pacific Coast. Flying at about three thousand feet our progress seemed at the outset to be unusually slow, and later I found to my cost that this was the case. A full hour elapsed before I recognized to the south the lights of Ranger, the new oil town that is creating such a furore in the Southwest. From this point on it became increasingly difficult to recognize any landmarks, and I trusted altogether to my compass.

After three hours more of flying, or at about six o'clock, I dimly discerned a river, which I took to be the Pecos. Knowing that I was north of the Texas and Pacific Railway I turned the machine south and followed the river in that direction for almost an hour, expecting every moment to be able to pick up the little town of Pecos. Finally I came to a town that in the light of the early morning I was dumfounded to recognize as Colorado, a long one hundred and seventy-five miles east of Pecos, and only twenty-five miles west of the landing field at Sweetwater. I carried fuel for six hours and had been flying for five, so there was but one thing to do, and that was to return to Sweetwater and get gas to carry me on to El Paso.

Returning From the Pacific Coast to Taliaferro Field

At seven-thirty I landed at Sweetwater, and as no one there had any idea that I would stop at that place it was necessary to rouse the town in order to get gasoline and also to assist in getting the plane out of the soft depression in the field where it had settled. It seems that the melting snow of several days before had made the surface of the field unusually soft, and it was plainly out of the question to get off the soft field with a heavily loaded machine. Finally we decided that sixty gallons of gas, or enough to carry us on to Pecos, was all that we could risk. With the aid of some of the good citizens of Sweetwater we pulled the plane to harder ground, put in the sixty gallons of gas and at nine o'clock were ready to take to the air. The machine swerved to the right on the get-away and caused me a momentary feeling of uneasiness, which passed, however, as soon as we were again in the element to which the ship was accustomed.

From Pecos to Tucson

THE wind had died down considerably and the flight to Pecos was made without incident. Upon arriving at the town I looked in vain for the white marker which was to indicate the new landing field, and spent ten minutes circling the town attempting to locate it. The old field, entirely too small and too rough for a heavily loaded plane, seemed to be the only alternative, and after some misgivings as to whether I should be able to stop before hitting the fence that bounded the field on the north I cautiously, very cautiously, effected a landing. It was with a feeling of genuine relief that we came to a stop without doing the ship any damage. This feeling soon changed to one of chagrin when I learned that a splendid landing field had been provided about two miles north of town; that gas, oil and a lunch had been provided there, and that now I would have a fifteen or twenty minute delay while it was being moved over to the old field where I had landed.

Promptly at noon we again took to the air for the next two hundred miles to El Paso. Again the machine swerved to the right on the get-away but handled splendidly in the air and at two-fifteen we dropped down on the parade grounds at Fort Bliss and found supplies of gasoline, oil, and water for the radiator awaiting us. Forty-five minutes passed and we were again ready to take to the air, and at three o'clock the start was made for Tucson, three hundred and one miles away.

The country about El Paso always reminds me of a bottle, with the valley of the Rio Grande bounded by mountains on either side as the bottle proper and the pass out to the broad plains of New Mexico as the neck. The mountains on either side of the pass are probably responsible for a pall of smoke which hangs over the city. This smoke cloud is particularly noticeable when one enters it from the west because the air in New Mexico and Arizona

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SANDWICH JANE

By Temple Bailey

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

"NO MAN," said O-liver Lee, "should earn more than fifteen dollars a week. After that he gets—soft."

"Soft nothing!"

O-liver sat on a box in front of the post office. He was lean and young and without a hat. His bare head was one of the things that made him unique. The other men within doors and without wore hats—broad hats that shielded them from the California sun; or, as in the case of Atwood Jones, who came from the city, a Panama of an up-to-the-minute model.

But O-liver's blond mane waved in every passing breeze. It was only when he rode forth on his mysterious journeys that he crowned himself with a Chinese straw helmet.

Because he wore no hat his skin was tanned. He had blue eyes that twinkled and, as I have said, a blond mane.

"Fifteen dollars a week," he reaffirmed, "is enough."

Fifteen dollars was all that O-liver earned. He was secretary to an incipient oil king. As the oil king's monarchy was largely on paper he found it hard at times to compass even the fifteen dollars that went to his secretary.

The other men scorned O-liver's point of view and told him so. They were a rather prosperous bunch, all except Tommy Drew, who dealt in a dilettante fashion in insurance, and who sat at O-liver's feet and worshiped him.

It was Saturday and some of the men had drifted in from the surrounding ranches; others from the cities, from the mountains, from the valleys, from the desert, from the sea. Tinkersfield had assumed a sudden importance as an oil town. All of the men had business connected in some way with Tinkersfield. And all of them earned more than fifteen dollars a week.

Therefore they disputed O-liver's statement. "If you had a wife ——" said one.

"Ah," said O-liver, "if I had ——"

"Ain't you got any ambition?" Henry Bittinger demanded. Henry was pumping out oil in prodigious quantities. He had bought a motor car and a fur coat. It was too hot most of the time for the coat, but the car stood now at rest across the road—long and lovely—much more of an aristocrat than the man who owned it.

"Ambition for what?" O-liver demanded.

Henry's eyes went to the pride of his heart.

"Well, I should think you'd want a car."

"I'd give," said O-liver, "my kingdom for a horse, but not for a car."

O-liver's little mare stood quite happily in the shade; she was slim as to leg, shining as to coat, and with the eyes of a loving woman.

"I should think you'd want to get ahead," said Atwood Jones, who sold shoes up and down the coast. He was a junior member of the firm, but still liked to go on the road. He liked to lounge like this in front of the post office and smoke in the golden air with a lot of men sitting round. Atwood had been raised on a ranch. He had listened to the call of the city, but he was still a small-town man.

"Ahead of what?" asked O-liver.

Atwood was vague. He felt himself a rising citizen. Some day he expected to marry and set his wife up in a mansion in San Francisco, with seasons of rest and recreation at Del Monte and Coronado and the East. If the shoe business kept to the present rate of prosperity he would probably have millions to squander in his old age.

He tried to say something of this to O-liver.

"Well, will you be any happier?" asked the young man with the bare head. "I'll wager my horse against your car that when you're drunk with dollars you'll look back to a day like this and envy yourself. It's happiness I'm talking about."

"Well, are you happy?" Atwood challenged.

"Why not?" asked the young man lightly. "I have enough to eat, money for tobacco, a book or two—an audience." He waved his hand to include the listening group and smiled.

It was O-liver's lightness which gave him the whip hand in an argument. They were most of them serious men; not serious in a Puritan sense of taking thought of their souls' salvation and the world's redemption, but serious in their pursuit of wealth. They had to be rich. If they weren't they couldn't marry, or if they were married they had to be rich so that their wives could keep up with the wives of the other fellows who were getting rich. They had to have cars and money to spend at big hotels and for travel, money for diamonds and furs, money for everything.

"Jane, I'm Finding That I Love You—Mightily. And Because I Love You I've Got to Keep Away"

But here was O-liver Lee, who said lightly that money weighed upon him. He didn't want it. He'd be darned if he wanted it. Money brought burdens. As for himself, he'd read and ride Mary Pick.

"Anyhow," said Henry, with his hands folded across his stomach—Henry had grown fat riding in his car—"anyhow, when you get old you'll be sorry."

"I shall never grow old," said O-liver, and stood up. "I shall be young—till I—die."

They laughed at him outwardly, but in their hearts they did not laugh. They could not think of him as old. They felt that in a hundred years he would still be strong and sure, his blond mane untouched by gray, his clear blue eyes unblurred.

Atwood rounding them all up for a drink found that O-liver wouldn't drink.

"Drank too much, once upon a time," he confessed frankly. "But I'll give you a toast."

He gave it, poised on his box like a young god on the edge of the world.

"Here's to poverty! May we learn to love her for the favors she denies!"

"Queer chap," said Atwood to Henry later.

Henry nodded. "He's queer, but he's great company. Always has a crowd round him. But no ambition."

"Pity," said Atwood. "How'd he get that name—O-liver?"

"One of the fellows got gay and called him 'Ollie.' Lee stopped him. 'My name is Oliver Lee. If you want a nickname you can say "O-liver." But I'm not "Ollie" from this time on, understand?' And I'm darned if the fellow didn't back down. There was something about O-liver that would have made anybody back down. He didn't have a gun; it was just something in his voice."

"Say, he's wasted," said Atwood. "A man with his line of talk might be President of the United States."

"Sure he might," Henry agreed. "I've told him a lot of times he's throwing away his chance."

II

THE office of the incipient oil king was on the main street of the straggling town. At the back there was a window which gave a view of a hill or two and a mountain beyond. The mountain stuck its nose into the clouds and was whitecapped.

It was this view at the back which O-liver faced when he sat at his machine. When he rested he liked to fix his eyes on that white mountain. O-liver had acquired of late a fashion of looking up. There had been a time when he had kept his eyes on the ground. He did not care to remember that time. The work that he did was intermittent, and between his industrious spasms he read a book. He had a shelf at hand where he kept certain volumes—Walt Whitman, Vanity Fair, Austin Dobson, Landor's Imaginary Conversations, and a rather choice collection of Old Mission literature. He had had it in mind that he might some day write a play with Santa Barbara as a background, but he had stopped after the first act. He had ridden down one night and had reached the mission at dawn. The gold cross had flamed as the sun rose over the mountain. After that it had seemed somehow a desecration to put it in a painted scene. O-liver had rather queer ideas as to the sacredness of certain things.

Tommy Drew, who had a desk in the same office, read Vanity Fair and wanted to talk about it.

"Say, I don't like that girl, O-liver."

"What girl?"

"Becky."

"Why not?"

"Well, she's a grafter. And her husband was a poor nut."

"I'm afraid he was," said O-liver.

"He oughta of dragged her round by the hair of her head."

"They don't do it, Tommy," O-liver was thoughtful. "After all a woman's a woman. It's easier to let her go."

An astute observer might have found O-liver cynical about women. If he said nothing against them he certainly never said anything for them. And he kept strictly away from everything feminine in Tinkersfield, in spite of the fact that his good looks won him more than one glance from sparkling eyes.

"He acts afraid of skirts," Henry had said to Tommy on one occasion.

"He?" Tommy was scornful. "He ain't afraid of anything!"

Henry knew it. "Maybe it's because you can't do much with women on fifteen a week."

"Well, I guess that's so," said Tommy, who made twenty and who had a hopeless passion.

His hopeless passion was Jane. Jane lived with her mother in a small rose-bowered bungalow at the edge of the town. She and her mother owned the bungalow, which was fortunate; they hadn't a penny for rent. Jane's father had died of a weak lung and the failure of his oil well. He had left the two women without an income. Jane's mother was delicate and Jane couldn't leave her to go out to work. So Jane dug in the little garden, and they lived largely on vegetables. She sewed for the neighbors, and bought medicine and now and then a bit of meat. She was young and strong and she had wonderful red hair. Tommy thought it was the most beautiful hair in the world. Jane was for him a sort of goddess woman. She was, he felt, infinitely above him. She knew a great deal that he didn't, about books and things—like O-liver. She sewed for his mother, and that was the way he had met her. He would go over and sit on her front steps and talk. He felt that she treated him like a little dog that she wouldn't harm, but wouldn't miss if it went away. He told her of Vanity Fair and of how he felt about Becky.

"If she had been content to earn an honest living," Jane stated severely, "the story would have had a different ending."

"Well, she wanted things," Tommy said.

"Most women do." Jane jabbed her needle into a length of pink gingham which, when finished, would be rompers for a youngster across the street. "I do; and I intend to have them."

"How?" asked the interested Tommy.

"Work for them."

"O-liver says that fifteen dollars a week is enough for anybody to earn."

Jane had heard of O-liver. Tommy sang his constant praises.

"Why fifteen?"

"After that you get soft."

Jane laid down the length of pink gingham and looked at him. She hated to sew on pink; it clashed dreadfully with her hair.

"I should say," she stated with scorn, "that your O-liver's lazy "

"No, he isn't. He only wants enough to eat and enough to smoke and enough to read."

"That sounds all right, but it isn't. What's he going to do when he's old?"

"He ain't ever going to grow old. He said so, and if you'd see him you'd know."

Jane felt within her the stirring of curiosity. But she put it down sternly. She had no time for it.

"Tommy," she said, "I've been thinking. I've got to earn more money, and I want your help."

Tommy's faithful eyes held a look of doglike affection.

"Oh, if I can ——" he quavered.

"I've got to get ahead." Jane was breathless. Her eyes shone.

"I've got to get ahead, Tommy. I can't live all my life like this." She held up the pink strip. "Even if I am a woman there ought to be something more than making rompers for the rest of my days."

"You might," said the infatuated Tommy, "marry "

"Marry? Marry whom?"

Tommy wished that he might shout "Me!" from the housetops. But he knew the futility of it.

"I shall never marry," she said, "until I find somebody different from anything I've ever seen."

Jane's ideas of men were bounded largely by the weakness of her father and the crudeness of men like Henry Bittinger, Atwood Jones and others of their kind. She didn't consider Tommy at all. He was a nice boy and a faithful friend. His mother, too, was a faithful friend. She classed them together.

Her plan, told with much coming and going of lovely color, was this: She had read that the way to make money was to find the thing that a community lacked and supply it. Considering it seriously she had decided that in Tinkersfield there was need of good food.

"There's just one horrid little eating house," she told Tommy, "when the men come in from out of town."

"Nothing fit to eat either," Tommy agreed; "and they make up on booze."

She nodded. "Tommy," she said, and leaned toward him, "I had thought of sandwiches—homemade bread and slices of ham—wrapped in waxed paper; and of taking them down and selling them in front of the post office on Saturday nights."

Tommy's eyes bulged. "You take them down?"

"Why not? Any work is honorable, Tommy."

Tommy felt that it wouldn't be a goddess rôle.

"I can't see it." The red crept up into his honest freckled face. "You know the kind of women that's round on Saturday nights."

"I am not that kind of woman." She was suddenly austere.

He found himself stammering. "I didn't mean ——"

"Of course you didn't. But it's a good plan, Tommy. Say you think it's a good plan."

He would have said anything to please her. "Well, you might try."

The next day he found himself talking it over with O-liver. "She wants to sell them on Saturday nights."

"Tell her," said O-liver, "to stay at home."

"But she's got to have some money."

"Money," said O-liver, "is the root of evil. You say she has a garden. Let her live on leeks and lettuce."

"Leeks and lettuce?" said poor Tommy, who had never heard of leeks.

"Her complexion will be better," said O-liver, "and her peace of mind great."

"Her complexion is perfect," Tommy told him, "and she isn't the peaceful kind. Her hair is red."

"Red-haired women"—O-liver had his eye on Vanity Fair—"red-haired women always flaunt themselves."

Tommy, softening O-liver's words a bit, gave them in the form of advice to Jane: "He thinks you'd better live on leeks and lettuce than go downtown like that."

Jane gasped. "Leeks and lettuce? Me? He doesn't know what he's talking about! And anyhow what can you expect of a man like that?"

III

A WEEK later Jane in a white shirt waist and white apron came down with her white-covered basket into the glare of the town's white lights. The night was warm and she wore no hat. Her red hair was swept back from her forehead with a droop over the ears. She had white skin and strong white teeth. Her eyes were as gray as the sea on stormy days. Tommy came after her with a wooden box, which he set on end, and she placed her basket on it. The principal stores of the small town, the one hotel and the post office were connected by a covered walk which formed a sort of arcade, so that the men lounging against doorways or tip-tilted in chairs seemed in a sort of gallery from which they surveyed the Saturday-night crowd which paraded the street.

Jane folded up the cloth which covered her basket and displayed her wares. "Don't stick round, Tommy," she said. "I shall do better alone."

But as she raised her head and saw the eyes of the men upon her a rich color surged into her cheeks.

She put out her little sign bravely:

HOMEMADE SANDWICHES—TWENTY CENTS

With a sense of adventure upon them the men flocked down at once. They bought at first because the wares were offered by a pretty girl. They came back to buy because never had there been such sandwiches.

Jane had improved upon her first idea. There were not only ham sandwiches; there were baked beans between brown bread, thin slices of broiled bacon in hot baking-powder biscuit. Henry Bittinger said to Atwood Jones afterward: "The food was so good that if she had been as ugly as sin she'd have got away with it."

"She isn't ugly," said Atwood, and had a fleeting moment of speculation as to whether Jane with her red hair would fit into his plutocratic future.

Jane had made fifty sandwiches. She sold them all, and took ten dollars home with her.

"I shall make a hundred next time," she said to Tommy, whom she picked up on the way back. "And—it wasn't so dreadful, Tommy."

But that night as she lay in bed looking out toward the mountain, silver-tipped in the moonlight, she had a shivering sense of the eyes of some of the men—of Tillotson, who kept the hotel, and of others of his kind.

O-liver had stayed at home that Saturday night to write a certain weekly letter. He had stayed at home also because he didn't approve of Jane.

"But you haven't seen her," Tommy protested.

"I know the type."

On Sunday morning Tommy brought him a baked-bean sandwich. "It isn't as fresh as it might be. But you can see what she's giving us."

There were months of O-liver's life which had been spent with a grandmother in Boston. His grandmother had made brown bread and she had baked beans. And now as he ate his sandwich there was the savor of all the gastronomic memories of a healthy and happy childhood.

"It's delicious," he said, "but she'd better not mix with that crowd."

"She doesn't mix," said Tommy.

"She'll have to." O-liver had in mind a red-haired woman, rawboned, with come-hither eyes. Her kind was not uncommon. Tommy's infatuation would of course elevate her to a pedestal.

"She's going to make a hundred sandwiches next week," Tommy vouchsafed.

O-liver's mind could scarcely compass one hundred sandwiches. "She'd better stick to her leeks and lettuce."

He rode away the next Saturday night. It was his protest against the interest roused in the community by this Jane who sold sandwiches. He heard of her everywhere. Some of the men were respectful and some were not. It depended largely on the nature of the particular male.

O-liver rode Mary Pick and wore his straw helmet. His way led down into the valley and up again and down, until at last he came to the sea. Then he followed the water's edge, letting Mary Pick dance now and then on the hard beach, with the waves curling up like cream,

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"I Don't Mind Being Called 'Sandwich Jane.' It's a Good Name and I Shall Use It in My Business. But I Don't Like Being Treated as You Have Treated Me To-night"

VAMPING TO "VOGNER'

By ROB WAGNER

"Emoting" is Easier When Accompanied by the Most Emotional of the Arts

I ONCE attended a wedding where everybody laughed. And that was bad; for, according to the most reliable motto makers, successful weddings should be cried at—a till-death-us-do-part affair is no laughing matter.

This hilarious mistake to which I refer was made about twelve years ago in the old Clingstone Studio when Bill Condon was directing his "souper" comedies.

Bill had done wonderful things to the human eye with his cataclysmal stunts and trick photography, and one day it occurred to him that if music should marry the photodrama the result would be a scream; so he dragged my poor old dad from an orchestra, where he had been playing for fifteen years, and asked him to organize the Clingstone Band.

This band, famous in its day, appeared in all the street parades and movie balls, and was of great local advertising value; but when it went into double harness on the screen, disaster was instantaneous. Though marriage was a failure from the start, there were other results, quite unforeseen, but with extraordinary potentialities, that developed from this artistic experiment; and these I am about to record.

For some time the Big Chief has been after dad to write a serious treatise about the relation of music to the photodrama; but dad is a bit pen-shy and with great finality he passed the buck down to me.

"Mr. Baker," he said, "music is my business; but Max, here, has been through Franklin High School and the Junior College, and if he can't write good English it is because our schools are bunk or he is subnormal."

So, you see, either my wits or the educational system of Los Angeles are at stake. However, I'll state at the outset that my dad furnished most of the observations upon which these literary pearls are strung, even to the epigrammatic cross at the end.

A Movie Marriage and Divorce

I MIGHT also state my shame at once, for it will ultimately be discovered. My name is Max Bergman! Go ahead and shoot if you must, but spare my poor old mother, for she bore the unhunnish name of Reilly; and I am the son of Leopold Bergman, whom mother and I, at least, consider the greatest violinist in America, and who incidentally can play anything with notes in it.

Dad is but forty-eight years old, has a full head of black hair, and has promised me his Stradivarius the day I can pin both his shoulders to the mat. When this lily-handed artist isn't playing he can be found over on Don Fairfax's lot wrestling with Bull Breedon, to the yelping joy of the cowboys and professional dare-devils. And if you could see how strong my Old Man is going you would figure that I shall come into possession of that musical treasure when I am about sixty-five.

Young as I was—just fourteen—when dad formed the Clingstone Band he let me participate, playing the traps; so I have the unique distinction of having grown up in the moving pictures, and, so far as my profession is concerned, I have known no other life.

My! And the fun we thought we were going to have playing in the films!

As I said in the beginning, everybody howled at the wedding, for our band was certainly comical. But I'll never forget the chagrin we felt when we saw our pictures on the screen. The flatting of the cornet, that sent the studio into such gales of laughter, was strangely missing in the projection room, and even the unctuous antics of the players blowing and sawing away on soundless instruments were absolutely witless in the deadly silence of that dark and stuffy vault.

Nor was the failure of the band the only evidence of the mismating of music and the photodrama, for the same unhappy results were observed in trying to visualize the human voice and other audible expressions. The words of a song might be ever so sad or comic, but all the singer could put over was wasted footage of a mouth yaw-yawing in meaningless pantomime.

Dad is always pulling that old one: "A whistling girl and a crowing hen are sure to come to some bad end." But that is not so in the movies, for neither attain an end, either good or bad. All the whistling girl registers is a puckered mouth and a heaving chest; and a rooster, be he ever so cocky, will cinematically produce from his mightiest efforts not the slightest call to early worms.

It is true that in those days of trial marriage every exhibitor helped along the audible member of the artistic combination by supplying her the sounds she was endeavoring unsuccessfully to register on the screen. Steam whistles, honking horns, crying babies, gunshots, pianos and even crash boxes, were invoked to make good on her promise to love, honor and obey. But somehow the audiences did not care for this collaboration, especially as its success was too dependent on the human factor; and often the whistle would blow at the wrong time or the piano player would be six jumps ahead of the singing lady on the silver sheet.

It was not long before both parties realized their mistake and applied for a divorce. Since that happy consummation they have become the best of friends, music often assisting her ex-husband in making his pictures and accompanying them when made; but, with great wisdom, she no longer cherishes the desire to appear in them.

This same phenomenon of failure happened to several great stage comedians who came to the Clingstone in the vain hope of perpetuating their audible humor on the screen. One of them in particular, famous all over the dramatic world, was a host in himself and kept the studio roaring at his jokes, and during the taking of a scene even the camera man would often succumb. Because everybody in the set was so hilariously amused, the company was confident of his screen success and spent a small fortune in advertising his first release; but—alas!—the tragedy of the projecting room was repeated again. His greatest humor lay in his uttered comments; and, of course, these utterly failed of pantomimic reproduction. The spectator wondered what all the actors were smiling at.

Dad was on a year's contract with the Clingstone; and, though he realized musicians could never be anything but atmosphere in a picture, he tried to justify his salary by assisting in the making and entertaining the inmates of that comic madhouse. So he used to stroll round from set to set, playing what he thought would be appropriate music; and soon he learned that a violin could assist immensely with the tempo of the action. This was especially true when dancing was introduced or the action became accelerated or retarded. So helpful did we both become that Bill Condon took us with him when he went to the Climax to make big Westerns

Though our music assisted the director with his tempo, new complexities arose with the camera men. These fellows have a rhythm of their own, which it is fatal to interrupt, as the success of the picture is absolutely dependent upon the speed of their cranking. This is best explained by stating the problem in their own terms. In normal cranking, where they wish to register the action "as is" they turn the crank once every second, and this photographs sixteen photographs on one foot of film; therefore, when a camera man is "cranking sixteen" he is recording normal action.

The Slower the Quicker

STRANGE as it may seem, in order to speed up the action he must crank more slowly. This apparent paradox is explained thus: Suppose a man crosses an interior set in three seconds, normal cranking; three feet of film, or forty-eight pictures, will be exposed. Now suppose the camera man cranks slowly while the man is walking across, and takes only two feet of film, or thirty-two pictures, in the three seconds. When this two feet is projected on the screen to normal time it will occupy but two seconds, and the man, therefore, will have crossed the room in one second less than the first time. Inversely, if by very fast cranking he took eight feet of film, when this was projected to normal time, the man for eight seconds would slowly wander across the set.

It has taken the camera man years to master silent counting so that he can crank twelve, sixteen, or any other speed; and it can readily be seen that a musical rhythm out of time with his would throw him off his count. Nor is this counting a fixed quantity to which the musician can arrange his tempo. Due to the forced perspective of the camera, normal speed of the characters occurs only in the middle distance; while those in the back go too slowly, foreground figures appear to move too fast. So, in a scene where the action moves forward and backward, as in dancing, the camera man must continually change his tempo to a fine adjustment of distances.

When you see dancers fly by at a terrific speed in the foreground it is because the camera man did not speed up in his cranking.

Phil Williams was sent out by a news weekly to shoot a big funeral, and so stirred was he by the playing of Chopin's March that he cranked in time with it, with the result that when the film was projected on the screen the dignified cortège appeared to be going to a fire. Now that most of the studios are using music, the camera man has learned to adopt mental ear muffs and to concentrate his mind on his own little counting; but, in spite of everything, he is sometimes lured away.

Only the other day, during a big soup-and-fish set, with the orchestra playing a lively fox trot, the camera man suddenly stopped and threw his hat angrily on the floor; and when the director asked the trouble he exploded:

"Holy cat! I've been cranking in tune to that confounded jazz band. Can't you soft-pedal 'em so I can at least hear my machine?"

But if we are a cross to the camera birds we are, nevertheless, a great help to the cast. In a chapel set, where the congregation is facing the minister—and the camera—the worshipers are not likely to register reverential expressions if there is a dance going on in the next set or a wild custard comedy across the way. But just let Celia hit the organ and turn on a good old Methodist hymn and you will see the faces of the soul-hungered villagers relax into ecclesiastical expressions of almost stained-glass ecstasy, while the wronged heroine in the front pew will do an imitation of the Sistine Madonna that will make the picture post card from which she studied the expression look like a happy advertisement of dental cream.

In a big soup-and-fish set the lords and ladies may be stalling round in attitudes of atmospheric aristocracy; but it is very noticeable, when an orchestra strikes up a slow waltz, as though coming from a distant ballroom, that the men and women carry themselves with much more dignity and suavity of manner. Likewise a stately minuet will create austerity in a costume picture; and, of course, for the rough stuff a good jazz band will send them all up in the air.

We used these musical atmospheric stunts for many years, but the real use of music as a handmaid in the making of pictures dates from the arrival of Jerry. Many were the doubts expressed when it was learned that this grand-opera singer was to appear in the films "They can't show her voice!" No, the voice would be missing; but fortunately Jerry was a magnificent actress and, above all, had a radiant personality that registered wonderfully.

Having always expressed her emotions to music, it was quite natural that she should ask for an orchestral accompaniment. The fact is, the whole play, scene by scene, was set to a musical score, and the result in her case justified the great expense and trouble.

Glycerine Tears

BUT—oh, my!—she started something! Right away half-baked baby dolls, who had been shedding perfectly convincing glycerine tears for amazing wages, suddenly discovered that they simply couldn't "emote" unless they had a symphony orchestra. The lesser lassies had to content themselves with perhaps three pieces, or just a violin or a melodeon.

Long ago I learned that the average person has very little musical discrimination, but likes or dislikes certain pieces because of their association. And this fact introduced a new complexity into this artistic partnership, for often the leading lady would ask for something she was sure would rouse her to the desired dramatic height; but the same piece would have quite the opposite effect—or none at all—on others of the cast.

Yet it is these personal idiosyncrasies that are our most entertaining problems. Behind nearly every choice of music lies the story of the actor's life.

One day Baker was directing Agnes Morehouse, a rather young second lead, who usually did pretty well; but this day he tried to have her register tragic pain, with very poor success. For an hour he sat beside her and told her the misery of life while dad played every lugubrious tune in his repertoire and improvised a few that should have caused pain to a marble caryatid. But Agnes' face never changed. At last she looked up rather guiltily.

"Leo," she said, "do you know a ballad written at the time of the Iroquois fire? If you do I think I could register to it."

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF THE METRO PICTURES CORPORATION

Even an Accordion Will Make the Parting Harder

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF THE GOLDWYN PICTURES CORPORATION

Behind Every "Weep Stuff" Request Lies the Story of the Actor's Life

There are few things that have ever been played out loud which dad doesn't know, even to such musical crimes as Agnes demanded. Something told him that this was not the place to laugh; so he played the piece. And, sure enough, Agnes Morehouse registered tragic pain with the most convincing realism. We learned later that her mother had been burned in the Iroquois fire.

Since that time dad and I never question the taste of any request, however bizarre. Vivian Vane will cry sweetly to the Valse Bleue and wishes it played quite lively. Though she tries to deny it, I know perfectly well that a tragic romance is associated with that waltz. Perhaps it was the tune that came to them the last night they stood in the bow of the boat! Miss Underhill, who can usually cry to the classic sob stuff, will ask for Me and My Gal if she is stuck. She blushed furiously when I asked her why she liked a fox trot for romantic tears.

Our greatest cowboy is very susceptible to music; and one day, out on location, he had me curled up on a haystack behind a barn, playing Wait Till the Clouds Roll By for two mortal hours while he registered a lot of romantic hokum before the camera. Curiously enough, some of our uneducated actors will ask for the best music; and we have one cultured leading man whose choice lies between I'm Sorry, Dear, and the Curse of an Aching Heart, both songs of cheap sentimentality.

Strategy Won

AS MANY actors can give one no hunch as to their tastes, dad invented a scheme to get their musical numbers. Learning a fellow's age, he digs up the songs that were popular when he was in his early twenties—the most romantic period. Then one day he will see the victim sitting round waiting to be called; and, taking a place near by, dad drifts nonchalantly through the old favorites, all the while watching through his lashes for a sentimental light on the fellow's face. Nine times out of ten, awakened memories throw the auditor into a deep reverie or send a spark to the eye. "Say, Leo, I haven't heard that tune in twenty years. Will you play it again?"

One day I was fiddling away, trying to make Stuart Benton register retrospect, when dad happened by. "Play Oh, Promise Me," he whispered. "Benton was once in love with a girl in the old Bostonians." And, sure enough, Stuart registered an expression suggestive of his whole romantic youth passing in review before him.

On the legitimate stage tears are wasted, for they cannot be seen beyond the first row; but the intimacy of the close-up permits a very dramatic use of these liquid props. However, there are some actresses who cannot shed a tear except in anger.

One day McBride had to shoot a scene of rip-snortin' emotion with a girl he was pretty soft on; but after about an hour of sob music, petting, kind words, and recalling the demise of old friends, not a leak was sprung in the lady's emotions. So the horrid man, who for the moment was more of an artist than a sweetheart, resorted to strategy.

Jumping up from the stool at her feet the director turned on the poor creature like a savage.

"Say!" he bawled. "Who ever told you you could act? Why, Hazel, over in the restaurant, could make you look like a stewed prune! You're rotten, I tell you; absolutely rotten! You'd better ask the boss to give you a job in the wardrobe. That's where you belong. I'm through with you! D'ye understand? You've been committin' murder long enough."

Then came the flood; but they were tears of anger. And as she blubbered her indignation Philbrook shot about a hundred feet of weeps. But that ended it; she was through for the day. So dad and I escorted her to her

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It Is Not the Music That Registers But the Monkeyshines of the Mummers

A Wheat Primer for City Folks

By E. DAVENPORT

A BUSHEL of wheat—what is it?

Ask the farmer and he will tell you it represents the thing our Government called for in the day of its distress and that he was asked to produce abundantly and regardless of expense.

Ask the man on the street and he will tell you it is the thing that is chiefly responsible for the high cost of living, with its arbitrary price of two dollars and twenty-six cents a bushel, instead of the sixty or seventy cents which prevailed before the war. And this is about as far as the public generally has ever gotten into the financial side of the food problem, or has analyzed the conditions which are responsible for the fact that it costs more to live now than formerly, with little prospect of relief in sight.

Wheat has been brought prominently before the world for three reasons: because of its scarcity across the water at a critical time; because it is a commodity whose price has been absolutely established by the Government; and because, in order to stimulate production, the price was fixed at about three times the figure that had prevailed during most of the period covered by the experience of the present generation.

The public has forgotten that the immediate result of government interference was not to raise the price of wheat, but to lower it from three and a half dollars a bushel to practically two and a quarter; and during the war, and since, that two dollars and twenty-six cents has stood out like a red rag before an infuriated bull, until it has been popularly charged with the chief responsibilities for our ever-increasing bills.

What now, in all sober reason, is a bushel of wheat? What will it do for us? What does it mean to produce it? What will it buy for the farmer? And what are its equivalents in the list of expenditures of the American consumer? All these questions must be honestly asked and intelligently answered before our old friend Wheat can be convicted, or even indicted, for complicity in holding upon his throne that old rascal popularly known as H. C. L., Rex.

A Worldwide Grain Shortage

IT IS the more important to bear these fundamentals in mind because of the likelihood that the price of wheat, in competitive markets of the world, will rise rather than fall when the Food Administration goes out of business in July, as free transportation opens up, and as the disturbed nations begin to establish responsible governments, bidding against each other in the markets of the world.

Much is heard about the three years' supply in Australia; but that country produces only about the same as Italy. Argentina is popularly considered as a veritable King Solomon's Mine for wheat, but it produces about the same as Spain; and all South America produces less than France, even under war conditions.

One significant fact lies in Russia, the second great wheat country in the world, producing under normal conditions some eight hundred million bushels, or more than all the countries south of the equator combined, but now out of business. Another significant fact is the famine in India. And still another is that, under price control in this country, the amount held back in farmers' hands is negligible—only the surplus seed. And all the world is hungry! How hungry we do not know.

The world has never agreed upon what shall constitute a bushel of anything. The old Winchester unit of 2150.42 cubic inches was abandoned long ago in England, but is, in a way, retained in this country. Even so, wheat is commonly bought and sold by weight—sixty pounds to the bushel. This amount will almost exactly fill a cubical box thirteen inches on a side. It will contain approximately half a million kernels.

And thereby hangs a tale; for our goodly forefathers, back in the days of William the Conqueror, when looking for a fundamental basis for things, decided that 7680 grains of wheat should be the legal pound. This number was reduced to seven thousand in the time of Henry VIII and legalized in Elizabeth's day, with the stipulation that the kernels "should be taken from the middle of the ear and well dried." It was further provided that thirty-two such kernels should be the weight of the English penny, showing that wheat has long been a fundamental thing in the conception of man, providing the basis not only of his food but also of the weights and coinage of our English forebears.

In general, this bushel of wheat will make from forty to forty-two pounds of flour, depending upon the milling process, and provide material for from fifty-five to sixty-five standard loaves of bread, depending again upon the process of manufacture. Roughly speaking, every pound of clean wheat is good for a loaf of bread, or sixty loaves to the bushel.

What is rather more definite and to the point is the fact that this bushel of wheat contains food value aggregating seventy thousand calories, or enough to equal the full maintenance needs of a man at moderate work for a period of twenty days. Inasmuch as the American people consume almost six bushels a head annually, we are forced to the conclusion that a full third of all our real nutriment is derived from wheat.

Viewed financially we arrive at the conclusion that, so far as production goes, the American gets the raw material for a third of his maintenance for about eleven cents a day; and in the old days of seventy-cent wheat he got it for three and a half cents. That is all he can charge up to the farmer; and the question is whether the high cost of living is really chargeable to this third of our maintenance or to some portion of the remaining two-thirds; or perchance—in some cases—to certain and sundry other expenses not to be catalogued as among the absolute necessities.

It is a fair question whether we are not charging against our bread-and-butter account a general situation that has arisen quite outside the range of necessities. For example, a very moderate smoker will consume several times as much money in cigars as in that third of his body nourishment which comes from wheat, even at present prices.

Again, there is hardly a form of human food that is produced so economically, processed so cheaply and with so little waste—manufactured by wholesale or at home, as the householder may choose—and put upon the consumer's table with so little loss or extra profit as are wheat and its products. Hats off to wheat, the greatest food of man, whether savage or civilized!

To produce a bushel of wheat requires in general terms about a fifteenth of an acre of land, an hour's work of the farmer, and two hours' work of a horse—not to mention investment in machinery. It is a general rule the country over that two horse hours are equal in value to one man hour; so this man and his team devote the equivalent of two man hours to the production of a bushel of wheat.

Besides this, and in general, one-tenth of a bushel was sown for seed the year before, cast to the winds purely on faith; and at least another tenth goes for twine, machinery and threshing. The bushel of wheat will remove from the soil nearly one and a half pounds of nitrogen, which would cost, if bought in the open market, not less than from twenty-five to thirty cents; while as much more is likely to be lost by drainage and wash, because nitrogen compounds are exceedingly soluble. It will also remove a quarter of a pound of phosphorus, which will cost at least six cents to replace, and an equal amount of potassium, which will cost about half as much more.

Suppose, for the sake of computation, we account the farmer as entitled to the plumber's wage of seventy-five cents an hour—waiving the dollar rate under contemplation—and agree that his three-hundred-dollar to six-hundred-dollar team shall be reckoned at the rate of the plumber's helper. We shall ignore the value of nitrogen, because by good farming it can be gotten gratis out of the atmosphere, and we shall have need of all possible savings. But we shall be obliged to include the phosphorus and the potassium, because they are sold out of stock and once for all, just as truly as are groceries, from the merchant's shelves, with no way of restoration except by purchase.

How Can He Do It?

THOUGH conditions vary greatly and no single figure can represent the cost of production, yet in general the account against the bushel of wheat will stand substantially as follows:

One hour of farmer's labor, plumber's rate	$0.75
One hour of team's labor, helper's rate	.50
One-tenth bushel—seed	.22
One-tenth bushel—twine, machinery, threshing	.22
Interest on ten dollars' worth of land	.60
Taxes on ten dollars' worth of land	.10
Fertilizer:	
One and a half pounds of nitrogen	.00
One-quarter pound phosphorus	.06
One-quarter pound potassium	.02
Total	$2.47

How does he do it, even now, at two dollars and twenty-six cents? And how in the name of all the gods did he do it all those years for seventy cents or less? The writer can make answer, for he was there and he knows. It was achieved only by long days and cheap land, and at the expense of fertility and by the labor of children. Even so, to get the amount down to seventy cents the farmer himself must needs work for less than the lowest wage. For obvious reasons those days are definitely over in America, and forever!

It may be objected that good farming will produce more than the yields herein indicated—and that is true, especially in good seasons; but we are talking now about all kinds of farming in all sorts of seasons; in other words, the average, such as we must depend upon for wholesale results.

Taking the country as a whole, good, bad and indifferent, one year with another, it will require a plot of land fifty feet square to produce a bushel of wheat. This means that when the farmer is growing wheat at seventy cents a bushel he will plow, harrow, seed and harvest a piece of ground six feet square for one cent of gross income; and at two-twenty-six the entire proceeds of these thirty-six square feet would buy a single three-cent postage stamp! Verily farming is a highly remunerative business, and the farmer is in danger of becoming a profiteer!

And what will this bushel of wheat do for the farmer who produced it? Manifestly it will feed him as well and as long as it will feed anybody else; and it is the greatest single food known to the world. Nobody knows this so well as the farmer. But what will it buy for him? Out of the markets of the world what will it secure that will contribute to the necessities and the comforts of the farmer?

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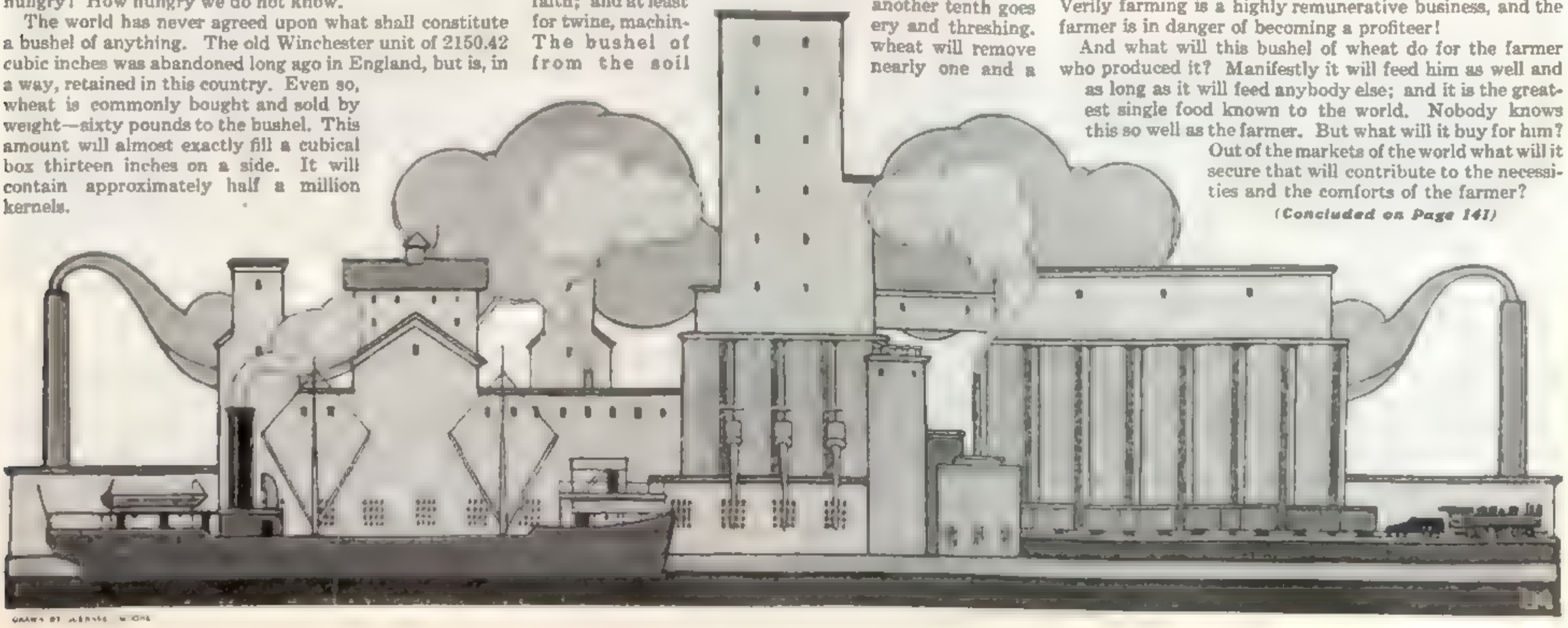


THE DANCIN' FOOL

VIII

By Henry Payson Dowst

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"I Beg Your Pardon, Pierre. Business Must Seem Rather Prosaic to a Chap Who Leads the Sort of Life You Do, Eh?"

AT THE Garden of Roses there were a certain few tables set for odd numbers of persons, so that if your party consisted of, say, four people, you would perhaps be placed at a five-seat table. Thus one chair would remain vacant.

If you were well informed concerning the customs of the garden you sought to obtain one of these tables, even though you made your reservation weeks in advance or enriched a head waiter in your most princely fashion. For it might well be that presently a slender young man—blond, smiling, impeccably clad—would approach and ask politely if he might occupy this vacant seat. He did this in a manner the most deprecatory, as if he were in grave fear of offending; and when you eagerly acceded to his request he was apparently as grateful as a stray pup to whom you had given a bone. He sat down quietly, declined your invitation to share your dinner or your wine. Oh, no indeed, he only wanted to sit there a few moments. The place was pretty crowded; a fellow hated to make a nuisance of himself. Well, if you insisted, he'd have a little French vichy.

You had drawn the prize of the evening.

Those three or four special odd-number tables were Morrie Elkus' idea of a lottery. The same thing happened every evening. Necks were craned from all parts of the big ornate dining room to get a glimpse of the lucky party.

Immediately you introduced the self-invited guest to everyone at the table. This was Pierre, the great Pierre. You didn't quite know whether that was his first name or his last; or if you should prefix it with a "mister."

"Oh, that's all right," he would say. "Just call me Pierre. Everyone does."

Everyone? Hardly! The king had knighted you with an accolade coveted from Calais to California.

You could scarcely pin any medals on Pierre for conversational brilliancy. He remarked that it had been a nice day, and thought the orchestra wasn't very good to-night. Yes, one of the violinists was sick, and it made a difference, didn't you think so? Had you had a good dinner? Well, restaurant food never seemed to taste like home cooking. Now he, Pierre, hadn't a great deal of use for those fancy dishes with French names. A good steak was his idea of a meal, with fried potatoes and fresh buttered toast and coffee. But the coffee had to be made just right to suit Pierre.

You were a little surprised that Pierre did not speak with a Parisian accent. If you were bold enough you said so. Wasn't he French? Pierre grinned a happy, boyish grin that radiated good will and amusement and the gayety of youth. Well, he didn't know but he had French blood in him; he wasn't sure. Did you think Pierre was his real name? Ha, ha! Lots of people did. He guessed if he told folks his real name they'd give him the big laugh.

You felt that you could easily know Pierre like a brother if it weren't for that odd trace of amused reserve. He was holding something up his sleeve; he had a little joke all his own that he was right on the verge of sharing with you. He was shrewd and kindly and sincere, absolutely easy, cordial without pretense or effort.

And then it came, the thing you had been waiting for. The orchestra swung into a coaxing fox trot. You saw Pierre's head tilt a trifle, his eyes sparkle; and his slender fingers took up the time, drumming on the table edge.

"That's a good one," he would say. "I like that. I wonder—now would you think it was all right if I asked one of the ladies to dance with me? Thanks. Will you, Mrs.—er—Mrs. Abernethy?"

That was it. Abernethy was your biggest out-of-town customer, and he'd brought his wife to New York on his annual buying trip. You lucky devil, you had managed to get Mrs. Abernethy a chance to go back to Pontiac, Michigan, and brag for the next ten years about the time she danced with the great Pierre. And next day Abernethy would come to your office and buy fifty per cent more stuff than he had had any idea of doing when he left home.

Now Mrs. Abernethy might be as alluring as Cleopatra or as graceful as a bale of hay with a broken wire. It was all the same to Ves Tibble. He eased her round the crowded dance floor as skillfully as a Penobscot Indian poles a canoe up through quick water. Then he brought her back and thanked her and immediately asked the other lady in the party if she'd dance with him.

Later, when it was all over and the great Pierre had to excuse himself to go and dress for his act, he impressed you with an idea that he was somehow under obligations to you for a wonderful time; and afterward one of the ladies was sure to say she guessed it was a relief for the poor boy to meet some real wholesome folks when he had to mix with those flashy New Yorkers so much.

At some other table Junie Budd had been introduced by Morrie Elkus himself to a party, and in much the same way she had danced with the gentlemen and made herself agreeable to the ladies. Junie didn't like that sort of thing, but it was part of her job. Sometimes the men she danced with expressed their admiration a little untactfully.

"It's cheap, and I despise it," she told Ves.

"Don't blame you, honey," said her partner. "Better cut it out and we'll play the jug business for a living."

"At twenty a week? Not much!"

And so it went with them. Morrie Elkus did raise their salary; Junie saw to that. She knew just how to handle the clever restaurateur, who had made his place the best known in New York, not for rowdyism and license, but for that exotic quality which in every way distinguished it, and enabled him to charge eight dollars for ninety-seven cents' worth of food and make people think they had received big value for their money.

"Mr. Elkus, it's acts like ours that make folks talk about the Rose Garden dinner show from here to Los Angeles," said Junie. "And we've stuck to you when other places would pay us more money. Why? Loyalty, Mr. Elkus. I guess you know that. But nobody can tell. Ves and I are going strong now; where'll we be next winter? Maybe no one will look cross-eyed at us. We have to do a lot of thinking to keep ahead of the procession. Most teams dance with their feet; we dance with our brains. And we've got to make it pay us while we can."

When Junie told him of the raise Ves caught her in his arms and kissed her savagely.

"Darn it, Junie, you're a wiz! Oh, gosh, wouldn't you make a noise in the jug business. Real merchandising ideas ——" But poor Junie only sniffed.

"You don't love me," she said. "If you did you wouldn't treat me the way you do."

However, she kissed him just as if she actually believed he did love her; and this made Ves' problem the harder, and its inevitable solution look like the acme of cruelty. So he went on postponing the evil day from month to month, and in the meantime laying up treasure where moth and rust and thieves would have to be smarter than chain lightning to get even a sniff of it.

"My name is Harkins," said the young man with spectacles and a touch of gray over each temple; "and I believe yours is—er—Mr. ——"

"Pierre; just Pierre. No 'mister' necessary. I'm Pierre to everyone, Mr. Harkins."

"Well, then, Pierre, let me present you to Mr. Reed and Mrs. Reed, and my sister, Miss Sally Harkins."

"How d'you do," said Ves comprehensively. "You folks are pretty good to let me sit here a few minutes. I'm surely much obliged. No, thanks, Mr. Harkins, I don't care for anything. Well, if you insist, I'll take a little French vichy. It's been a nice day, hasn't it?"

Presently he was guiding Miss Sally Harkins soothingly in and out among a swarm of dancers.

"I don't see how you do it," breathed Miss Harkins. "Everybody is bumping everybody else, and people stepping on other people's toes and—well, we haven't touched a soul!"

"It's because you're a good dancer," said Pierre. "It's no trouble to steer with a partner like you."

If anyone had said to Miss Sally Harkins, "You are now owner of the Koh-i-nur diamond. You can have it set to wear in a ring or hang it up over your writing desk to read by," she could hardly have been more pleased. Think of it!

"I'm afraid you say that to every woman you dance with."

"No," said Ves. "I give you my word I don't; honestly."

Miss Sally was a good dancer; and besides she was amazingly pretty. Rather slender, with dark hair and very brown eyes, she was a girl you couldn't help taking a second look at; and Junie Budd, who was permitting a stout person from Utica to drag her about like a runaway draft horse hitched to a racing sulky, took that second look, and a third.

It struck Junie, somehow, that Ves and his present partner were having an unusually good time, and that they danced together with extraordinary success.

"She's slim," thought Junie. "She'll never be stout. She won't have to cut out starchy foods and walk a thousand miles a day and take ice-cold baths to keep thin."

Something Junie had never felt before in her life now set up a tiny irritation in her consciousness—and instantly she recognized it. But she tried very hard not to give it the slightest encouragement.

"Fiddle!" she said to herself. "How silly of me! As if I could be jealous of a girl Ves never saw before and never will again.

"She's probably the daughter of a wealthy tack manufacturer from Worcester, Mass."

Meanwhile at the Harkins' table, after dancing with Mrs. Reed, Ves had fallen into conversation with his host.

Young Harkins was saying: "You've given us a mighty good time, my friend. The ladies won't forget it—will they, Reed?"

"Not in a thousand years. I'd a heap rather sit here and see Mrs. Reed enjoy herself dancing with you than risk my life out in that human hurricane."

"You folks live in New York?" asked Ves idly.

"I do," said Harkins. "Mr. Reed's from St. Louis. He operates a big supply house there—sells through the whole Southwest. Pretty good customer of the Harkins Potteries, eh, Reed?"

So this was Harkins—the Harkins! The biggest competitor Jones jugs had, the competitor who had done more than any other to make the Jones concern more or less a laughingstock in the crockery trade.

"Oh," said Ves, "you're that Harkins. Well, well."

He looked frankly into Harkins' sharp brown eyes twinkling behind his tortoise-rimmed spectacles, and then remarked casually: "I hear you're doing first rate with that new line of glazed baking dishes."

Harkins jumped halfway out of his chair.

"Say, for the love of Mike, young man, what do you know about glazed baking dishes?"

Instantly Ves Tibble began to stammer. To save his life he couldn't explain why he had made that remark. Of course it was the psychology of youth that delights in the element of "shock" in conversation. Ves knew nothing about psychology. He floundered.

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all. I just hap—just happened to know there was a Harkins Pottery Company or something like that, and—and the other day in—in a barber shop—no, in a store on Eighth Avenue while I was waiting for some—some goods to be wrapped up I picked up the Crockery Trade Journal and saw an advertisement—all about something you make, glazed baking dishes—and I remembered it. That was all."

If Harkins had caught him helping himself to Miss Sally's jeweled la vallière Ves could not have felt guiltier. Having got the explanation off his chest he drew a long breath and relieved the situation by asking Miss Sally to dance again. The music straightened out his nerves and he came back to the table feeling better.

"That was a funny one about the baking dishes," said Harkins, eying Ves shrewdly. He didn't quite understand the dancer. Ves' explanation had been a perfectly reasonable one, yet Harkins was unable to accept it fully.

"Wasn't it, though?" rejoined Ves brightly. He had his nerve back by this time. "This is a little bit of a world, I guess. Queer coincidences happen, don't they, Mr. Harkins? And say, did I hit it right about the dishes? Are they as much of a success as the ad said?"

"Ask Reed," countered Harkins. His suspicion seemed to have been quite lulled.

"All I know is," said Reed, "that I'm stuck with three thousand dollars' worth of 'em in my storehouse that Charlie Harkins has got to agree to take back before I leave town; my trade won't touch 'em."

He grinned maliciously at his host, who squirmed.

"There, Mr. Pierre, you see how it is? I take Reed out and blow him to a good time, and that's what I get for it. No appreciation."

"Well, darn it, Charlie, if you think a dinner and a bottle of wine and the pleasure of seeing a better man than I am dance with my wife is worth three thousand dollars to me you better back up, kid; that's all I got to say. You can have the waiter fetch me the check, see?"

"Aw, forget it, John! We'll take back your old dishes."

Ves perceived that these men knew each other in that brotherly way which permits of mutual abuse without offense. Probably the baking dishes were far from the failure Reed claimed. Ves knew some tricks of the trade. Reed found the merchandise a little slow-moving, and disliked to make the effort or go to the expense of pushing it as any new line needed to be pushed. His contention was expressive of the typical attitude of the jobber. On the other hand, Harkins had undoubtedly overloaded Reed with the goods with the idea that Reed's big distributing organization would somehow or other force them into the retail stores, and then, once known to the public, their undoubted merits would assure them a continued sale.

Ves knew the goods; in fact he had bought a set of the baking dishes and with the aid of Ma Budd tested them fully. He had tried to show old Enoch where, with the superior quality of clay in the Connecticut pits owned by Jones, he could put out a far better line and give Harkins a run for his money.

But old Enoch had snarled: "What do you take me for? Darn fool? I'm in the jug business. I don't make bakin' dishes nor such truck. You better mind your own affairs, Sylvester. When I want your advice about what kind of goods to make I'll ask for it."

Ves remembered this conversation now. But Reed was talking.

"Charlie," he said, "there's one thing that would make those goods move, and that's the right kind of advertising. I don't think your advertising man's onto his job. And say, if they were made of that Jones clay —— Oh, boy, wouldn't they take a magnificent glaze and stand up in service? You can say what you like, none of you fellows can put out a ware like the old original Jones pottery, because you haven't got the stuff. And Charlie, if old Enoch had a little pep he'd make the trade sit up and take notice."

"I think," suddenly cut in Sally Harkins, "that you men are awfully discourteous to—to—Pierre."

She dimpled exquisitely and blushed a little, glancing across the table at the great dancer. Then she went on: "It's outrageous, talking shop like that. Now stop it!"

Ves could have choked her—perhaps her beauty was all that saved her. If the conversation had been made to his order he could not have found it more to his taste. The girl had simply turned off the water when a thirsty man was taking a good satisfying drink. "That's right," said Harkins. "I beg your pardon, Pierre. But you started it, you know, with that remark about baking dishes. Well, I'm sorry if we've bored you. Business must seem rather prosaic to a chap who leads the sort of life you do, eh?"

"That's the Hard Part of It. Doctor Giles Says You Can't Dance Again for Months and Months"

Harkins meant the remark in all courtesy, but in it the sensitive Ves felt a sting as keen as a whiplash. There was something unintentionally condescending in Harkins' tone. Ves was a good fellow of course, a pleasant enough companion, but after all —— Well, there was only one kind of man worth while to Harkins—a business man, one who could understand his language. You mustn't expect a dancer, a butterfly, a public entertainer, to comprehend the business man's vocabulary. He wasn't up to it.

The great Pierre sought relief by swinging Mrs. Reed away for a one-step. She was rather ponderous and required all his skill as a navigator to avert collisions and casualties. Afterward he thanked Harkins and made his escape.

"Bright chap," said Reed.

"Nice fellow," agreed Harkins. "Wonderful dancer. I hear he and that partner of his are pulling down an enormous salary. Queer, how a featherweight like that can get away with the coin, just for two or three hours a night, doing what most people regard as fun. Pretty easy money, eh? I dare say that chap makes as much as I do."

"I shouldn't wonder. Well, every man to his talent. That bird may be a big success in his line; but say, Charlie, how long would such a guy last in our business, eh?"

Harkins smiled. Miss Sally, however, cut in with a remark to the effect that some people thought a good deal of themselves, and she wouldn't be at all surprised if the great Pierre would do very well in the crockery business; only of course he was an artist, and sordid things like jugs and jars and soup tureens wouldn't interest him. She dared say he'd make quite a success at anything he put his mind to.

The others laughed, and Charlie Harkins warned his sister slyly: "Look out, Sally. These dancers are bad actors; we don't want one of 'em in our family, I guess."

Miss Sally pouted, and her companions grinned at her confusion.

Going home to Ma Budd's comfortable establishment that night, Junie asked rather casually: "Who was the brown-eyed girl you had in tow, Ves? Willowy young thing."

"Name's Harkins. Some dancer, eh?"

"Some dancer is right. You seemed to like her."

"Oh, so-so. Funny thing, Junie: her brother's Charles Harkins, head of the big pottery concern. They make and sell more jugs than ——"

"God help us!" cried Junie. "I'm haunted by jugs. I suppose that thin girl talked jugs to you to your heart's content. Must have been a grand little evening for you."

"On the other hand," began Ves—and stopped short. "Say, kid, what's the matter with you? You sound peeved about something."

"Not at all, Mr. Vestibule Lehigh Valley Pennyworth Tibble—good Lord, what a name! I'm not peeved, I'm only scared. I'm always running into a jug ——"

"Lots of nice things run into jugs and out of 'em," said Ves fatuously.

The dancing team of Pierre and Peonie entered the Budd domicile at this point.

"It may seem funny to you," fumed Junie, "but I can see it coming. Some day I'll have to live in a jug, I'll die in a jug, be buried in a jug, and have a jug for a tombstone. I guess I'm being run over by what d'you call it—a—a regular juggernaut. How I despise jugs!"

Without saying good night she raced up the stairs and slammed her door loud enough to wake all the Budd boarders. Slowly and sadly Ves Tibble climbed to his own small room. "Dog-gone!" he murmured. "Women are certainly queer. Now what in thunder did I do to turn that hurricane loose?"

IX

MR. LEROY GAINES, who made the Middle States as far west as Omaha for Jones jugs, walked into the home office in Barclay Street one morning and called loudly for Mr. Jones.

"Mr. Jones won't be in to-day; he's out at the factory. Can I do anything for you?"

Thus was Mr. Gaines greeted by a blond young man with an affable smile and a worn blue-serge suit, quite shiny at the elbows. He was far from an important-looking young man. He might have been a shipping clerk or a third assistant bookkeeper or a stenographer.

"No, thanks," said Mr. Gaines haughtily. "Where's Mr. McPherson?"

"Gone to the bank. He'll be back pretty soon. Will you come in and sit down?"

Ves swung back the gate in the ancient black-walnut railing that was intended to keep strangers out of the office proper.

"I guess I will," said Gaines. "You say the boss is out at the factory? Well, that's sort of funny. Didn't he know I was going to be in town to-day?"

Ves surveyed speculatively the portly person of Leroy Gaines. He knew who the man was, but did not choose to admit it.

"Did you want to buy some goods?" he asked with apparent timidity.

"Buy goods? Hell, no! Say, don't you know who I am?"

He sank into a chair and pulled out a cigar, from which he truculently bit the end.

"Well," said Ves, "you might be ex-President Taft or the governor of Vermont or an agent for the Encyclopædia Britannica. I'll know for sure when you tell me."

"You're pretty fresh," said Gaines irritably. "I wonder the old man can stand you round. I'm Leroy Gaines. Seems queer, when I been off selling goods all these weeks, he wouldn't be here to see me. Say, how long you been here, young fellow? You're new, I take it."

"Last time you were in town I was out at the pottery for a couple of days, helping with the inventory. I missed you. My name is Tibble."

"Oh, is it? Are you the guy that puts the initials S. T. on the letters? Some letters! Jones got pretty extravagant when he put in a typewriter, didn't he? Always swore he'd never be bothered with one. Queer old bird, Jones."

"Sales in your territory haven't been very lively lately, Mr. Gaines."

"Lively? Say, what would you expect, working for a one-horse outfit like this? I'm a soft mark to stick along. I ought to go with some up-to-date hustling concern that treats its men right. I need a little backing from the home office."

Gaines spoke with petulance. He was a man with a grievance.

"Yes," said Ves softly. "I suppose it is hard, working for the old man. It must take a lot to make up for being with such a house. Still, it might be worse."

"Worse? Well, how could it be worse?"

"You pulled out between nine and ten thousand dollars in the last twelve months."

"Well, what if I did? I guess that ain't any of your business, is it? I guess how much I make is between Mr. Jones and me, young fellow. You don't think that was all clear profit, do you? Well, if I made two thousand dollars for myself I was lucky."

"A salesman who can't travel your territory for ten dollars a day," said Ves Tibble, "is a damn fool. I've made some inquiries, and I know. You made between six and seven thousand dollars—yes, more—because you weren't traveling all the time."

Gaines was a large man, round fifty years old. He had a bald head and a fishy eye, a nose that made no secret of his habits, and a gruff, harsh voice. He wore rather loud clothes and smelled of some strong brand of perfume. Beneath a gray cigar-stained mustache his mouth could open in a guffaw of raucous merriment if anyone told him a strong-flavored story; or if he were displeased it could express a mean and vulgar resentment. Now he swore loudly.

"You needn't use any bad language, Mr. Gaines," said Ves. "The girls aren't used to it."

Miss Keyes glanced askance at Miss Gilfoyle, and both grinned, but silently. They had worked too long for old Enoch Jones to miss the humor in Ves' defense of their sensitive ears.

"Well, with all due respect to the ladies," said Gaines with a nasty sneer, "you're a damn liar."

At this moment McPherson returned from the bank, and Gaines pounced on him at once.

"See here, Mac," he cried, "what do you think this fresh yap is trying to get away with? How long since you let the office boy mess in the business, eh?"

Ves Tibble lounged over to the window and eased himself down on the sill. The life of the city street three stories below now appeared to engage his attention. In some crates at the sidewalk's edge were a lot of hens, offered for sale by the poultry-stock concern on the ground floor. Near by was a portable stand, divided into compartments from which one could buy small tools and carpenters' supplies. A good many of the passers-by carried packages that ill concealed their contents of potted plants; for it was now early spring, and gardening time was at hand. The seed stores up and down the block were doing a thriving business.

All this had its interest for the country boy. Dog-gone! How things had changed for him in a year. If he had stayed home with his mother he would be helping his older brother plow up the north field about now.

"Well," said McPherson, "if you want to know the truth, Gaines, Ves is a kind of nosey lad, and we can't seem to keep him from knowing what's going on. The old man has got so he sort of leaves a good many details to Ves. Don't know just how to explain it, but that's the situation."

McPherson shrugged his bent shoulders, and lighted the pipe he smoked whenever Enoch wasn't round. In the gesture was something futile. It wasn't his fault. Anyhow, he couldn't help it. Huh!

Gaines turned toward the slim youth, who half reclined on the window sill, listening, it appeared, to the noises that floated up from the street. Over Gaines' shoulder McPherson caught Ves' eye and dropped a significant lid.

This wink said, as plainly as words: "Go to it, Ves; you've got him worried."

The situation was one Ves and Mac had discussed lately.

"Now, young fellow," said Gaines, adopting a manner half conciliatory, "you're mistaken. You don't understand. You've never been out on the road selling goods, and you don't know what a devil of a job it is to keep this line in the stores. If it wasn't for my acquaintance in the trade, and being liberal in the matter of entertainment, Jones jugs would have been dead and buried long ago."

"Hm," said Ves. Then speaking past Gaines, who had resumed the chair by old Enoch's desk, Ves asked: "Mac, where did you understand Mr. Gaines stopped in Cincinnati on the third of March?"

McPherson fumbled with the leaves of a well-worn memorandum book.

"Gibson House."

"Room with bath?"

"Yes."

"Rate?"

"Four-fifty."

"Got a receipt?"

"Oh, no; Mr. Jones doesn't require Mr. Gaines to show his expense vouchers."

"That's why Mr. Gaines' expenses have been two or three times as much as they ought to be."

"Say, look here, son, do you think I'm going to stand for this line of cheap talk from a whippersnapper like you?"

"Keep your shirt on," said Ves. "You called me a liar a few minutes ago. But I can show in two minutes who the liar is, because you put your lies in writing. It's easy to check you up. You've been skinning this concern now for about fifteen years. The less goods you've sold the more you've skinned us."

"You—you ——" began Gaines. He was so furious he was tongue-tied. He wanted to call Ves a few names, but he couldn't think of any sufficiently opprobrious.

"You never went near the Gibson House in Cincinnati on March third, unless you went into the bar all by yourself to buy a drink. You didn't have a room there, with or without a bath. You haven't had a room at the Gibson House in over seven years. You have a brother-in-law who lives in Cincinnati, and you always stop at his house."

"Well, damn it, that's legitimate!" roared Gaines. "It's my affair if I stop with my relatives, ain't it? I don't have to give old Jones the benefit if I can cut a corner now and then, do I? Why ——"

"Wait," said Ves, still softly. "Don't pile the whitewash on yourself so thick. It's a waste of material; you still show through. This entertainment gag of yours is all humbug too. You don't buy a customer a dinner once in three months. You've got a reputation for being the meanest, stingiest, smallest hard-boiled egg in the whole crockery business. You stop at the cheapest hotels, sponge on your relatives and acquaintances, sit up all night on trains, beat the Turkish baths—why, say, Gaines, you're the dirtiest thief that ever faked an expense account, and

(Continued on Page 158)

The Storm Broke. Miss Keyes and Miss Gilfoyle Fled. McPherson Sat and Hung Onto His Stool, Like a Man in a High Wind Clinging to a Precarious Hold on a Ridgepole

ALBERT'S RETURN

By Edgar Jepson

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREPÉ

ALBERT was a weedy youth; but his country took him. To be exact, his country tore him away, for though Albert was as ready to fight for her as the next man he did not feel equal to it; and he shrank with a violent and inexpressible loathing from the needless discomforts and hardships of the British Tommy's life. He did not believe that he could stand them. But torn away he was; and his family bore the blow superbly.

Albert was not his family's pride. The Appletons were commercially and socially hard on the make; and he was not a credit to them. He entertained a profound doubt—with reason—that he ever would be a credit to them. So did they. He had not distinguished himself at the Clapton Commercial College for the Sons of Gentlemen. If the class to which he chanced to belong needed anyone to bring up its rear Albert was there. He did not distinguish himself at games, the cricket and football were not of the first or even the fourth class; but he shirked them. He could shirk most things as well as the next man—or even better. It was a gift.

It must be said in excuse of Albert that he was not strong. He had outgrown his strength, was anæmic, and enjoyed a poor digestion. The exercise of mental or physical energy soon tired him.

In Clapton he might have passed muster. But rising in the world his family migrated to Riverholm, a villa in the Belle Vue Avenue, Claybury, an outer and far more genteel suburb; and there they found him a drag on their social progress. They would have prized him more highly had he shown a more manifest sense of his shortcomings and moved through the world with his brow furrowed by the anxiety to improve. He did not. In a rather feeble fashion he was cheerful and happy-go-lucky. The fact that he was harmless—he was probably happiest reading a sevenpenny novel on a sunny day—was no comfort to them. When his father gloomily procured for him the post, at twenty-five shillings a week, of clerk in the packing department of the ironmongery firm for which he himself successfully traveled they acquiesced gloomily. They felt that his position was the weak point in the rising fortunes of the family. Albert did not distinguish himself in business. Indeed had not his father been so old—or, rather, to be exact, so useful—a servant of the firm he would not have held his job a fortnight.

The ladies of Claybury did not raise any outcry when Albert was torn away. With his sharp features, loose lips and modest chin he was not a handsome man; and his very blue eyes and good forehead did not make up for these defects in their critical eyes. He did not, as his sisters often complained, take a proper pride in his appearance. As he said with his usual feeble cheerfulness, any old clothes were good enough for him; and his clothes always seemed old. Moreover he had not a way with him. In the drawing-rooms of Claybury he was abashed.

The ladies of Claybury and his family thought far more highly of Albert's elder brother, Frederick. He was everything that Albert was not. He had been an indefatigable prize winner at the Clapton Commercial College for the Sons of Gentlemen. At cricket he had been a trustworthy stonewaller as long as the bowling was fairly slow. He had grown up into a tall, plump, pompous young man, with regular features and a high color. He was always spick and span. He enjoyed indeed a solidity of form, character, conversation and position which made him the joy of the ladies of Claybury. His country did not tear him away from them. As the chief buyer of an important firm of corset makers he was indispensable.

Only his mother missed Albert; and she was surprised how much she missed him. He had never shown any understanding, as had her other children, that she had not quite kept pace with their rising fortunes and wholly purified herself of the Clapton dross. She would never have admitted it, even to herself, but Albert was her favorite. He had always needed so much more care than his more robust brothers and sisters. Moreover she was much more at home with him than with them. He never displayed a sense of superiority to her by patronizing or snubbing her. It is to be doubted that he felt any. He chatted to her with the complete familiarity of an equal; he was quite open with her about his trivial joys and sorrows; he let her scold him to her heart's content; and he was always ready to help her with the housework or run an errand. She missed him sorely.

"No. You're Going to Have It. I Shan't Ever Have a Best Girl. I Don't Want One"

Since Albert at the end of his three months' training was still weedy and of a poor constitution his country sent him to unhealthy Mesopotamia. His brother and sisters bore his removal to this distance superbly. Enthusiastic patriots, they had found his return on his short leave in the uniform of a private trying to their genteelness. They felt that he would never become a lieutenant like three of their more robust and more spirited friends who had enlisted early in the war. Ermyntrude indeed was engaged to a second lieutenant, the well-to-do son of a director of Amalgamated Groceries. A stout young fellow, he kept accounts and counted stores in the Ordnance Department at Woolwich. To have a private home on leave two or three times a year would have been trying indeed.

Mrs. Appleton was panic-stricken; and her terror never lessened. The long intervals between Albert's letters daunted her. There was a perpetual gnawing at her heart. Never a brisk knock came at the door but her heart jumped and sank in the fear lest it should be the news of Albert's death in battle or of fever. She did not expect, she hardly dared hope that he would come back to her. She devoted the best part of her energies to making his last days as comfortable as they could be made in that distant, fever-stricken land. She learned what a private in Mesopotamia needed, everything that he needed; and she sent those things in unstinted measure. She got money from her husband; she saved money from the housekeeping ruthlessly; she grudged every penny that went to local patriotic funds and cut down the subscriptions to a point far below the display demanded by the rising family fortunes. To send something food, clothes or money—to Albert alone eased for the moment the gnawing fear. During those years she learned really to pray.

Albert's letters were her joy. If he had any sorrows he did not confide them to her. His letters were always cheerful, even the two shakily written letters, in which he did not tell her that he had nearly gone west after a bad bout of fever, and again after a serious wound. They were full of the things that mattered to her, details of his life and food, the skinniness of the poultry of Mesopotamia, the troubles of the Mesopotamian housekeeper; and always there were short affectionate passages in them.

One morning at breakfast she told the family proudly that Albert had become a corporal.

It received the news without elation. It had a soul above corporals.

His father said in a tone that lacked hopefulness: "Perhaps the army will make a man of Bert after all."

"I doubt it," said Frederick sagely. "He hasn't the brains."

The faces of Ermyntrude and Gwendolen expressed agreement.

"It might smarten him up a bit," said their father.

"I doubt it," said Frederick in a judicial tone.

They let it go at that.

His mother did not inform the family of Albert's promotion to the rank of sergeant. She only spoke of him to his father; and that seldom.

When the maroons banged and the hooters hooted and the sirens shrieked and the bells rang on armistice morning Mrs. Appleton sat down in the nearest chair and cried from a full heart.

Just before Christmas Frederick performed his great matrimonial exploit. At tea one evening he said in a tone of great satisfaction: "I'm engaged to be married to Annie Brent."

His family gazed at him with amazed incredulous eyes.

"Frederick!" cried Ermyntrude. "Why, she hasn't an *h* to her name!"

"She was a munitioner—an ordinary munitions girl at the beginning of the war," said Gwendolen.

"And her father was a foreman in a factory," said Ermyntrude.

"He's dead," said Frederick.

"I never could understand why Mrs. Bradley-Porter took her up," said Gwendolen bitterly.

"M'm. She must have a tidy bit of money," said Mr. Appleton.

"Eleven thousand pounds," said Frederick; and the words seemed to fill his mouth.

Silence fell.

Then Frederick said with solemn firmness: "I don't want to hear anything more about her father; and as for her *h*'s, she can learn. That's where I look to you girls. My idea is that she should come and live here till we're married. Three months in a refined home'll make all the difference. She isn't stupid; and she's quite aware of her deficiencies."

"And where am I going to put her?" said his mother.

"She can have Bert's room."

"She can't. Bert's room's going to be kept for Bert," said his mother.

"Now what's the good of keeping it empty?" said Frederick in some irritation. "She'll be a paying guest; and she'll pay well. She quite understands what a privilege living with us will be."

"Bert's room's going to be kept for Bert," said his mother in a tone her children knew to be final.

Frederick scowled; he was used to having his way in the home. Then he said: "Well, what's the harm in her having his room till he comes back? Goodness knows when that'll be. We may be married months before then."

His mother hesitated. Then she said: "I don't mind doing that. But when he does come back out she goes."

So it was settled; and a week later Annie Brent came to live at Riverholm. Ermyntrude and Gwendolen admitted to one another that they would never feel that she was the right wife for Frederick. They had always seen his wife as tall, buxom, high-colored and striking, like themselves; a woman well qualified to shove him up the social ladder; and that, they knew, had been his own vision of her. Annie was but of middle height and slender. Her nose was tip-tilted and her mouth a little large; but her skin was clear and of an attractive warm tint. Her brown eyes were large; and her abundant soft brown hair had an attractive way of catching sunbeams and holding them. For all her cockney accent her voice was low and sweet; and thanks to many half hours with the manicurists her hands had lost all traces of the munitions factory.

She came and was plainly impressed deeply by the Appleton family, and grateful indeed for her admission to it. All of them patronized her—Mrs. Appleton quietly, her husband pompously, Frederick with an immense pomposity, and Ermyntrude and Gwendolen whenever they were not busy with something else. It was one of the most important principles regulating their lives never to cheapen themselves; and they did not cheapen themselves to Annie. She took it as a matter of course. They were ladies and gentlemen. She was bent on becoming a lady, for before he had made more than eight hundred pounds her father had often declared himself bent on making her one. She felt it to be her duty to become a lady, a pious duty; and since she was quick-witted and adaptable she made uncommon progress toward becoming a lady of the Claybury type.

Sometimes indeed she sighed. She did not find the great satisfaction she had expected from leading the ladylike life. She found herself looking back with regret for the greater freedom and richer life of her early days in Biddles Row. She reproached herself for this vulgar regret.

Mrs. Appleton soon ceased to patronize her. She found her even more lacking in housekeeping than in gentility, and set about teaching her. She found her a cheerful, painstaking and useful pupil. Ermyntrude and Gwendolen were too busy with their war work to help in the house. They organized entertainments in aid of war charities and came into frequent and friendly contact not only with the best people in Claybury but even with persons from the polite world.

Presently Mrs. Appleton fell into the way of talking to Annie as she had talked to no one since Albert was torn away. She found her of a sympathetic temperament. Naturally she talked to her of Albert, the chief subject of her thought. Then she showed her a letter which came from him; and then all the letters that had come from him; so that Annie learned much about him. She liked the Albert of the letters and could not understand why Frederick and his sisters had so poor an opinion of him.

Then on an afternoon in early spring came an astonishing telegram: Albert had landed in England and would reach Waterloo at a quarter past five. His mother had not expected him before August; and that telegram was the shock of her life. Ermyntrude and Gwendolen were far too busy organizing the Claybury Peace Fair to go with her to Waterloo. Therefore Annie went with her. For the first time in her life the capable Mrs. Appleton needed someone to look after her; and Annie brought her there safely and on time.

Mrs. Appleton, still flustered, would never have found Albert in the crowd; and she was used to an Albert who needed to be found since he never found anyone himself. But he found her at once, and hugged her with a vigor she found as strange as it was pleasant. Then she presented him to Annie, who found him very different from the picture of him which had formed in her mind. He was taller and smarter; and his eyes were very blue in his tanned face. As they came out of the station into the bitter air of the dreary spring day he shivered, and admitted that but for his overcoat he was clad in his tropical kit. His mother cried out at the negligence of the War Office. Annie came firmly to the rescue. She said that their usual route across London with its waits and changes was impossible for him, and took a taxi. They put Albert between them to keep him warm.

Mrs. Appleton talked, asking many questions. Albert's answers were brief; he seemed to have grown sparing of his words.

Halfway home she said: "You must be glad to be back in London!"

He looked out of the left-hand window and then out of the other and said soberly: "Looks a bit cramped and poky."

Annie looked at the dingy gray scene and perceived that he was right. London had never before presented itself to her as poky. She would not allow Mrs. Appleton to share the cost of the taxi. From her early days in Biddles Row she had retained the feeling that when you had it money should be spent; and she liked spending it.

The rest of the family welcomed Albert with sufficient warmth. They were glad that he had come safe out of the war. At tea they questioned him for a while about his life in Mesopotamia; then the talk fell upon the usual subjects. Frederick and their father talked about business, Ermyntrude and Gwendolen about the social round. Albert seemed to fall into a reverie on his own affairs. His mother observed with pleasure that he was no longer a delicate feeder but had brought back a sound appetite. Annie observed that he looked at her hard and often; and she found it not unpleasing. Frederick never seemed really to see her. Also she had not missed the patronizing tone in which they had all spoken to Albert. It inspired in her a fellow feeling with him. Once, too, when Frederick patronized her with excessive pompousness, she saw Albert give him a queer hard look.

For the first time it dawned upon her that Frederick's patronizing attitude was not quite that of a fond lover. She perceived also that it gave her no pleasure.

After tea Mrs. Appleton called on Frederick to help her move Annie's belongings from Albert's room to the attic, in which their servant had slept before she went to a munitions factory and they had had to be content with a daily servant. Albert protested; Annie insisted. There was something of a conflict; and Albert won. His father forced by his business to be more observant than his offspring perceived yet another change in Albert—his chin had filled out and his lips had set.

Next morning Albert went out after breakfast and came back wearing a pair of warm gloves and two wound stripes on the sleeve of his tunic. His mother cried out at them: Why hadn't he told her in his letters that he had been wounded? Albert said that there had been nothing to be gained by it. She would have worried about the wounds; and they would have healed none the sooner. Nevertheless she felt defrauded.

He settled down at Riverholm with calm content. His mother and Annie found him uncommonly helpful with the housework. He went with them on their household shopping in the mornings; and he fell into the way of going with Annie on her walks or shopping expeditions in the afternoon. They found him very good company, for though he was apt to be silent at meals and in the drawing-room when visitors called, he talked with them easily enough. They both of them preferred his conversation to that of their visitors. Several times he took Annie to the cinema and to music halls. They were soon on the friendliest terms; and that friendliness was very much strengthened on Annie's part by the fact that he was the one person in the house with whom she found herself wholly at ease.

She felt that Frederick belonged to another world. She was in no awe of him but she found him hard to talk to. He seemed only interested in making money and in the social ascent. She did not undervalue the importance of these things. But generally she wanted to talk about other things, about herself and the Frederick which must surely underlie the business and social Frederick. Moreover, Albert made it much plainer than did Frederick that he thought her a very pretty girl.

A fortnight slipped away; and Albert seemed to grow more and more content with his lot. He had received his discharge and part of his bonus; and had clad himself in mufti, a suit of rather rough brown tweed. Annie thought that he outshone Frederick. Frederick looked prosperous and spick and span, always quite the gentleman, as they said in Claybury; but she noticed that the eyes of other girls, in the streets and trains and trams, did not rest on Frederick with the approving interest with which they rested on Albert. Albert looked so much smarter, so much more alive. Not that the Claybury girls looked at him with much approval, for they knew that he had been only a sergeant and was unlikely to succeed in business.

At the end of that fortnight though Albert remained contented his brother and sisters were not. They began to grow restive. It irked Frederick that Albert should enjoy his idle ease at home while he himself went every day to business. Moreover, the cost of supplying Albert's healthy appetite must tend to lower the richness of the family food. Ermyntrude and Gwendolen also suffered under a double grievance: The cost of Albert's food lessened their pocket money; and living at home he was far too often brought to the notice of their friends, to the detriment of the Appleton social prestige. Discussing their grievances with one another they grew bitter. Frederick unburdened himself of his grievances to Annie, and was annoyed by the little sympathy he had from her.

"You seem to be on the side of the slacker!" he cried.

"But he isn't a slacker. You can't call anyone a slacker who was nearly two years fighting in Mesopotamia," she protested.

"Oh, that!" said Frederick contemptuously.

Since their father was making a round of the northern cities he took steps himself to abate their grievance.

At tea a few nights later he said to Albert: "I went round to Harrowby & Johnston's to-day and put it to them; and they said that your old job was open and you could go back to it. I stuck out for a higher salary; but all they would agree to was thirty shillings a week. They said that you chaps coming back from the Army took such a long time getting into your work again that you weren't worth more."

Albert looked at him with the new hardness which came into his face on occasion and said: "I'm much obliged. But they can keep their job. I don't want it."

Frederick was taken aback by this directness. He had expected that at the worst Albert would try to shuffle out of it and that he would merely have to be firm with him. "But what are you going to do? You can't go on hanging about home, idling. We don't want that kind of thing here," he said tartly.

Albert's eyes grew harder and he said: "I'm going to mind my own business, for one thing."

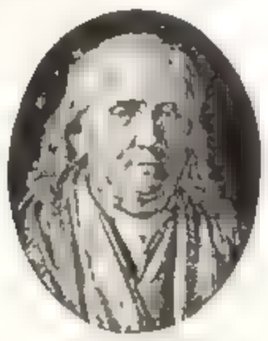
"But it is Fred's business! It's all of our business!" cried Ermyntrude.

"Well, I'm going to take all the rest I want," said Albert slowly and firmly. "As for hanging about home, there wouldn't be any home to hang about if I and the chaps like me hadn't fought for it. And when I've had my rest I'm going to find a job in the country—not in this poky hole where you can't see a hundred yards either way."

(Continued on Page 131)

Once the Honorable Alexander Jarratt Said Happily: "This Carpet is Better Than Sand"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 10, 1919

The Easiest Way

NEW YORK faces a deficit of fifty-odd millions a year, for state and local purposes, due largely to loss of revenue from the liquor traffic. The Legislature has been in a typical legislative flutter about it. Some people want to raise the tax on real estate; but landlords, particularly in the metropolis—which furnishes more than half the state's revenue, to say nothing of its own greater needs—protest frantically that real estate is already crushed beneath a load of taxes, and any further impost would be sheer destruction. Some people want to resort to a personal-property tax—notoriously a broken reed to lean upon.

But the favorite expedient is a state income tax. That is easy and sure, for there the Federal Government has made a broad, smooth road for any state to walk upon. Its advocates repeat the familiar argument that an income tax is the most equitable of taxes and the cheapest to administer—which is a good deal like arguing that since amputation of the leg is the best method of treating a given wound it is just as well to take both legs off while you are about it.

But nearly all the discussion that we have seen comes back to this:

There is a deficit of fifty-odd million dollars in state and local revenues which absolutely must be made up from some source or other.

None of it, with any pertinacity, comes back to this: State government in New York and the government of the largest city are wasteful and inefficient; why not deal with the emergency first by a radical cut in dispensable expenditure?

That raises a hard problem. Economy and efficiency are always hard problems—whether for individuals or for states. An income tax is the easiest way. Probably you remember the play of that title. The easiest way for the young woman in the play was to sell herself to a man with money.

Pay Day Coming

A CURIOUS correspondent the other day counted up some twenty separate military enterprises in Europe, any one of them big enough to have been called a war and to have created a sensation five years ago. This extensive warfare is going on precisely in those parts of Europe where the destruction of the great war fell heaviest. Russia is out of bread and boots, but is said to have a million men in the field. Poland was frightfully ravaged, but manages to find troops and cartridges.

It seems that while any breath of life remains people can muster an army and fight a battle. And on one side or the other every bit of this fighting is pure imperialism—for conquest and domination.

Apparently the formula runs: "We haven't a biscuit in the cupboard or a shirt to our backs; we've been stripped to the buff; so for hearth and faith and fatherland let's go out and lick somebody or other."

And where there is no organized warfare vigilant forces are at work to destroy what remains of the old means of national subsistence and recuperation; unsatisfied with the enormous wreckage of war, they want to toss the rest of the machinery into the scrap heap.

Surely a madder world the old sun never shone on. When the most exigent problem is to get sustenance for the coming twelvemonth; when a literal question of getting food, clothing and shelter faces hundreds of millions many million men not only remain idle so far as production goes but millions energetically devote themselves to further destruction. When the bravest financier is appalled by the state of national finances the printing presses whir cheerfully on day and night making stage money.

Surely a mad world; and surely the fit will pass. Time is coming when the elemental motive of self-preservation will assert itself and Europe will get back to the sober, realistic old business of ordered, competently managed industry. It has got to go back to work and it has got to have its work directed by the best practical ability and experience, so it has got to make conditions in which the best ability and experience will function. Finally that is purely a question of self-preservation. Europe will go back to it, and so come back.

It Can be Done

SOMEWHAT more than ten years ago a vigorous agitation began for insurance against industrial accidents and to reduce the number of such accidents. One consequence has been the adoption of accident insurance or "workmen's compensation" laws in two-thirds or more of the states.

Another consequence is set forth in a recent bulletin by the Department of Labor covering the "safety movement" in the iron-and-steel industry from 1907 to 1917. Efforts at accident prevention in the ten years in that industry reduced the number of injuries and deaths from industrial accidents by two-thirds. In 1907, out of every thousand men employed two hundred and forty-two were killed or injured. In 1917 only eighty-one out of a thousand were killed or injured.

The showing would have been still better but that in 1917 many inexperienced hands were at work. A table shows that for those who have been at work not more than six months the accident rate is one hundred and eleven per thousand, while for those with ten years' experience or more it is only eight and a half per thousand. Which, of course, indicates the extent to which accidents may be prevented by greater care; in fact, this government report takes the view that a further great reduction in the number of industrial accidents is perfectly possible—depending upon further employment of safety devices and more careful instruction of less experienced hands.

Not only was the number of accidents in this big industry reduced two-thirds in ten years, but victims of such accidents as still occur—or their families—are now promptly compensated without expense to themselves, whereas ten years ago they were mostly left to shift for themselves or given the dubious option of bringing a suit at law for damages. It is an encouraging report.

Giving Away Transportation

AN AMERICAN report on the British railway situation puts it this way:

Before the war the pay roll was two hundred and fifty million dollars a year in round numbers; total operating expenses, four hundred and thirty millions; net income, distributed in dividends and bond interest, two hundred and fifty millions. Pay roll has been increased to six hundred and fifty millions; total operating expenses have risen to nine hundred and seventy million dollars—cost of coal and other supplies having advanced smartly and that advance being partly due to higher wages for miners, and so on. There has been no general advance in freight rates, but a round increase in passenger rates has added a hundred million dollars to revenue. With that addition, revenue still falls short of meeting operating expenses by about a hundred and ninety million dollars a year, and as the government is paying a guaranteed rental of two hundred and fifty millions—equal to net earnings before the war—the total deficit is four hundred and forty millions a year.

To put it in another way—the cost of rail transportation before the war was six hundred and eighty millions a year. For substantially the same quantity of transportation—and of no better quality—the cost is now twelve hundred and twenty millions—an increase of about eighty per cent—of which the users of transportation pay seven hundred and eighty millions, while the remaining four hundred and forty millions is paid out of the public treasury and met by taxation. To that extent the government is giving transportation away to the users of it.

No complete satisfactory official statement of British railway operations has come to hand for a good while. The above report was made from first-hand investigation, however, and appears trustworthy. Presumably the wage advances were justified. But we do not think giving away transportation is a sound policy. It is one, however, to which government operation powerfully tends, for it placates a large body of voters who would protest if the cost of the article they use were charged up to them. They might protest so energetically that the government would be compelled to hand the roads back to private management.

Easy for Investors

THERE are always a lot of incidental investors in the United States. Their time and energy are devoted to the occupation which produces their income. Every now and then they have a surplus on hand that they want to place safely, with a fair return. But they have not the time or inclination to make an elaborate study of the investment field. They know it contains numberless pitfalls. They are uncertain what to buy.

Or they have come into possession of a sum of money and have no experience to guide them in the placing of it. Many women—recipients of life-insurance money, and so on—are in that category. Blue-sky robbers are always looking out for them.

There was never a time when all such incidental investors had an easier choice or less excuse for going wrong. Unless they are sure of their ground in some other direction they can simply buy government paper—the safest in the world, and under present conditions yielding a very good return.

With that opportunity wide open to everybody there is no excuse for inexperience going astray. If you are in doubt take the safe thing.

Taking Lenine's Dope

REGARDLESS of how much riot, rapine and slaughter Bolshevism may have indulged in, or its notions of sex relationships, it would have been as disastrous to Russia if all its proceedings had been characterized by the order and decorum of a Quaker meeting. The core of its program is destruction of the bourgeoisie—that is, of private property, private initiative, individual thrift, enterprise and energy; substituting a state-owned and state-managed community which is to pass en masse into an economic Elysium by the simple process of getting a blue ticket at the nearest post office. Russia is hungry, ragged and cold not because some people were shot without trial and some women were outraged, but because a dissolving and destroying acid has been poured over its industry.

And half of Europe is cheerfully borrowing the bottle it came out of, with a pious notion that it will prove a splendid tonic if only the grosser pillage and polygamy are left out.

Private property, private initiative, individual thrift, enterprise and energy—the means by which men have come this far in material civilization—are walking the plank all round the Continent. Over there the steady drift is toward dependence for all further material progress upon the Postmaster-General, the chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, the mayor of New York or the mayor of Chicago—upon gentlemen who have won certain positions by winning certain political contests—with the plain individual's status in society forever fixed according to whether he has a blue or a pink ticket from the post office.

Even in individualistic England government railroads, telephones, telegraphs, street cars, coal mines, government insurance, government pensions and government jobs are running in the direction of deodorized Bolshevism.

We want more than a railroad policy, a shipping policy, a telegraph policy. We want a square stand on individualism versus Bolshevism. When a former leader of Democracy, whose ability was never questioned, calls President Wilson a Socialist, he is expressing annoyance at what sometimes seems like flirting with that issue. In view of the present drift in ravaged, distracted Europe that will probably be the big issue in American politics—for the present and until experience gives Europe a nausea for the dope.

America and Europe

ACCORDING to the reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission the average pay of American railway employees, excluding general officers and "other officers," was, in round numbers, eight hundred dollars a year in 1914. In that year the average pay of British railway employees was three hundred and fifty dollars. There was no such difference in cost of living in the two countries.

Some time before that the British Board of Trade made an elaborate investigation of wages and cost of living in various countries. It showed that British wages with reference to cost of living were higher than on the Continent, and American wages with reference to cost of living were very much higher than British.

British and Continental workers turn to state socialism or some other sort of socialism as a means of raising their real wages. That is their affair. But urging such European precedents upon us in the wage and labor matter is like recommending crutches to a man with good legs.

LOOKING BACKWARD

Men, Women and Events During Eight Decades of American History—By Henry Watterson

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

SWIFT'S definition of "conversation" did not preside over or direct the daily intercourse between Charles Sumner, Charles Eames and Robert J. Walker in the old days in the national capital. They did not converse. They discoursed. They talked sententiously in portentous essays and learned dissertations. I used to think it great, though I nursed no little dislike of Sumner.

Charles Eames was at the outset of his career a ne'er-do-well New Englander—a Yankee Jack-of-all-trades—kept at the front by an exceedingly clever wife. Through the favor she enjoyed at court he received from Pierce and Buchanan unimportant diplomatic appointments. During their sojourns in Washington their home was a kind of political and literary headquarters. Mrs. Eames had established a salon—the first attempt of the kind made there; and it was altogether a success. Her Sunday evenings were notable indeed. Whoever was worth seeing, if in town, might usually be found there. Charles Sumner led the procession. He was a most imposing person. Both handsome and distinguished in appearance he possessed in an eminent degree the Harvard pragmatism—or, shall I say, affectation?—and seemed never happy except on exhibition. He had made a profitable political and personal issue of the Preston Brooks attack. Brooks was an exceeding lightweight, but he did for Sumner more than Sumner could ever have done for himself.

In the Charles Eames days Sumner was exceedingly disagreeable to me. Many people indeed thought him so. Many years later, in the Greeley campaign of 1872, Schurz brought us together—they had become as very brothers in the Senate—and I found him the reverse of my boyish ill conceptions.

He was a great old man. He was a delightful old man, every inch a statesman, much of a scholar, and something of a hero. I grew in time to be actually fond of him, passed with him entire afternoons and evenings in his library, mourned sincerely when he died, and went with Schurz to Boston, on the occasion when that great German-American delivered the memorial address in honor of the dead Abolitionist.

Adeline Patti Was Among My Child Companions

Of all the public men of that period Carl Schurz most captivated me. When we first came into personal relations, at the Liberal Convention, which assembled in Cincinnati and nominated Greeley and Brown as a presidential ticket, he was just turned forty-three; I, two and thirty. The closest intimacy followed. Our tastes were much alike. Both of us had been educated in music. He played the piano with intelligence and feeling—especially Schumann, Brahms and Mendelssohn, neither of us ever having quite reached the "high jinks" of Wagner.

To me his oratory was wonderful. He spoke to an audience of five or ten thousand as he would have talked to a party of three or six. His style was simple, natural, unstrained; the lucid statement and cogent argument now and again irradiated by a salient passage of satire or a burst of not too eloquent rhetoric.

He was quite knocked out by the nomination of Horace Greeley. For a long time he could not reconcile himself to support the ticket. Horace White and I addressed ourselves to the task of "fetching him into camp"—there being in point of fact nowhere else for him to go—though we had to get up what was called The Fifth Avenue Conference to make a bridge.

Truth to say, Schurz never wholly adjusted himself to political conditions in the United States. He once said to me in one of the querulous moods that sometimes overcame him: "If I should live a hundred years my enemies would still call me a —— Dutchman!"

It was Schurz, as I have said, who brought Lamar and me together. The Mississippian had been a Secession Member of Congress when I was a Unionist scribe in the reporters' gallery. I was a furious partisan in those days and disliked the Secessionists intensely. Of them, Lamar was most aggressive. I later learned that he was very many-sided and accomplished, the most interesting and lovable of men. He and Schurz "froze together," as, brought together by Schurz, he and I "froze together." On one side he was a sentimentalist and on the other a philosopher, but on all sides a fighter.

They called him a dreamer. He sprang from a race of chevaliers and scholars. Oddly enough, albeit in his moods a recluse, he was a man of the world; a favorite in society; very much at home in European courts, especially in that of England; the friend of Thackeray, at whose house, when in London, he made his abode. Lady Ritchie—Anne Thackeray—told me many amusing stories of his whimsies. He was a man among brainy men and a lion among clever women.

We had already come to be good friends and constant comrades when the whirligig of time threw us together for a little while in the Lower House of Congress. One day he beckoned me over to his seat. He was leaning backward with his hands crossed behind his head.

As I stood in front of him he said: "On the eighth of February, 1858, Mrs. Gwin, of California, gave a fancy dress ball. Mr. Lamar, of Mississippi, a Member of Congress, was there. Also a glorious young woman—a vision of beauty and grace—with whom the handsome and distinguished young statesman danced—danced once, twice, thrice, taking her likewise down to supper. He went to bed, turned his face to the wall and dreamed of her. That was twenty years ago. To-day this same Mr. Lamar, after an obscure interregnum, was with Mrs. Lamar looking over Washington for an apartment. In quest of cheap lodging they came to a mean house in a mean quarter, where a poor, wizened, ill-clad woman showed them through the meanly furnished rooms. Of course they would not suffice.

"As they were coming away the great Mr. Lamar said to the poor landlady: 'Madam, have you lived long in Washington?' She said all her life. 'Madam,' he continued, 'were you at a fancy dress ball given by Mrs. Senator Gwin, of California, the eighth of February, 1858?' She said she was. 'Do you remember,' the statesman, soldier and orator continued, 'a young and handsome Mississippian, a Member of Congress, by the name of Lamar?' She said she didn't."

I rather think that Lamar was the biggest brained of all the men I ever met in Washington. He possessed the courage of his convictions. A doctrinaire, there was nothing purely doctrinal or theoretical about him. He really believed that cotton was king and would compel England to espouse the cause of the South.

Despite his wealth of experience and travel he was not overmuch of a raconteur, but he once told me a good story about his friend Thackeray. The two were driving to a banquet of the Literary Fund, where Dickens was to preside. "Lamar," said Thackeray, "they say I can't speak. But if I want to I can speak. I can speak every bit as good as Dickens, and I am going to show you to-night that I can speak almost as good as you." When the moment arrived Thackeray said never a word. Returning in the cab, both silent, Thackeray suddenly broke forth. "Lamar," he exclaimed, "don't you think you have heard the greatest speech to-night that ever was never delivered?"

II

HOLDING office, especially going to Congress, had never entered any wish or scheme of mine. Office seemed to me ever a badge of bondage. I knew too much of the national capital to be allured by its evanescent and lightsome honors. When the opportunity sought me out none of its illusions appealed to me. But after a long uphill fight for personal and political recognition in Kentucky an election put a kind of seal upon the victory I had won and enabled me in a way to triumph over my enemies. I knew that if I accepted the nomination offered me I would get a big popular vote—as I did—and so, one full term, and half a term, incident to the death of the sitting member for the Louisville district, being open to me, I took the short term, refusing the long term.

Though it was midsummer and Congress was about to adjourn I went to Washington and was sworn in. A friend

of mine, Col. Wake Holman, had made a bet with one of our pals that I would be under arrest before I had been twenty-four hours in town, and won it. It happened in this wise: The night of the day when I took my seat there was an all-night session. I knew too well what that meant, and, just from a long tiresome journey, I went to bed and slept soundly till sunrise. Just as I was up and dressing for a stroll about the old, familiar, dearly loved quarter of the town there came an imperative rap upon the door and a voice said: "Get up, colonel, quick! This is a sergeant at arms. There has been a call of the House and I am after you. Everybody is drunk, more or less, and they are noisy to have some fun with you."

It was even as he said. Everybody, more or less, was drunk—especially the provisional speaker—and when we arrived and I was led a prisoner down the center aisle pandemonium broke loose.

They had all sorts of fun with me, such as it was. It was moved that I be fined the full amount of my mileage. Then a resolution was offered suspending my membership and sending me under guard to the old Capitol prison. Finally two or three of my friends rescued me and business was allowed to proceed. It was the last day of a very long session and everybody was worn out.

When I returned home there was a celebration in honor of the bet Wake Holman had won at my expense. Wake was the most attractive and lovable of men, by nature a hero, by profession a "filibuster" and soldier of fortune. At two and twenty he was a private in Col. Humphrey Marshall's Regiment of Kentucky Riflemen, which reached the scene of hostilities upon the Rio Grande in the midsummer of 1846. He had enlisted from Owen County—"Sweet Owen," as it used to be called—and came of good stock, his father, Col. Harry Holman, in the days of aboriginal fighting and journalism a frontier celebrity. Wake's company, out on a scout, was picked off by the Mexicans, and the distinction between United States soldiers and Texan rebels not being yet clearly established a drumhead court-martial ordered "the decimation."

This was a decree that one of every ten of the Yankee captives should be shot. There being a hundred of Marshall's men, one hundred beans—ninety white and ten black—were put in a hat. Then the company was mustered as on dress parade. Whoso drew a white bean was to be held prisoner of war; whoso drew a black bean was to die.

In the early part of the drawing Wake drew a white bean. Toward the close the turn of a neighbor and comrade from Owen County who had left a wife and baby at home was called. He and Wake were standing together. Holman brushed him aside, walked out in his place and drew his bean. It turned out to be a white one. Twice within the half hour death had looked him in the eye and found no blinking there.

I have seen quite a deal of hardihood, endurance, suffering, in both women and men; splendid courage on the field of action; perfect self-possession in the face of danger; but I rather think that Wake Holman's exploit that day—next to actually dying for a friend, what can be nobler than being willing to die for him?—is the bravest thing I know or have ever been told of mortal man.

Wake Holman went to Cuba in the Lopez Rebellion of 1851, and fought under Pickett at the Battle of Cárdenas. In 1855–56 he was in Nicaragua, with Walker. He commanded a Kentucky regiment of cavalry on the Union side in our War of Sections. After the war he lived the life of a hunter and fisher at his home in Kentucky; a cheery, unambitious, big-brained and big-hearted cherub, whom it would not do to "projeck" with, albeit with entire safety you could pick his pocket; the soul of simplicity and amiability.

To have known him was an education in primal manhood. To sit at his hospitable board, with him at the head of the table, was an inspiration in the genius of life and the art of living. One of his familiars started the joke that when Wake drew the second white bean "he got a peep." He took it kindly; though in my intimacy with him, extending over thirty years, I never heard him refer to any of his adventures as a soldier.

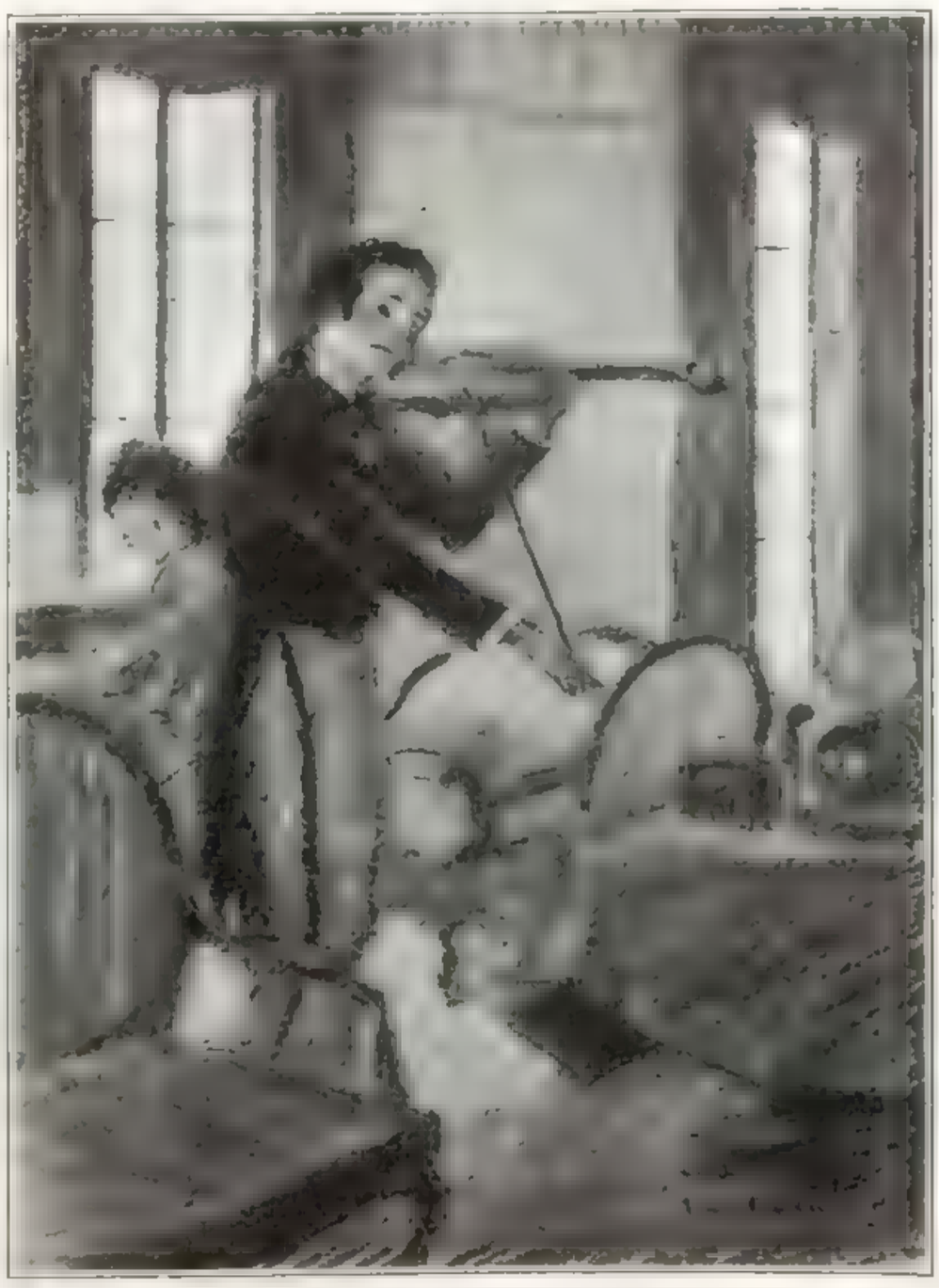
It was not possible that such a man should provide for his old age. He had little forecast. He knew not the value of money. He had humor, affection and courage. I held him in real love and honor. When the Mexican War Pension Act was passed by Congress I took his papers to General Black, the Commissioner of Pensions, and related this story.

"I have promised Gen. Cerro Gordo Williams," said General Black, referring to the then senior United States Senator from Kentucky, "that his name shall go first on the roll of these Mexican pensioners. But"—and the general looked beamingly in my face, a bit tearful, and says he: "Wake Holman's name shall come right after." And there it is.

III

I WAS very carefully and for those times not ignorantly taught in music. Schell, his name was, and they called him "Professor." He lived over in Georgetown, where he had organized a little group of Prussian refugees into a German club, and from my tenth to my fifteenth year—at first regularly, and then in a desultory way as I came back to Washington City from my school in Philadelphia, he hammered Bach and Handel and Mozart—nothing so modern as Mendelssohn—into my not unwilling nor unreceptive mind, for my bent was in the beginning to compose dramas, and in the end operas.

Adelina Patti was among my child companions. Once in the national capital, when I was twelve years old and Adelina nine, we played together at a charity concert. She had sung The Last Rose of Summer, and I had played her brother-in-law's variations upon Home, Sweet Home. The audience was enthusiastic. We were called out again and again. Then we came on the stage together, and the applause increasing I sat down at the keyboard and played



Theodore Thomas Was a Master of the Violin Before He Took to Orchestration

an accompaniment with my own interpolations upon Old Folks at Home, which I had taught Adelina, and she sang the words. Then they fairly took the roof off.

Once during a sojourn in Paris I was thrown with Christine Nilsson. She was in the heyday of her success at the Théâtre Lyrique under the patronage of Madame Miolan-Carvalho. One day I said to her: "The time may come when you will be giving concerts." She was indignant. "Nevertheless," I continued, "let me teach you a sure encore." I played her Stephen Foster's immortal ditty. She was delighted. The sequel was that it served her even a better turn than it had served Adelina Patti.

I played and transposed for the piano most of the melodies of Foster as they were published, they being first produced in public by Christy's Minstrels.

IV

STEPHEN FOSTER was the ne'er-do-well of a good Pennsylvania family. A sister of his had married a brother of James Buchanan. There were two daughters of this marriage, nieces of the President, and when they were visiting the White House we had—shall I dare write it?—high jinks with our nigger-minstrel concerts on the sly.

Will S. Hays, the rival of Foster as a song writer and one of my reporters on the Courier-Journal, told me this story: "Foster," said he, "was a good deal of what you might call a barroom loafer. He possessed a sweet tenor voice before it was spoiled by drink, and was fond of music, though technically he knew nothing about it. He had a German friend who when he died left him a musical scrapbook of all sorts of odds and ends of original text. There is where Foster got his melodies. When the scrapbook gave out he gave out."

I took it as merely the spleen of a rival composer. But many years after in Vienna I heard a concert given over exclusively to the performance of certain posthumous manuscripts of Schubert. Among the rest were selections from an unfinished opera—Rosamonde, I think it was called—in which the whole rhythm and movement and parts of the score of Old Folks at Home were the feature.

It was something to have grown up contemporary, as it were, with these songs. Many of them were written in the old Rowan homestead, just outside of Bardstown, Kentucky, where Louis Philippe lived and taught, and for a season Talleyrand made his abode. The Rowans were notable people. John Rowan, the elder, head of the house, was a famous lawyer, who divided oratorical honors with Henry Clay, and like Clay, was a Senator in Congress; his son, "young John," as he was called, Stephen Foster's pal, went as minister to Naples, and fought duels, and was, as Bob Acres wanted to be, "a devil of a fellow." He once told me he had been intimate with Thackeray when they were wild young men in Paris, and that they had both of them known the woman whom Thackeray had taken for the original of Becky Sharp.

The Foster songs quite captivated my boyhood. I could sing a little, as well as play, and learned each of them—especially Old Folks at Home and Old Kentucky Home—as they appeared. Their contemporary vogue was tremendous. Nothing has since rivaled the popular impression they made, except perhaps the Arthur Sullivan melodies.

Among my ambitions to be a great historian, dramatist, soldier and writer of romance I desired also to be a great musician, especially a great pianist. The bone felon did the business for this latter. But all my life I have been able to thumb the keyboard at least for the children to dance, and it has been a recourse and solace sometimes during intervals of embittered journalism and unprosperous statesmanship.

V

THEODORE THOMAS and I used to play duos together. He was a master of the violin before he took to orchestration. We remained the best of friends to the end of his days.

On the slightest provocation, or none, we passed entire nights together. Once after a concert he suddenly exclaimed: "Don't you think Wagner was a —— fraud?"

A little surprised even by one of his outbreaks, I said: "Wagner may have written some trick music, but I hardly think that he was a fraud."

He reflected a moment. "Well," he continued, "it may not lie in my mouth to say it—and perhaps I ought not to say it—I know I am most responsible for the Wagner craze—but I consider him a —— fraud."

He had just come from a long "classic entertainment," was worn out with travel and worry, and meant nothing of the sort.

After a very tiresome concert when he was railing at the hard lines of a peripatetic musician I said: "Come with me and I will give you a soothing quail and as dry a glass of champagne as you ever had in your life."

The wine was poured out and he took a sip.

"I don't call that dry wine," he crossly said, and took another sip. "My God," without a pause he continued, "isn't that great?"

Of course he was impulsive, even impetuous. Beneath his seeming cold exterior and admirable self-control—the discipline of the master artist—lay the moods and tenses of the musical temperament. He knew little or nothing outside of music and did not care to learn. I tried to interest him in politics. It was of no use. First he laughed my suggestions to scorn and then swore like a trooper. German he was, through and through. It was well that he passed away before the world war. Pat Gilmore—"Patrick Sarsfield," we always called him—was a born politician, and if he had not been a musician he would have been a statesman. I kept the peace between him and Theodore Thomas by an ingenious system of telling the kind things each had said of the other, my "repetitions" being pure inventions of my own.

Editor's Note—This is the eleventh of a series of Colonel Watterson's reminiscences. The twelfth will appear in an early issue.

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REPUBLIC TUBES

THE NEW GOBLINS

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

THE world may have been a stage in Shakspere's time, but it is not now. To-day it is a kindergarten where all the inhabitants are pupils, whom the statesmen, like teachers, are trying to frighten into goodness with the warning that "the Bolsheviki will get you if you don't watch out."

These new goblins of politics make children out of all of us, and we ask with childish fear and curiosity: "What are the Bolsheviki? Why are they? What are they for? Will they get me?" For the present we are not on a world stage, but in the first class of school in the new world which the war has made. We half believe in goblins, but we wish to be told the facts.

Traveling in Europe, Asia and America during the past five years I have been crossing the trail of the Bolsheviki. I have tracked the goblins! In Germany and Austria they were known as the Independent Social Democrats. In Switzerland they had the Russian name, because Bolshevism was first introduced to the world at a Russian revolutionary Congress in Geneva. In Siberia I traveled twelve thousand miles over abandoned trails, and upon my return to the United States I rode from Milwaukee to Chicago in a car of Bolshevist agitators on their way to Ellis Island and deportation!

If I really believed in goblins think how they would frighten me!

The trail, you can see, is a long one, a sort of political-caravan route, winding and twisting over the map of Europe, Asia and the United States, upon which the new goblins travel, spreading their gospel of revolution wherever there is unrest, discontent, dissatisfaction and disappointment. European Russia is a net of roads and channels of thoughts which the Bolsheviki control. Germany and Austria are in the midst of civil war with them. Siberia was once in their hands and may be again. India, Egypt, Rumania and the Balkans are threatened. In Norway, Switzerland, Sweden, England, Canada and the United States the Bolsheviki are propaganding.

Goblins are everywhere, and because I have but recently returned to this country from Asiatic Russia everyone I meet asks: "What are the facts about the Bolsheviki?"

The answer is simple and this is it:

By Carl W. Ackerman

Red Rule in Russia

TWENTY-SIX years ago, in 1893, scores of political refugees from Russia met in Switzerland, where, two years later, under the leadership of Plekhanow, they formed the first social-democratic organization for Russia, which was called the "Emancipation of Labor." Meanwhile the socialism of Karl Marx became legal in the Czar's Empire and socialist discussions were permitted; socialist newspapers were established, and Marxism became the foremost of the imports into Russia which were made in Germany.

In March, 1898, a congress of socialists met in the city of Minsk, Russia, and the Social Democratic Workingmen's Party of Russia was founded. According to Prof. James Mavor there were three groups represented at this meeting:

A group for the emancipation of labor;

A group which demanded the immediate improvement of the conditions of every workingman.

A group which believed in "limited centralization" of labor authority in which the mass of workmen should have no control of the party, but should be "disciplined by continuous agitation."

The leader of this third division was Nickolai Lenine, the present Premier of Bolshevist Russia.

In 1903 Lenine, being unsuccessful with his work in Russia, officially launched the Bolshevik Party in Stockholm. Two years later, during the great strikes in Russia which brought about the revolution of 1905, a Council of Workingmen's Deputies was formed in Petrograd with the demand for a constitutional assembly. "At that time," says Professor Mavor, "there were the Menshiviki, the minority faction of the Social Democratic Party; and a Bolsheviki, or majority faction."

Thus after twelve years of agitation, the Bolshevist movement attained the dignity of a faction of Russian social democracy, with Lenine the avowed and recognized leader. The name given to this faction was Russian, being derived from the word meaning majority. The Bolshevists were known as the section of the party which demanded extreme measures to obtain the majority, or major portion of the socialist demands. The Menshivists and Bolshevists both believed in a revolution in Russia, but the latter believed in a continuous revolution and the establishment of a labor general staff and a labor army.

The Czar was never really successful in his fight with the Bolsheviki, for the number of followers continued to increase both within and outside of Russia. Lenine remained the champion of uncompromising action, while Trotzky, another Social Democrat and the present Bolshevist Minister of War, devoted his efforts, by speaking and writing, toward the uniting of the Menshivists and Bolshevists.

In 1917, after the first revolution in Russia, which overthrew the Czar and established the provisional governments, the Bolsheviki came into power, dominated Russia from Poland to Vladivostok and made peace with Germany at Brest-Litovsk.

Such was the birth and growth of Russian Bolshevism; Bolshevism which Trotzky defined as a program for the establishment of an industrial democracy. But throughout this period the Bolsheviki were concerned not with the formation of a socialistic state but with the revolutionizing of a nation. The theories and ideas of the new party were secondary. The primary object was to overthrow the existing government, industry and society, and the establishment of a proletariat state, where labor was to be supreme, and where only those who did manual labor were to be recognized as laborers. Fundamentally and essentially Bolshevism was a program for the destruction of civilization as it was known in Russia, where there was an autocratic government; where labor had no rights; where there were religious persecutions and pogroms, and where there was neither a local nor a national representative assembly. Conditions in Russia were at that time entirely different from what they are to-day in the United States, and for this reason the Bolshevist demand for a constitutional assembly and land and freedom seized the thoughts and fired the imagination of the peasants and workers.

These are the historic facts about Bolshevism and some of the theories or ideals, but between the idealistic and practical states there is always a gulf which must be bridged. What did the Bolsheviki do when they had the machinery of government and industry in their hands, and the physical power of the mass behind them?

The facts I shall give about the actual working of Bolshevism will be only those I observed personally in Siberia or those from disinterested witnesses, such as representatives of the Russian Coöperative Unions—that extensive organization of twenty millions of Russians whose chief concern is business and education, not politics.

Bolshevism considered as a practical program may be divided into three sections: Politics; industry and mines; land distribution.

Without considering the methods the Bolshevists used to obtain control of the government—for their means were revolutionary and all revolutions are alike—I shall cite the facts which are known about what they did after they came into political power.

Almost their first act was to abolish the constituent assembly, and since they have been in control of Moscow and Petrograd and all of Central Russia they have not called a national election.

The demand which they incorporated in their program before the revolution for a Constitutional Assembly has been forgotten or they have changed their ideas and no longer believe in such a congress, being satisfied for the present with the authority they receive from the local councils or Soviets. But they have not held elections for the councils. There has been no free, secret balloting by all citizens, only closed elections by workingmen. In politics the Bolsheviki have changed the methods of elections from universal suffrage to working-class suffrage only. They have not considered that all classes have a right to vote. They have opposed the right of representative government and substituted a class government, the very thing they condemned under the former régime.

The second move of the Bolsheviki was to organize an army. This was in keeping with one of the revolutionary principles, which was that there must be a strong labor army to maintain the Bolshevist leaders in power. A red army was formed, and the attitude of this army, led by Trotzky, toward another revolutionary army is best shown by the negotiations between the Moscow government and the Czechoslovak National Council in Russia. The Czechoslovak movement was a revolutionary movement similar in many respects to the Russian one which brought about the overthrow of the Czar. The Czechs and Slovaks were revolutionists. About fifty thousand of them were in Russia in 1917. Through their leaders, elected by equal suffrage from among the soldiers, they began negotiations with the Moscow Soviet and obtained permission to leave Russia for France via Vladivostok.

Treachery to the Czechoslovaks

THE Bolsheviki, who were then in control of the Ukraine and Moscow, published the following Order—Number Ninety-two, dated March 16, 1918—a correct translation of which I received from the Czechoslovak National Council in Yekaterinburg:

"Our comrades of the Czechoslovak army corps, who fought so bravely and gloriously at Zhitomir, Kieff, Grebyonka and Bachmac, defending the way to Pultowa and Kharkoff, are now leaving Ukrainian territory and are turning over to us a part of their military equipment. The revolutionary army will never forget the fraternal assistance rendered by the Czechoslovak army corps in the battle of the working people against the thieving bands of imperialists. The military equipment given up by the Czechoslovaks the revolutionary army accepts as a fraternal gift."

In agreement with the Soviet government the Czechoslovak army began moving across Russia and Siberia, only to be followed by a change of front by the Bolsheviki, as is evidenced by this telegram from Trotsky to all Soviets along the Trans-Siberian Railroad:

"All Soviets on the railways are obliged, on pain of grave responsibility, to disarm the Czechoslovaks. Each Czechoslovak on whom is found arms is to be shot on the spot. Each echelon in which a single armed man is found must be thrown off the tracks and the men confined in a prison camp. Local military commissars are enjoined to execute this order at once. Any delay will be equivalent to dishonorable treachery and will call down upon the culprit severest punishment. Simultaneously reliable troops, who are commissioned to teach the mutineers a lesson, are being sent against the rear of the Czech echelons." [Official translation verified by the Czechoslovak National Council in Russia.]

This is the reason the Czechoslovak army took up arms against the Bolsheviki in the Ural Mountains.

Considered from the standpoints of politics and army policies the Bolsheviki abolished the national assembly and never held another national election, and after making an agreement with a "brother revolutionary army" they broke the pact. These are the outstanding facts regarding the political aspects of Bolshevism in Russia.

(Continued on Page 34)

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AMERICA'S ONLY KNOWN-PRICED CLOTHES

(Continued from Page 32)

Without having traveled across Siberia and several hundred miles into European Russia—at one time I was nearer New York by way of Europe than by way of Asia—I might have known something of the chaos which Bolshevism brought to the industries of that country, but it is one thing to see a "dead nation" and another to picture it in one's mind. That great organism which we call "business" in this country existed in Russia before the war and the revolution on a much smaller and less intricate scale. There was a business life which affected every citizen, peasant or factory employee. It was made up of a thousand and one arteries, veins, branches and subdivisions, which the people as a whole did not realize, just as we probably seldom think of the millions of factors that are linked together in our national business life.

When the Bolsheviki came into power they inherited what was left of this organism after it had been mismanaged and damaged by the military autocracy of the Czar. They probably received not much more than a skeleton of the business life—the skeleton of factory buildings, railroads, depots, freight and passenger cars, bank and office buildings, hotels, schools and churches; but after they obtained control they decreed that all this belonged to the workingmen. That was the fundamental principle of Bolshevism. It was a political program for the establishment of an industrial democracy. Here at last the dream was realized. Every workingman was the owner and director of the factory, store, shop or hotel where he had been or wanted to be employed.

A Typical Instance

But what they had was only a skeleton which needed life. The buildings were of no use to the men or women unless there was work; unless they had some income either in money or food and clothing. The Bolsheviki tried to give the industries new life. They ran them on the new plan of four or six hours of labor per day and increased wages, but they found that factories were dependent upon outside sources for raw materials and when the raw materials on hand were exhausted the Soviet government had to close the factories until these products could be obtained.

One example will serve as an illustration of what happened. In Moscow there are several great cotton-manufacturing shops. The Bolsheviki decreed that these belonged to the working people, but after a few days of reckless management the supply of cotton was exhausted and the factories were shut down. The Bolshevik local Soviet sent a purchasing commission of Bolshevist workingmen to the cotton-producing states of Russia to buy cotton from the Bolshevist cotton planters. These cotton plantations had been socialized, and each one belonged to the employees.

The Bolshevist factory men and the Bolshevist cotton growers met to discuss the arrangements for shipping cotton to Moscow. The cotton growers asked the Moscow representatives what they would pay. The price was very much less than the cotton growers could get in other markets and they refused to sell. The Moscow laborers asked them if they did not believe in an industrial democracy. They certainly did, the cotton men answered, but cotton could not be sold at the low price which the Moscow Bolshevists offered.

The result was that the Bolshevist commissars could not buy the raw material which they needed for the factories, so they appealed to the local Soviet, but the local council replied that it could not interfere with the rights of the local Bolsheviki.

At this point in the negotiations the Moscow buyers called upon the local representatives of the Russian Coöperative Union, which had been buying cotton from the producers, who were members of the union, and selling it to other members in Moscow and Lodz. The union could not buy for the Bolshevist government, however, because it recognized no government, and the Bolshevik Soviet put the union men in prison, from which they were released afterward after pressure had been brought to bear upon the People's Commissars in Moscow.

The final outcome of this practical demonstration of the inability of a Bolshevist industrial democracy to functionate was that the central Bolshevist authority in Moscow, represented by a bureau of business, asked the Coöperative Union to buy, ship and sell the raw materials which were needed to give life to the new industrial nation.

Whatever economic life there is in European Russia to-day is due not to the Bolsheviki, but to the Russian Coöperative Unions; but these unions are confronted with the problems of transportation because the railroads, too, are owned by the employees, and they work not for the general good of the community and the nation, but only for their own pleasure. In the meantime the factories remain closed and the workers who own them have no work. There is more forced idleness in Russia to-day than ever before in the history of that country.

This same condition prevails as to food. The peasants do not bring food to the cities. Those who are Bolshevists sell only what they want and those who are not followers of the Soviet democracy feed themselves and wait for better times. The workingman who cannot raise his own food and work at the same time starves.

These are some of the facts regarding industrial Bolshevism in Russia. In Siberia the conditions are similar because none of the governments so far organized in that country has been able to rebuild, reconstruct or renew the industrial life of the country after the destruction by the Bolsheviki when they were in power, for it is a curious development of extreme socialism that that which the workers could not use, either because of a lack of ability or desire, they destroyed.

I recall meeting the manager of a gold mine near Yekaterinburg, an American who had lived at the mine nine years, representing the foreigners who had bought and developed it. When the Bolsheviki controlled the local Soviet they decreed him out of office and decreed the mine the property of the miners. They were suddenly the owners of the gold mine. Their dreams were realized. They were no longer laborers; they were owners!

One might think that workers suddenly made joint owners of a rich mine would organize and develop it, but they didn't. The mine was their property. That satisfied them, but the machinery was made in France and was therefore a symbol of capitalism, so they destroyed all the machines—machines which had been manufactured and brought to these shafts at an expense of $1,400,000. Then they began working the mines in the most primitive fashion until the labor became too difficult and one after one the miners drifted away! Those workmen to-day still own the mine, but it's dead.

A Chaotic Failure

Industrially Bolshevism destroyed that spark of life which makes business not only a means of employment but of livelihood.

For more than ten years Trotzky had been campaigning in the Russian revolutionary newspapers in this country and abroad for the establishment of a Bolshevist state, and in nearly every leading article he stated that a revolution in Russia could never be a permanent success without the support of the peasants. To win them he added coals to the revolutionary fires labeled "Land and freedom." But the first revolution guaranteed the peasants free land and this battle cry of Bolshevism fell on sterile soil. To-day the peasants do not have confidence in the Bolsheviki, because many of the local Soviets have decreed that anyone owning property before the counter-revolution, or Bolshevist revolution, is a member of the old class system and therefore not a proletarian! Time after time in Siberia I met peasants in the market places who had fled from European Russia because their small farms had been confiscated by the Bolsheviki on the ground that if they had been property owners they could not be recognized as having the right to hold property under the new régime!

These are some of the plain facts about the way Bolshevism has worked in Russia. There are to-day no indications of a representative government; no indications of a new economic system that is as good as the one now existing in the world. Nowhere can one find evidence in Russia that Bolshevism has solved the industrial problems or the problems of the workingmen. If Bolshevism was intended to be the creation of a new business life for the world it has failed in Russia. If Lenine expected it to be the beginning of a new social order in which the working people predominate he has succeeded, but at the frightful cost of universal chaos, individual suffering, nation-wide misery and unemployment. Bolshevism has brought about a new order in Russia, but the new nation is without life. In Siberia, as in Russia, the nation is dead. The world is standing still.

With Russia passing through the pangs of still-birth, agitation grows throughout Asia, Europe and the Americas for the application of Bolshevism to all nations, with the idea that if the present civilization of the world is completely destroyed and the existing society revolutionized the Bolsheviki of the world can rebuild it upon a new model. Grimm, in Switzerland, the followers of Liebknecht in Germany, others in England and America—are seeking to link sentiments with Lenine, with the international object of forming a world union of Soviets to Russianize the universe. Hence the bogy story which appears every so often in the press: "The Bolsheviki will get you if you don't watch out!" The new goblins have left Russia and are on the warpath with propaganda. Bolshevism becomes not a Russian issue alone but a world political and industrial problem. Lenine's object at the Minsk congress was to Bolshevize Russia. To-day he seeks to Bolshevize the world.

Within twenty-six years Bolshevism has grown from a local Russian idealistic program to a world-wide revolutionary program. This is the fact. What are the reasons?

Swings of the Pendulum

Those conditions which caused Bolshevism in Russia a decade ago did not exist in the United States or Europe. England, France, Switzerland, the United States, Holland, Denmark and other countries had parliaments and congresses of one kind or another. There was a semblance, at least, of democracy and representative government in several of these nations. In all these countries anyone could own land or property. There were no religious restrictions; no pogroms outside the Pale in Russia. There was no social-caste system in America as it was known in Russia and Germany. One man was as good as another before the law or the Government.

This was not true in Russia. The abolition of serfdom had not satisfied the peasants. The Czar had not recognized the rights of equal suffrage. Factory employees were industrial slaves. Education was restricted. Religion was not free. The minds of the Russian people were in bondage and their bodies were servants of autocratic politicians and factory owners. Under these conditions one can understand why a revolution in that country might swing the pendulum of life from one extreme to another. But a revolution is certain to have that result, because a revolution, too, is abnormal, and not until the pendulum swings backward and forward regularly over an arc to bridge the two extremes—not until then are conditions normal. It is the gravity of business which makes the pendulum move, which in turn gives life to civilization and ticks off the hours and days of progress. Reaction and revolution alike are extremes which retard advancement.

Considering the conditions that produced the revolution and Bolshevism in Russia it may at first seem strange that Bolshevism should spread in other countries, where the conditions on the surface are not at all similar. But there are underlying causes of this new movement which account for its sudden and extensive spread. Bolshevism has become very elastic. The Bolshevism we speak of to-day is not at all the same as that which was introduced in Russia nearly two years ago. Bolshevism of to-day has been tempered, but only slightly, by the mistakes and absurdities of the doctrine, and those who are advocating Bolshevism in other nations, especially the United States, are Bolshevist brothers of the Russian Bolshevists only as far as a revolution is concerned.

The causes of the Bolshevist movement in this country and abroad are threefold:

The difficulties confronting a nation during the transition period from war to peace conditions;

General industrial discontent and dissatisfaction kept alive and aggravated by propaganda;

Social unrest.

In the United States we do a great deal of loose talking. It is a part of our democracy. We juggle opinions and ideas, new and old theories, like the circus clown; and if one of them falls upon our feet we hop round with a wry face for a few moments and then forget about the pain. At present we are jabbering and juggling Bolshevism because it is a fad, or because it is new, or because it may be some industrial goblin. Some good Americans are getting Bolshevized themselves without knowing it, and others are adopting Bolshevism because they think it is the end of all trouble and dissatisfaction. A few—and only a very few—are Bolshevists because they believe in its theories, for those who have seen the theories at work in Russia are not tempted.

Bolshevism is a fad of gossip in the United States, while in Russia it is a tragedy. No one who has seen any part of Russia since the revolution which overthrew the provisional government would desire to see the same torch applied to every other nation in the world. And still Bolshevism is openly talked about as an international doctrine.

What are the reasons for this success of Bolshevist propaganda? Why are we told that unless there is a League of Nations formed by governments there will be a Union of Soviets formed by the people? Why have the Bolshevists remained in control of Petrograd and Moscow if their program is a failure? How has it been possible for the Bolshevists to hold out after the defeat of Germany and after the Allies intervened in Siberia and Archangel?

These questions are not confined to those who believe in Bolshevism, but are asked by intelligent Americans who are in this kindergarten of the new world; but even these questions are readily answered.

The reasons for the success of various kinds of Bolshevist propaganda are that the word Bolshevism is used in the United States not only to name a political and industrial program, but as a description of dissatisfaction and discontent. Almost anyone who complains against the existing order is a Bolshevik. We are using the word more dangerously and ruthlessly than the Russians. Not everyone who wanted a radical change in Russia from the disorder and oppression of the Czar was a Bolshevist. A Bolshevist in Russia was only a man who believed in a continuous revolution; who disbelieved in representative government and desired all authority placed in the hands of labor leaders. Obviously most of those whom we term Bolshevists in the United States are not Bolshevists at all. They are simply human beings who criticize present conditions and who expect and demand adjustments.

Some Natural Questions

Bolshevism has capitalized upon the world's discontent with the object of making everyone who desires readjustments and changes a Bolshevist. So we are informed by the wise statesmen of Europe that unless there is a League of Nations there will be a Union of Bolshevists. What they mean is that when governments fail nationally Bolshevism succeeds, and that if the governments of the world fail in uniting upon a world constructive peace program then the Bolshevists will attempt to unite Soviets upon such a plan. Bolshevism succeeds only when governments fail. Bolshevism can never succeed as an industrial program unless those who direct our industries fail.

It will soon be two years since the Bolshevist coup d'état in European Russia. If Bolshevism is a failure, I am asked, how do you account for the continued presence of Lenine and Trotzky in Moscow?

There are two major reasons: The Bolshevist faction of Russia is comparatively united, while every other political party is divided, and none of the political parties will unite upon a common program. The former leaders of Russia and millions of sane citizens have left the country. They are in Paris, London, Tokio, Washington, New York, Switzerland and Spain. They have abandoned Russia to the Bolsheviki. There is a government in Omsk directed by Admiral Koltchak, but he does not have the confidence of many Russians. General Denekine is in South Russia, but his support is limited almost wholly to the Cossacks and the Monarchists. My own opinion is, after traveling in both Europe and Asia since the first revolution in Russia, that at least seventy-five per cent of the people are or would be against the Bolsheviki if there were an election held where everyone could vote, but this three-quarters majority to-day is not united. And the Bolsheviki do not believe in universal suffrage.

(Concluded on Page 158)

HISTORY OF CADILLAC CAR

U. S. No. 11661—Type 53, Year of 1915

As posted with the car in the Automobile Show, 32nd Division, A. E. F., Rengsdorf, Germany, March 16, 1919

THIS car was first put into the service of the United States Army on September 20, 1915, when it was assigned to Frederick Funston, then commanding the Southern Department at San Antonio, Texas.

During the Mexican campaign, it was used by General Funston practically all the time.

After the death of General Funston, the car was assigned to General John J. Pershing, who used the car until he was sent overseas.

The car was then turned over to the new Commander of the Southern Department, General James Parker, in April, 1917.

When General Parker proceeded overseas, he turned the car over to General William G. Haan, who relieved him of command of the Thirty-Second Division.

General Haan secured permission to take this car with him to France. March 6, 1918, it was unloaded from ship at Brest.

In May, 1918, the car was turned over to Lieut. Col. John H. Howard, Assistant Chief of Staff G-1, the General having received a closed-body Cadillac for his use. Lieut. Col. Howard took this car through the actions in the Alsace sector, through the attack and advance from Chateau Thierry to Fismes, on the Vesle River; through the attack and advance in the Chemin des Dames, north of Soissons; and through the opening action in the Argonne Forests. On September 27, 1918, the car was turned over to Major Robert Connor, Assistant Chief of Staff G-1, succeeding Lieut. Col. Howard.

During the advance through the Argonne, the attack and advance on the Meuse River north of Verdun, and for the advance of the Division into Germany after the Armistice was signed, as part of the Army of Occupation, this car was used by Major Conner.

This car is still in use in the Division, being now one of the cars used by the Division Quartermaster.

Following is the record of the car as determined from the records kept in the office of the Motor Transport Officer of the 32nd Division, and from questioning drivers who have operated the car. The record is substantially correct.

This car was first overhauled in August, 1916, at Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, Tex. A new top was put on, and the upholstering was replaced.

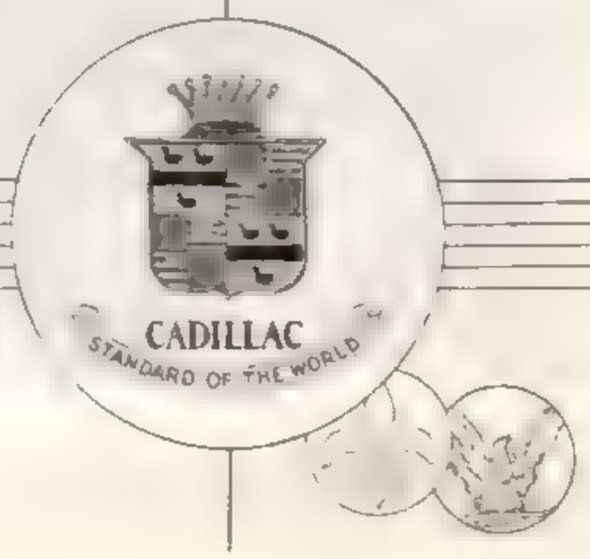
In December, 1917, this car was overhauled at Camp MacArthur, Waco, Tex. The car was re-painted, and a new set of seat covers put on. In September, 1918, the car was overhauled in the Overhaul Park No. 2 at St. Ouen, Paris, France. A complete overhaul was given, all bearings, etc., being tested. There was practically no replacement of parts, except piston rings and one front wheel inner bearing.

MILEAGE—Total mileage, up to and including March 12, 1919, was 98,542 miles.

FUEL CONSUMPTION—Total fuel consumption up to and including March 15, 1919, was 10,024 gallons—average 9.83 miles per gallon.

OIL CONSUMPTION—Total oil consumption, up to and including March 15, 1919, was 164.5 gallons, average 599.03 miles per gallon.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY = DETROIT, MICH.



A NATION ON STRIKE

By Elizabeth Frazer

I AM going to start this thing off with a riddle; or, rather, to be exact, it is half riddle and half cinema. You are to imagine the cinema and guess the answer to the riddle. It is possible you may guess the answer at once; though I doubt it. But, in any case, please play the game. Keep your eyes open and your mouth shut.

To begin with, conceive an entire nation on strike. Let us suppose it is America. We will start with a tie-up of the railroads. Imagine every engineer, every conductor, every brakemen and train hand, every station master, machinist, freight hustler and rail swabber on every railroad in the United States, from New York to San Francisco, from St. Paul to New Orleans—imagine every single worker from top to bottom of the system throwing up his job, marching out, standing with folded arms, and saying: "I won't work. I don't eat that kind of bread!"

Now throw upon the screen of your mind a series of flash pictures of the stupendous tie-up that would ensue—the vast freight sheds of New York and Chicago, with their miles upon miles of trainloads of perishable goods; the thousands of engines in their roundhouses, cold dead dragons, no more breathing smoke and flame; the millions of families suffering from lack of food, merely because a group of men have said: "We don't eat that kind of bread!"

What kind of bread, pray, gentlemen, is it that you're making such a fuss about? Just put that flying query to yourself as we go on.

Not That Kind of Bread

NOW let us extend the walkout. The workers in the public services—the post, the telegraph, the telephone, the ferries, the subways, the elevated and surface cars, the teamsters and the taxi drivers join in. Now film the following scenes: Every single fluffy-headed little hello girl in every exchange all over the land removing the head clip from her ears, powdering her little white nose, pinning on her hat, and hurrying forth to add herself to that vast murmuring sea. She wriggles and insinuates herself into the very front line, crosses her arms over her lacy shirt waist and stoutly declares:

"No, sir; none of that kind of bread for me!"

"Good for you, missie!" A big smudged fireman by her side beams tenderly down. "But it looks like we was in for one regular little red-hot time. They shot twenty strikers out in Omaha."

Now the film shifts and you see thousands of empty street cars, darkened subway tunnels, and deserted ferryboats bumping their sides in the slips. What's come over the people, that they dare to arrest the mighty Ferris wheel of industrial life this way?

But let us proceed. The coal miners go on strike. The workers in the quarries, the metal and precious-stone trades join in. To them are added the iron and steel workers. They throw down their tools, stalk forth and, standing with arms crossed like their comrades, proclaim: "To the devil with that kind of bread!"

What ferment, what microbe of unrest has seized this mighty throng? What is the matter with the bread? That, you perceive, is the puzzle. Then come streaming forth, to join this swollen multitude, the workers in all the factories and mills and sweatshops throughout the length and breadth of the land—shirt-waist unions, knee-pants workers, makers of men's and women's and children's cotton and woolen garments, automobile and machine and gun-factory hands—a vast quiet formidable array, standing in serried rank on serried rank, bareheaded, serious-faced, saying in firm tones: "We'll starve before we'll eat that kind of bread!"

And now, with communication, transportation and industries on strike, let's shoot up higher into the social scale. Let's go to the bankers—those supposedly diamond-keen, diamond-hard, old-young men of finance.

"A fat chance," growls a burly worker, "that those silk stockings'll join us! Why, they batten on the little fellers outside!"

Never mind. We're going to give them a bid. Mr. Bank President, will you add your distinguished heaven-born presence to these poor roughnecks outside? Mr. Bank President, without a second's hesitation, reaches for his hat. The crowds cheer as he comes sauntering down the stone steps of his temple. But they regard him curiously too. Who so lonely as a banker when he is not with members of his own craft? Never mind, Mr. Banker; we're going to have a whole section of your noble fraternity presently, farther down the street.

And now we seek the press. Well, gentlemen, are you coming in? But they have been in from the very first day! A few of them are just sticking round, they inform us, to throw a few final monkey wrenches into the presses, so as to ball up the game for friend enemy.

And what about the preachers, the professors, the teachers? Are they willing to join the strike? The film shows them already in line. There's a mild portly priest talking earnestly with a Seventh-Day Adventist. At his elbow a radical greasy-haired Socialist is laying down the law to a bishop. Wedged about them, one catches glimpses of rabbis, theosophists, paleontologists, and exponents of the Montessori system. But they're there—every shade and complexion of religious and intellectual belief.

And now the women—the wives, the mothers and sisters all over the land. Let us speak to them on the proposition. Do you know what a strike of this size means? Do you realize how it is going to affect every one of you? That your children will starve? That they will go without food and clothes and heat? That your delicate babies will die and your sturdy ones grow puny and weak? Can you undertake this burden, knowing the awful anguish it entails? And the women, hugging their children to their breasts, reply: "We stand behind our men. It's not good for babies to be brought up on that kind of bread."

And, now that we have massed this stupendous army, let's film them as they stand. No bands. No flags. No placards. No uniforms. No military precision or smartness. Nothing but a vast sealike multitude of civilians, standing with folded arms. That is the sole point of likeness—the silent challenge of those crossed arms. Is there not something magnificent, hardy, soul-stirring in that mute challenge? Millions upon millions of crossed arms—with starvation, ruin and death hovering in the background! What has united them in this common refusal to work? That is the riddle.

Defeated But Not Subdued

WAR? But America was at war and the effect was opposite—not a strike, but every man solidly on his job. Invasion? But France was invaded and her people did not go on strike. Bolshevism? But Bolshevism is merely gang rule of the ignorant and the weak. This strike I have been describing is voluntary, nation-wide, and comprises all classes.

It is not surprising that an American should not be able to guess immediately the motive for such an overwhelming catastrophe as a strike of these dimensions would be; for there is nothing in the history of our country to prepare us for such a disaster.

Look back over our career. We have always been a victorious nation. On one occasion, even, we won when we should have been whipped. We have always been a free nation. Not all the inhabitants all the time—but as a nation we have been free. But figure to yourself for a moment the alternative to that. Figure our country defeated, captured; its government, wealth and industries seized; and every citizen a prisoner, under the direct menace of death, incapable of political or military resistance—capable only of this immense, this magnificent negative effort, of standing with crossed arms, saying firmly:

"No; we won't work for you, Mr. Conqueror. We can be defeated, but we can never be subdued. We won't sell the strength of our arms—which is all you have left us—to help your cause along. We don't eat that kind of bread!"

And now the cat is out of the bag. We know what kind of bread these strikers won't eat. It is the bread of slavery, of betrayal, of shame. It is not likely that such a supreme

(Continued on Page 38)

You Will Praise the Essex

The Light Weight $1395 Enduring Car Which Hundreds of Thousands Now Acclaim

Just As Others Praise It

Those who are most familiar with the better quality light weight cars are the most enthusiastic admirers of the Essex.

They know the advantages in low first cost and economy of operation of cars of that type. And they also know their limitations in performance. They have not expected light cars to have the same riding comfort, or long endurance, or the range of performance of larger and more costly cars.

So when they have seen that the Essex possesses equal advantages in economy with their own light weight cars and is at the same time as rich in finish and detail appointment, has the enduring qualities of cars costing twice as much as the Essex and rides as easily as the finest and most expensive cars and equals the performance on hills, accelerates and holds its own at speed with high-powered and costly automobiles, they speak their admiration for the Essex.

No Claims are Made Except as the Essex Alone Proves Itself

The first thing you will meet when you call at an Essex salesroom is an invitation to ride. The salesman will not at first attempt to describe the car to you. He will send you out so you can see what the Essex can do. Of course, you will note its beauty and the care with which every detail in finish and appointment is handled.

You will see why owners are so proud. The Essex does not have a cheap car appearance.

The Ride, Though, Will be a Revelation

The more you know of other cars, the more you will appreciate the Essex. We have never made a direct statement concerning Essex performance. But anyone who has ridden in an Essex will tell you interesting things about its acceleration, speed and power. The Essex capably speaks for itself.

Riding comfort is a quality that cannot be adequately explained. A claim for comfort is made for every car. But what cannot be definitely described with definiteness can be experienced in a ride in the Essex at any speed over cobblestones, rutty and rough roads and car tracks.

The Essex Stays New and Rigid

What the Essex proves when you ride in it is what may be expected of it throughout long hard service. It is built to retain its new like appearance. It will withstand hard service and long remain free from squeaks and rattles.

Hundreds of thousands already know the Essex and speak of it in the most enthusiastic manner. Join their numbers. There is an Essex dealer near you. He will show you qualities that no other one car possesses.

(Continued from Page 36)

catastrophe should ever befall America; but there is no telling what destiny has in store. Five years ago who foresaw those thousands of American crosses scattered on the heights of Chemin des Dames and in the woods of the Argonne? Knowledge—preparedness—is the best kind of prevention. And it may be useful for us to know how another nation, suddenly engulfed, taken prisoner, bereft of all her resources, save only that of her raw man power, did organize such a strike; how she engineered the thing from the inside; how she kept her strikers solid; how she provided them with food; how near they came to the ragged edge of starvation; how it finished; and in what plight the workers found themselves at the end.

These are self-preservative facts that every nation should know. And it is for this reason I am going to describe just how Belgium worked her nation-wide strike against Germany; how she kept her workers firm; how she fed them, clothed them, paid them to keep them idle, with folded arms, rather than sell their labor to the foe; and finally in what condition the men found themselves when the whole ghastly bitter tragic business had come to a successful close.

As I have said, it is not likely America will ever have to take a leaf out of that notebook. But you can't always tell!

In 1914 there were in Belgium in the neighborhood of one million two hundred thousand workers, employed in various industries. Of this number about two hundred thousand were mobilized at the beginning of the war or became refugees in France and England. The rest—about a million—remained in occupied Belgium. Remained, also, the rest of the population—save only those who fled; who thus became prisoners of war, civil slaves. The conquerors, as the world knows, seized the reins of government, the public services, the food, the industries, the factories, the mines, and levied a tax of forty million francs a month on the civil inhabitants.

Discomfited Conquerors

HAVING done this, Germany issued a proclamation bidding all the Belgian inhabitants to continue at their habitual occupations—for her! And now we have all the makings for this nation-wide lockout. For the Belgians refused. The engineer climbed down from his cab; the fluffy-headed little hello girl—yes, they're fluffy-headed in Belgium too—tore off her apparatus; the government-service men left their desks; the coal miners rushed up from their pits; the lace makers laid down their needles; the linen weavers left their looms; the diamond workers in Antwerp unscrewed the magnifying glasses from their eyes; the glass workers of Liège ran forth from the works; and all the factory hands throughout the length and breadth of this busy, prosperous, practical land threw down their tools, marched out into the streets, folded their arms, and said: "We don't eat that kind of bread!" That is literally what they said. It became a battle cry of freedom.

And the Germans were astounded! More, they were grieved, indignant, at the reckless bravado of these men. They considered they had offered their captives fine, generous terms.

"But why?" they expostulated loudly. "Why won't you go to work? We're going to pay you. Don't think we're not going to pay you. We're kind. We're good. We're going to pay you, as a matter of fact, higher wages than you've ever received before. We simply ask that every worker shall remain peaceably at his former job. That, you see—and we don't mind your seeing—releases our soldiers for the war. But, moreover, you're prisoners. You have no rights. We can compel your obedience. So you see how fair, how generous we are."

But still the Belgians refused.

"It's a question of honor," said they.

"Now look here!" retorted the Germans. "Honor—what is it? A bourgeois idea. You go back on your job and we'll take care of your honor."

But the Belgians were dense and could not see it that way.

All this did not take place in one day. It occupied months. It was only when the Germans seized a plant and attempted to coerce the workers to stay that out leaped the strikers like a surly flame. And the solidarity of the classes was one of the most amazing things the world has ever seen. This unanimity was all the more remarkable because, before the war, Belgium had been torn by divers antagonisms—racial antagonisms, religious antagonisms, political antagonisms.

The Walloons and the Flemings are two widely differing peoples, the former partaking more of the French and the latter of the Teutonic temperament. And yet it needed only the news of the first shootings, the first conflagrations, to reduce all these fighting factions to the same common denominator.

The first weeks of the war beheld, then, the spectacle, splendid and somber, that I sketched at the beginning of this article. The workers went on a general strike with starvation staring them in the face and high salaries promised them if they would only be reasonable; if they would only conform. Industry was paralyzed. Antwerp became a desert. Fifteen thousand diamond workers, to mention one industry alone, walked out. At Liège the big glass-works closed down. Also the metal establishments. The coal miners threw down their spades. Later they consented to work on certain days each week for domestic consumption; but not a lump of this coal went to the Germans. The postmen refused to stay with the Imperial Post. The mechanics, engineers and experts in all the various industries slacked off.

The result was that, at the close of one year of this general strike, out of a population of seven million souls, half of them—three and a half millions—were depending solely for support upon the government. And this despite the fact that work was constantly offered them by their conquerors; offered at seductive rates. Unskilled labor—to build German trenches or to work in the quarries—was offered the abnormally high terms of from six to seven francs a day. Engineers for the railroads were offered twenty francs. Certain mechanical experts were even offered the extravagant sum of fifty francs a day.

These attractive rates—how bitterly attractive could only be realized by a strong man slowly starving, or watching his wife and children starve—were placarded all over Belgium to tempt the workers to break the strike.

To break that strike—that was what the Germans were after primarily, though also, secondarily, they needed workmen the worst way. And so they offered six and seven francs a day to Belgians who were subsisting on less than that sum a week. In addition they trusted that hunger—the biggest of all strike breakers—would gradually cave in the resistance of these stubborn iron-headed men, until they would crawl back and lick the hands of their captors.

That is one side of the shield—the Belgian side. It consisted of a stupendous negative effort, involving imprisonment, death, degradation of their wives, and a state of existence—it could not be called living—in which they just managed to keep their mouths above the starvation line. The Hun side of the shield—how the enemy government met the Belgian challenge—is a characteristic piece of history.

It had, as has been intimated, two grounds for breaking the strike: The first, more profound, was to subdue the proud Belgian spirit in order the more easily to incorporate the country—much as a snake incorporates a little bird—into its own internal political economy. So it had selfish reasons for wanting the little bird to go down easily. The second motive, not so profound, but more pressing, was to force the Belgians to work in order to release two German army corps for the Front.

To gain the first object—incorporation—called for gentle, artful, fascinating methods. To gain the second called for sheer brute force. And these two antagonistic sets of methods, each of which was, in turn, employed, were constantly getting in each other's way and falling over each other's feet.

Fair Words and Acts of Atrocity

FOR example, in the Belgian newspapers would appear a set of carefully fabricated letters purporting to have been written by German schoolgirls to Belgian schoolgirls, full of love and sympathy, and begging their dear Belgian cousins to come into the big warm German family, whose arms were cordially outstretched for the embrace. And, at the same time—to mention only one authentic case—a railroad director would be led forth to be shot for refusing to surrender secret train orders, shown the yawning grave in which he was to be buried, and his wife constrained to witness his death.

These two methods, operating side by side for years, produced contrasts so grotesque, so horrible, so absurd, that the Belgians laughed even while they starved. But, since the first method had chiefly to do with words and the second had to do with deeds, I may be pardoned for cutting out the consideration of the first or propaganda method, and proceeding directly to the second, which comprised the forcible measures adopted by the Germans to bring the strikers to terms.

Most insistent of their needs was that of man power to work the coalpits, the stone quarries and the war industries, making trench sacks and barbed wire. Accordingly when the alluring terms of six and seven francs a day received no takers, they began to apply the thumbscrews. At Zweveghem they attempted to compel the men to work in a barbed-wire factory. The men refused. Sixty-one of them were then arrested and thrown into jail.

After several days of imprisonment, the workers still remaining obdurate, the Germans arrested the prisoners' wives, led them past the jail and brutally mishandled them before the eyes of their husbands. Still the strikers held firm. Then, by means of threats and intimidations, the Huns forced the Belgian burgomaster to issue a proclamation ordering the strikers to work, taking upon himself the entire moral responsibility of the affair. But still they refused.

At Luttre even more brutal methods were employed. First of all, appealing to their cupidity, the Belgians were offered extravagant terms. This failing of the desired effect, they were told that if they refused honest work they would be made prisoners. They were arrested. After a number of days they were released and again ordered to work. They refused.

"If you won't work we'll put you on the train and transport you to the mines in Germany," was the next threat.

"All right! Where is the train? Lead us to it!" exclaimed the strikers. And when they were aboard, and the train was moving out, they thrust their heads out of the windows, waved their caps, and cried "*Vive la Belgique!*"

They were taken as far east as Namur, held several days to break their spirit, returned to Luttre, detrained, lined up once more, and the question put:

"Will you work here or will you work as prisoners in Germany? Those who will go to work take two steps forward."

As one man the Belgians took two steps to the rear and shouted: "*Vive la Belgique! Vivent nos soldats!*"

As a punishment they were sent to the mines in Germany and odiously abused. Examples of this type could be repeated endlessly.

It should be noted that it was not solely upon the laboring classes, but also upon the directors and owners of factories, upon the mayors of the towns, the government functionaries, the editors, the bankers—even upon the professors in the universities—that the heavy slave-driving hand fell. And it should be further recorded that, in each individual instance of conflict, though the Germans often succeeded in enforcing their will through violence, yet that very enforcement strengthened the tragic determination of the strikers tenfold.

The Machinery of Resistance

IT IS interesting to note just at this point that this example of a whole nation on strike—not for more food, or for higher pay, or for shorter hours, but for a spiritual principle—is a direct slap in the face to that rigid Marxian law called "The economic determination of history," which, boiled down, means that hunger, the belly, is the sole shaper of the destiny of men and nations. Here was a nation that strove four years with that grimmest of all giants, starvation, to prove the truth, not of theeconomic determination of history, but of that profounder law which says "I see two natures struggling within me."

So much for general principles and the solidarity of the workers. But, as all labor leaders know, in order to conduct a successful strike of any dimensions there must be a strong inner organization, a fighting machine, a G. H. Q. to issue orders and proclamations of encouragement to the soldiers. This headquarters resolves itself into three sections: First, that of morale; second, that of material aid; and third, that of propaganda.

Napoleon, in his Memoirs, says that the morale of the troops counts for three-fourths; all the other factors count only one-fourth. So that organization which can sustain the spirits of its fighters, give them food and clothes, and prove to the world that its cause is just—such an organization is in pretty fair shape to twist the tail of the enemy, whatever that enemy may be.

The first problem, then, that confronted the Belgians was to forge such an organization. And thus came into being the famous Comité National. It was a member of this central committee of Brussels who explained to me how this organization was formed and how it functioned.

"In October, 1914," said he, "a few big men got together to plan what could be done to save the nation from slavery, absolute and complete. We saw that if we could keep the people loyal, throw about them the warm cloak of brotherhood, of sacrifice for a common cause, and in addition give them sufficient food to prevent starvation, we might hope to save the day. If we failed, the Germans would possess us body and soul. But to maintain an entire people in idleness just above the starvation point, and to hold them true while all the powers of darkness are dangling fat jobs just in front of their noses, is not such a simple proposition. That was the function of the Comité National.

"M. Franqui, a banker with a very wide organizing experience, both in Belgium and abroad, was the prime mover in the organization. The first thing, obviously, was to obtain credits to buy foods, and then to formulate a machinery of distribution throughout the country. Here is where America came to our aid. The Belgian Relief Commission, with Mr. Hoover at its head, not only saved Belgium from actual starvation but also helped to save us from something infinitely worse—a breakdown in the morale. That commission acted as a liaison officer between us and the Germans, and between us and the outside world. It bought foodstuffs in the world markets and shipped them in; and after that, in Belgium, it protected and safeguarded them from German cupidity and registered our complaints.

"In the matter of food the commission shipped in all kinds, but we absolutely depended upon it for breadstuffs

(Continued on Page 134)

Just the Straw You Want

A LION straw will prove a revelation.

In all materials and shapes it has—for sixty summers—pleased millions of America's most discriminating summer-hat buyers.

They know the LION mark means reigning style, incomparable material, satisfying wear.

You'll find college and yachting shapes for young men; Panamas and similar for those who like them. And every hat at any price bears the imprint of authority—the LION name.

Look for the LION shop—see the LION sign in the window.

The LION is the mark of a gentleman's straw hat.

LANGENBERG HAT CO.

St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

ESTABLISHED 1860

MANUFACTURERS OF LION HATS, CAPS AND GLOVES

8315

THE HALL OF THE COMMONWEALTH

THEN came all the merchants to the Hall of the Commonwealth. Here they displayed wares, discussed trade routes, laid plans to hold and extend markets. Each had the benefit of the experience of all.

Of old, trading involved the utmost of physical and financial hazard. Men risked their lives and fortunes on commercial conquests; and always ignorance looked with suspicion on merchandise. Selling was based on price and argument. As production increased, as competition entered everywhere, selling, standing alone, could not cope with the burden of economic distribution.

Then came advertising, and because the need for it was great it grew rapidly and in many directions; but offered only random and unrelated service. To aid in bringing these scattered forces together came N. W. Ayer & Son.

Here is a commonwealth of advertisers, made up of manufacturers of many utilities, comforts and luxuries. Through working with them on their problems we have accumulated a store of vital data, developed a resourcefulness, and built an organization giving a breadth of practical service of value to anyone with a reputable commodity to sell.

Through this advertising service each client profits by the experience of all the others. Those who join us join a true commonwealth of advertisers, which this year celebrates its Fiftieth Anniversary.

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS

NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CLEVELAND CHICAGO

JELLYFISH—By Thomas Beer

MAYBERRY STREET has a singular summer music of its own, quite independent of the locust trees that overhang its pleasant length. After breakfast the veranda rocking-chairs commence a calm creaking, which goes on with a silent interlude at luncheon time, until the wind comes cool from the shallow charming bay and the ladies of the dozen boarding houses go in to dress for dinner. In the dark hours the melody is much disturbed by the feet of young men and the clamor of virgins. Cigarette sparks move and flicker on the various steps, and sometimes there are bursts of amorous song.

Mr. Cooley preferred Mayberry Street by night. In daytime the slow movement of the placid ladies and the gentle flutter of their light sedate garments roused something acid in his nature. He could not walk past the verandas, undergoing polite inspection, without a desire to curse aloud. He loathed Mrs. Bayne's boarding house as much as his wife delighted in it; and he chose to say so on a July evening when hooking Mrs. Cooley's gown.

"Oh, don't be so silly, George!" said Mrs. Cooley, tranquilly powdering her chins. "It's the nicest place we've been in for years. And I couldn't think of offending Mrs. Bayne by leaving, when we've taken her best room for the whole season."

"Damn Mrs. Bayne!" Cooley grunted, breaking a finger nail.

"Now, George!"

"She and her daughters and her sisters," he raged, "and all the rest of the old women!"

"Really, George!"

"The whole street's a regular henroost," he declared.

"Oh, I suppose"—she sighed—"you'd like a lot of bars and bowling alleys! George, there isn't a single woman in this house who isn't a lady. And Mrs. Bayne's husband was a naval officer."

"I hope some of his other widows," Cooley sneered, "have more sense than she's got."

However, he admitted to himself that Mrs. Bayne had a financial grasp. The old house, he reckoned, cost nothing for repairs. Its handsome chambers were of the solid building favored by rich whaling captains. Its deep garden supplied much of the excellent food. It threw a patrician, permanent air over the boarders; and they paid accordingly.

"I think," said Mrs. Cooley, "that Mrs. Bayne and her sisters are perfectly sweet; and so are the girls. I think it's very pathetic that they have to take boarders, and I do wish Mrs. Bayne's son would hurry up and get out of the Army, so as to take some of the burden off her."

"I can't see that she looks very squashed down," Cooley stated.

"And if they're so dog-gone poor why don't the dear sweet girls go and work in the kitchen—or she—or her sisters? This is the second year we've been here and all I've heard out of Mrs. Bayne is: 'Oh, if Henry was only home, so as to ——'"

"You'd better change your collar," said Mrs. Cooley; "there's the dinner gong."

Dinner irritated Cooley. Mrs. Bayne and her sisters—the Misses Lovett—were large pretty women. The Bayne daughters were also pretty; and the family group had an aureole of plaintive comfort, a dignified pathos. He could not imagine them in wrappers, scrubbing the kitchen floor. He could not imagine them in any useful posture; and all their guests, he thought, were of the same sort. He included Mrs. Cooley in this condemnation; he had been married thirty years.

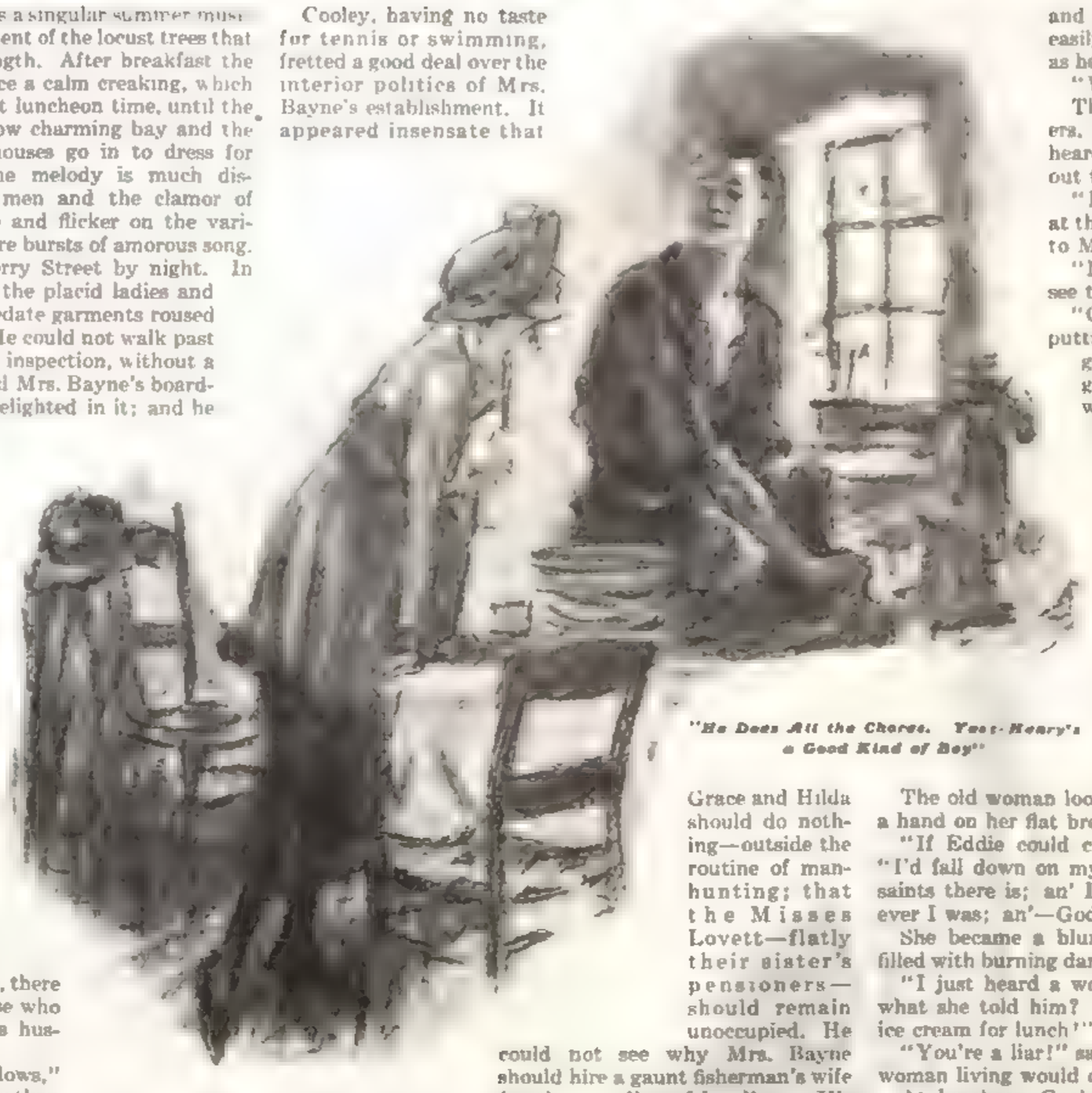
"They'd a lot rather pay twenty-five a week and have somebody else make them comfortable than do anything for themselves," he said, resuming the argument at bedtime.

"Well," yawned Mrs. Cooley, "why not? And things are so expensive, George! Poor Mrs. Bayne has to pay that Portuguese boy a dollar a day just to pull vegetables and make ice cream. If her son was home ——"

"She'd save a dollar a day," snapped Cooley. "Why doesn't she let one of her daughters grind the ice-cream freezer?"

"Good heavens, George," said his wife, "that would never do!"

Cooley, having no taste for tennis or swimming, fretted a good deal over the interior politics of Mrs. Bayne's establishment. It appeared insensate that Grace and Hilda should do nothing—outside the routine of man-hunting; that the Misses Lovett—flatly their sister's pensioners—should remain unoccupied. He could not see why Mrs. Bayne should hire a gaunt fisherman's wife for the mending of her linen. His feelings, he found, were shared by the old captains who talked of whaling days so perpetually under the portico of the town library and limped up Ocean Street with gloomy stares at the summer folk.



"He Does All the Chores. Yes; Henry's a Good Kind of Boy"

"If it wasn't for Henry Bayne," said the venerable Eothen Hussey, "them women'd 'a' died of starvation. They're bone idle an' good for less'n nothing."

"So Henry's a good man of business?"

The venerable Eothen pondered, prodding the roots of an elm.

"I should guess so. His pa dyin' when he was sixteen, he'd got to be. Yes; Henry's a smart manager, I guess. He planted the garden. There wasn't nothin' but pansies there. He does all the chores. Yes; Henry's a good kind of boy."

The boarding ladies, on the other hand, knew nothing about Henry Bayne, though some of them had spent five summers under Mrs. Bayne's care. Cooley assumed that the young man was self-effacing; but he was not prepared for Henry's complete disappearance on arrival. The discharged soldier came and vanished. If Cooley had not seen his welcome home the existence of Henry in the house would have been unbelievable.

The noon steamboat whistled twice—once outside the long breakwaters that guard the harbor's mouth, and once as it came to dock, and shortly there were carriages scattering past Mrs. Bayne's veranda, bearing the pallor of new visitors. Cooley, smoking his pipe on the steps, noted these people and listened to the talk behind him. The Lovett sisters were praising Mrs. Bayne's fortitude, in duet, for a chorus of ladies. It seemed that yesterday she personally had overseen the cleaning of the luncheon crabs.

"And the kitchen," said one Lovett, "is so dreadfully hot!"

"And a person has to stand over servants these days," said the other. "You simply can't trust them!"

The chorus groaned its assent. Cooley bit his pipestem, restraining oaths. A man in soldier clothes turned the corner from Ocean Street, striding along with a suitcase in one hand, the other swinging broadly; and Cooley stared at him with some relief of spirit. The delicate dialogue was rasping his self-respect; apparently effort was degrading to the Lovett sisters. The military person was tall and carried his big suitcase easily; so easily that he lifted it over Cooley's head as he strode up the veranda steps.

"Why, Henry!" said the Lovetts.

There was a great screeching of rockers. The chorus of ladies rose, Cooley heard; and he heard Mrs. Bayne come out the front door, with an exclamation:

"Mercy, Henry! Did you see the girls at the dock? They were saying good-by to Miss Tyson."

"No," said Henry calmly; "I didn't see them. Is anybody in my room?"

"Oh, no, dear. I couldn't think of putting anyone in your room! I'm so glad you've come. Do see if you can get the freezer to work. I can't think what's the matter with it."

"All right!"

"By gad!" whispered Cooley, dropping the pipe from his teeth.

He got up and walked hastily along the respectable street, swearing horribly. It was a hot day and he left his cap on the steps. Presently he thought the brains had commenced to boil inside his bald head. Certainly he was not quite sane, for, rounding a corner, he met a shabby old woman in black, and addressed her shamelessly:

"If you had a son, and he came back from France, what would you do?"

The old woman looked at Cooley for a minute, putting a hand on her flat breasts, and grew very white.

"If Eddie could come back from France," she said, "I'd fall down on my knees an' praise Mary an' all the saints there is; an' I'd be a better mother to him than ever I was; an'—God hears me—I did my best!"

She became a blur in Cooley's eyes, which abruptly filled with burning dampness. He gave her a foolish bow.

"I just heard a woman meet her boy. Do you know what she told him? She told him to go and freeze the ice cream for lunch!"

"You're a liar!" said the Irish woman. "There isn't a woman living would do such a thing!"

At luncheon Cooley noticed that the ice cream was very good; but there was not another place set at the Bayne table, though all Henry's relatives were smiling. Their light gowns seemed more crisp than usual and they spoke cheerfully of driving out to the golf links for tea.

"Isn't it nice," said Mrs. Cooley, "that Henry's come home? It gives them so much more freedom!"

"I'm thinking of taking the whole lot out in a catboat and scuttling the boat!" Cooley answered.

"George," his wife sighed, "I really think you're perfectly silly!"

Henry did not come to dinner or to any following meal; but the songs of the Portuguese youth in the back yard were replaced by American whistling, and Cooley fancied that the ax sounded more vigorously in the woodshed. From the listening post of his bedroom he heard grocers' boys and such chatting about bloodshed with a grave-voiced male; but it was a week before he saw Henry crouching in the bean forest of the kitchen garden and stalked him, observing his stained overalls and fifty-cent canvas shoes.

"Good day," he mentioned.

Henry admitted that it was a good day and went on stripping beans into a tin pan, expecting some complaint about last night's food.

"I was wondering," said Cooley, "if you wouldn't come sailing with me this afternoon."

He made this offer timidly. He had no sons and his partners in the Detroit foundry were as old and pot-bellied as himself. He had no business playing with a long young fellow—a fighting man. Henry squatted, silent, alarmed by this condescension. However, it was his duty to please the tenant of the best room, and sailing away from Mayberry Street was something.

"I don't see why I can't."

"Well then," said Mr. Cooley, "let's sneak off after lunch. I'll meet you at the post office."

He parried his wife's attempt to take him driving and found Henry at the post office reading a letter.

"I expect," Cooley suggested, "that you can sail a boat pretty well."

"Oh, yes," said Henry. "Let's get one of Obed Bunkers' tubs."

Very dutifully he tried to put this most important letter out of his mind, though it crackled in his pocket,

and selected one of Obed Bunkers' catboats at the dank pier, helped his host into it and made sail.

The bay glittered like new brass under the sun, and its rim of sand bluffs and sandspurs shimmered white. The brown sail was barely filled and the boat glided steadily, its feeble wake leaving the clean bottom visible; so Henry could notice how little changed were the habits of pirate crabs and minnows in his absence. Cooley saw the smile.

"I expect," he said, "you're mighty fond of this island."

"Oh, I don't know! But I haven't been sailing for a long time."

Henry looked back at the town's lovely profile of elms and spires, with the absurd whale walks floating like rafts among the trees and the windmill stretching its idle arms. He had come home to bondage; but there was, perhaps, some gilt on the chains. At least, pride made him say so.

"It's a nice old place."

"I should think," said Cooley, "it would get hellish tiresome in winter."

"It does."

"And what do you do in the winter?"

"Work in the bank, sir."

"My Lord Jehoshaphat!" said Cooley. "And what do your mother and your sisters and your aunts do?"

"Oh, nothing—that is, they go to Boston sometimes."

"But you don't," Cooley asserted; "you stay here and work in the bank."

Conversation halted, though they were thinking the same thing—that it was a dull existence. Cooley thought so from the vantage of Detroit; Henry, after twenty months of cities and camps and freedom. Also, he wondered whether another row between the cook and the head waitress would break out before dinner. But politeness bade him talk:

"I think you live in Detroit, sir. My captain's from Detroit. He's cashier of a bank—the Provost National."

"Young Moulton? Yes; I know him. Fine fellow too."

"Isn't he?" Henry beamed. "I just got a letter from him."

This provided a springboard. The sail flapped while they discussed Captain Moulton and fell still while Henry talked about battles. It developed that he had been Moulton's top sergeant. Mr. Cooley's deep reading of war news had taught him that a top sergeant, though less in degree than divisional commanders, is to be reverenced. He demanded the secret of Germany's collapse and forgot that his neck was blistering. Henry leaned on the useless tiller and spoke. No one in Mayberry Street had asked about these matters. He even showed Mr. Cooley the queer purple streak across his biceps, which did not interfere with the freezing of ice cream.

"It must be funny to go through all that and come back here," said Cooley, and glanced at the barely vibrant water. "Hello! Jellyfish!"

"It's the sun," Henry told him; "they like it."

Just below the surface, now rising, now gracefully descending toward the shadow, they glistened, pink, mauve and silver—a hundred translucent, languid bodies. The light shot through their drifting fringes and round heads, scourting the glow. Cooley stared at their lazy motion contemptuously.

"What do they live on?" he grunted. "They couldn't catch anything."

"Oh, bugs and chips of seaweed. They just run into things. The water feeds them."

"All they've got to do," Cooley said, "is eat and float—huh?"

Anger at anything so impertinent seized him. He grasped the boat hook and began to thrash the water. The jellies drew off and sank, still dignified, into the lower calm.

"I've a lot more use for a shark," Cooley panted.

"Oh, well," said Henry; "they don't do any harm. They sting a bit if you run into them. . . ."

Enough wind rose late in the afternoon and they got home. The breach between the cook and the head waitress had not visibly deepened. Henry was glad, though his sisters reproached him courteously for failing to mend the veranda swing.

"Well, I'm mighty sorry. All you've got to do, though, is to tack the slats back. I'll do it now."

"Oh, no, Henry!" said Grace. "Everyone's out in the chairs."

"Well—thunder!—none of them knew me from Adam. I can't see ——"

"Oh, no, Henry," said Hilda; "that wouldn't do!"

"All right! I'll fix it while they're at dinner," he promised.

Cooley caught sight of him through the curtains and dropped his soup spoon. Against the afterglow the young man's square chin and straight nose had the heroic romance of a well-designed poster.

"What a lot of hogs there are in the world!" he remarked.

"Good gracious, George! I think you were out in the sun too long. You're dreadfully red!"

"Sixteen times twenty-five," said Cooley, "is four hundred." He was calculating the weekly income of Mrs. Bayne. Mrs. Cooley glared at him, frightened. "Let's call it three months—the season. Three times sixteen hundred is forty-eight hundred; less taxes, servants' pay, and so on. Three thousand, anyhow. She gets a pension?—I mean Mrs. Bayne."

"Yes; some dreadfully little thing. She told me once that if they didn't own this house they'd have nothing in the world but five hundred dollars a year. George, I've decided to ask the girls out for a month next winter."

"If you do that," he hissed, "I'll spend every cent I've got on whisky; and I'll come home drunk every night. So help me George Washington!"

Henry's room was directly beneath the slates, and these had heated all day; so a smell of old wall paper lay heavy about his bed, conquering cigarette smoke. He sweated on the sheets and remembered, for comparison, the lower hold of the Caronia one night when the ventilators jammed. A passage from Captain Moulton's letter buzzed in his ears:

"Though I know you would hate leaving home so soon after getting back, I should be very glad to have you here with me; and there is a good job waiting, any time you want it—two thousand a year. I know you can handle it."

A wind crept through the tiny windows and stirred the circles of stagnant smoke into shapes like the languid jellyfish of that afternoon. Two thousand a year! He made ten a week at the bank—in winter. He had been making that ever since he was sixteen. If Robert Bunker died, sometime he would be promoted to twenty-five. Two thousand! It shouted itself. Henry got out of bed and walked round the floor.

"I do wish," muttered Mrs. Cooley, "that Henry would stop tramping! I can't get to sleep."

"I'll go up and stop him," said her husband.

"I wish you would. I don't like to speak to Mrs. Bayne about it. It hurts her so when she thinks ——"

"Ha!" Cooley snarled. "I'm glad something hurts her. I didn't think anything could."

He climbed the stairs and detected Henry's door by the margin of light. The smoke made him sneeze and the heat brought sweat through his pyjamas instantly. He was not surprised that Henry did not wear night clothes. It appeared pure reason.

He Admitted to Himself That Mrs. Bayne Had a Financial Grasp

"I'm sorry," said the guilty one. "I forgot you'd be in bed. . . . Could a fellow live in Detroit on a thousand a year?"

"A fellow could. Got another cigarette? . . . I suppose you look after the furnace winters?"

"Yes."

"And you're twenty-five years old?"

"Yes, sir," said Henry.

Mr. Cooley lit a cigarette and examined the shelf of books and the chair with one leg replaced by a wooden peg. After a while he turned an odd look of anger on Henry.

"When I was a kid my dad bought a colt. Well, he needed a plow horse pretty bad; so we broke in Hercules. I was plowing with him one day and a fellow drove by in a buggy and stopped. 'That's a good puller,' he said. 'So-so!' said dad. 'I'll buy him off you for two hundred dollars,' the man said. After dad got his breath he told me to unhitch Hercules. And that's the last I saw of him—except his pictures every time he smashed things up at Saratoga. . . . Well, good night!"

Henry was eating breakfast in the pantry when his mother came to him, smiling. Her white linen gown was fresh and her cheeks were very pink with the cool morning.

"I'm so glad I found you. Mrs. Fitch wants her bed moved to the other end of her room and the window doesn't work in Mrs. Pell's room."

"I'll fix them," he said.

"And don't forget about the bluefish for dinner."

"I won't forget."

"Don't, please! I'm going driving with Mrs. Cooley now. Oh, yes—tell Sarah she forgot Mrs. Pell's ice water last night. It's so nice," she added, "having you home again, dear. It was so hard last summer! What's that mark on your arm?"

"Just a bruise," he said, rolling his sleeve down.

His whole body ached. He had not slept and there was a sour suffocating taste in his throat. He wanted to yell:

"That's a scar! There were shells exploding all round my battery last summer. It was hot. Our canteens gave out. After I got hit my captain gave me the last swallow out of his. When we went forward we came on bodies smashed open, which were still alive and howled. It must have been hard—going riding with the boarders! You make me sick!"

Instead of this, he stood smiling before her pinkness until she strolled out. In the afternoon, as he had forgotten several things, his aunts consulted each other.

"It's really dreadful! I suppose being in the Army's made the poor boy careless," said one.

The other was more charitable: "Oh, he'll settle down again! And, of course, he doesn't realize how selfish his going was—I mean to us! He was carried away by the excitement. He'll get over being restless by and by."

From his post on the steps Mr. Cooley heard this and directed a wild blow at a moth. He missed the insect and hurt something in his shoulder, which twitched all the evening and woke him just at sunrise, when little sounds concentrate on the ear and a variety of noises maintain themselves importantly.

Thus, he was aware of coal being shifted on the steamboat that leaves the island every morning at half past six, and a cart on the cobblestones close to the pier. And he heard the whir—instantly checked—of an alarm clock in the room overhead. Then he followed the phases of Henry's dressing, which included the assumption of shoes with heels, not rubber soles, and the sudden sharp rap of a dropped collar button. Here Mr. Cooley sat up and swung his legs out of bed carefully. The fellow was putting on his best clothes before breakfast—long before breakfast—in time to catch the steamboat.

After a little while Cooley opened the door an inch and crouched there villainously. He had always longed to be a detective, and now he had the satisfaction of seeing Henry steal downstairs, suitcase in hand, and of watching him slide a note under Mrs. Bayne's door. There seemed no need of viewing the stealthy march of this recreant along Mayberry Street, but Mr. Cooley craned brazenly out of a window, grinning. Presently, as maidservants appeared to dust the rocking-chairs, the whistle sounded.

"Only think," said Mrs. Cooley, after the indescribable forenoon—"Henry's gone to Detroit! He says he'll send Mrs. Bayne a thousand dollars a year. But think of how hard it's going to be for her!"

"Oh, well," Cooley yawned; "all she's got to do is sit and rock. The water feeds them!"

A Net Saving

IN 1918 we bought a little more than one billion dollars' worth of War Savings and Thrift Stamps. It works out nine dollars and sixty-four cents a head for the whole country. Nebraska—a state little habituated to investing in engraved paper before the war—heads the list with an average of over twenty-one dollars a head. South Dakota, Iowa, Oregon and Kansas are near the top. Those five Western agricultural states bought a hundred and twelve million dollars' worth of War Savings and Thrift Stamps in the year. In some other states, which would fall in the same general class and which are no doubt just about as prosperous, the average for each person was only about half as high. It seems a reasonable assumption that the difference is largely due to greater energy or higher efficiency of the campaign in the first-named states.

That more than one billion dollars could be accumulated in a year by appealing for sums from twenty-five cents up to a hundred dollars or so would have struck any experienced financier as an absurd proposition before the war. But the whole War Savings and Thrift Stamp campaign—especially when the results are analyzed—suggests that the investment field in the United States is one that will respond to intensive cultivation in almost any degree. In a general way it shows that the money for saving and investment is here in great quantity if only the right methods of going after it are pursued. Mainly these War Savings and Thrift Stamp purchases are net saving; for the people who buy them are holding them.

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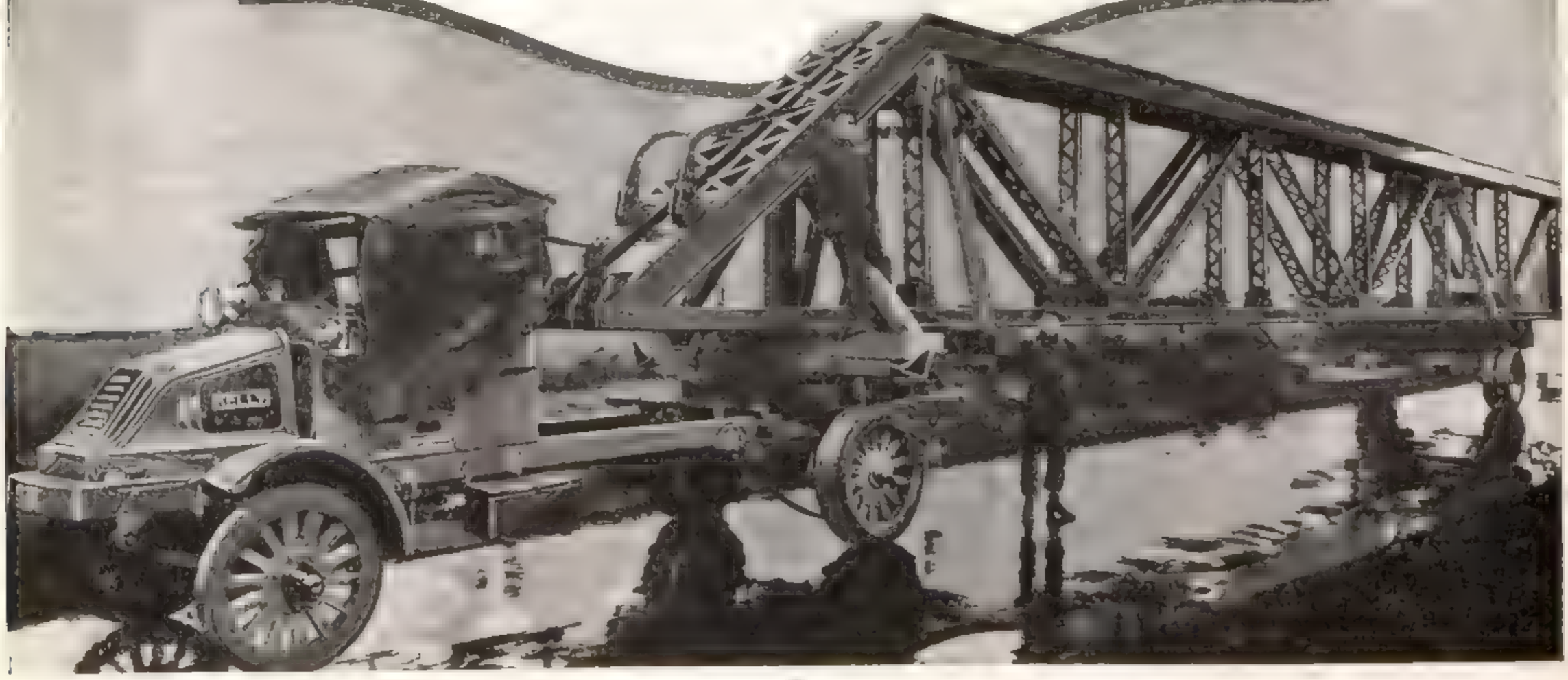

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NEW ORLEANS, LA.

BRED IN THE BONE

By Everett Rhodes Castle

"GUSSY! Come here once."

Gussy came languidly. She stood leaning against the jamb of the door leading from the kitchen into the Smolkin bedroom. One languid hand held the frayed edges of a one-time-violent-pink kimono loosely about her thin white shoulders, thin but with the exquisite grace and whiteness of sculptured youth. The other hand dug sluggishly into the depths of eyes still gummed with sleep.

"Yeh," she said again.

"What did I tell you about that cameo pin, huh? That pin what your father give me when we was married already?"

"Aw, momma——"

"How many times have I got to tell you that you should say something when you take it? How many times? Always you never think. Dancing till all hours ——"

"Aw, ma, listen, you ——"

"Never like when I was a girl, finding a nice steady boy what knows what he is doing when he comes to the house. A nice boy what don't think it is a disgrace to work with his hands in a good shop with a good foreman an' everything."

"But ——"

"But no! A dancer he must be. A tan-goer! He must always wear a white collar an' be out of a job, anyway twice a month regular. Just so he gets enough money so he can be a tan-goer every night till all hours. An' you should be there—you wearing the best brooch what papa gave me on our wedding day, an' white furs, an' white shoes. Pscht!"

Dull red touched the early-morning pallor of her daughter's face and flecked lightly the thin neck. A dull red of a story oft repeated.

"Aw, momma, ain't you ever going to understand? Ain't we ever goin' to have any peace? Always you talk—always. Always you talk about the fellas like I know." Conscious pride lifted the thin chin with its hollows of adolescence. "They're the classiest fellas that go to the Arcadia. An' just because—because you are so old-fashioned that a girl can't even have a little fun after working all day ——"

"Have a little fun! Classy!" The elder Smolkin bosom heaved in fleshy indignation. "Is it a little fun that you should be coming home like the milkman all the time? Is it? Is it classy that you should be holding up your nose at all the boys what work in the factory by your father an' go running round all the time with those cap-an'-cigarette loafers?"

With a weary shrug Gussy Smolkin turned away toward the kitchen and her bedroom on the other side. It was no use arguing with momma. She was always the same—old-fashioned! She sighed. All hours of the night! Why, the dance wasn't over until twelve, an' the Arcadia was two miles from Pine Street, an' two transfers—an' the cars was always late—an' the fellas was always kidding so. Harry Berkin was such a cut-up with his Charlie Chaplin walk.

The violent-pink kimono trailed dejectedly as its owner slowly poured coffee from the blue-enameled pot on the kitchen stove and carried it together with a huge dish of steaming oatmeal to the oilcloth-covered table near the window—a window that looked out upon a series of third-story vistas of uncertain beauty but of unmistakable smell and early-morning noises.

Listlessly she sipped the black beverage in the thick cup; with equal discouragement and bitterness she dug into the steaming mass of cereal before her. For ten months it had been the same old story. Dig, dig, dig! Why shouldn't she go round with the fellas that she liked? Why shouldn't she? Why should she have to stand for the fellas round Pine Street with finger nails filled with the grime of continual grease and twisted and blunted by unnumbered clashings of metal? Why couldn't momma understand that things had changed since she was a girl? After all, where she was a girl it was different, in the old country now.

"Gus-see!"

"Yeh, ma."

"It's getting late. You better hurry. Staying out half the night ain't helping you to get up ——"

"Aw-right."

She finished the porridge hastily and moistening the remaining piece of bread in the last of the coffee she rose. Within the bedroom Blanche, aged four, and Benny, aged two and a half, still slept, aspread in childish peace. Gussy frowned discontentedly. Why couldn't she have a room by herself? A room with curtains and low lights, like those the young girls had in the movies? Even Lily Goldman, who lived with two other girls in a Fourth Street boarding house, had a room with two candlesticks and little pink shades.

She looked at the tumbled bed with its chipped white enamel and its sagging spring, and sniffed. She made as much as Lily, who had the wooden candlesticks. She was seventeen. She was grown up. Why—why shouldn't she?

"Gus-see!"

"Aw, momma, shut up! Ain't I hurrying now?"

She slipped the kimono and tossed it into a sagging armchair.

A moment later with a grimace of defiance toward the kitchen door she opened a creaking closet and drew therefrom a certain green velvet skirt. Still grim about the thin red lips she opened the bottom drawer of the golden-oak bureau and removed a single waist of light-green Georgette. Patent-leather slippers which had been wrapped in an old skirt followed.

Quickly she assembled them over her slight person. Quickly she covered the white shoulders and features with an even whiter covering of powder.

"Gus-see, if you don't come this minute ——"

Gravely she debated. From the top of the closet she brought forth a pink knit tam, still debating. Then when the blue serge Norfolk jacket had hastily covered the thin Georgette-clad shoulders she decided. With calm fingers she reached for the treasured cameo and pinned it just above the top button of the green Georgette. With a tiny snuffle she patted it into place. Slowly she moved to the door. In the doorway she stopped. "Well?" she said defiantly.

Mother Smolkin deep in the steam and clatter of breakfast dishes let the water from the dripping cloth trickle to the floor over her ample apron as she stared.

"What, is this Sunday that you should be dressed this way?" Then as her eyes caught the gleam of the cameo amid the green: "An' my brooch from papa that I been talking about by the hour already! What good?" The cloth twisting in the large red hands of Mrs. Smolkin began to emit a steady stream instead of a trickle. "What good to talk anyway? Always you go an' do as you please. An' during the last month yet it is worse. Always you are dressing like it was Sunday an' staying out till all ——"

"Momma!"

The tone was fraught with command. Gussy advanced slowly, one hand clutched over the cameo brooch as if to protect it from the mother's smoldering eyes. Her very step was filled with dramatic decision. Portia faced Smolkin, mater.

"Listen!" she commanded. "I ain't going to stand it!"

"You ain't what?" with slow disbelief.

"Aw, momma"—the Portialike attitude seemed to break slowly before the horror that grew in the other's eyes—"I don't mean that either. I don't want to. Oh, momma, why is it you can't understand that the girls now is different? That they do things different than when you was a girl in the old country?"

"Girls is girls," said Mrs. Smolkin obstinately.

"But take like just now. What is wrong with me getting dressed up an' going to the Pine Street Stock Company's show with the girls? Why can't you see that they ain't nothing wrong with it—like you think, momma?"

"You ——"

"Can't a girl be good, momma, an' have a good time too? Can't she now, ma?"

"Sure, but ——"

"Who wants to go out with the other girls all dressed up, looking like a sticker from last year's bargain sales. An' it only costs thirty cents for a fine supper at that serve-self by the Orpheum on Capitol Street; an', momma, the roast-beef hash with pickle that you get, an' lettuce with egg —— Aw, momma!" Two blue serge arms went quickly round the heaving shoulders and ample neck of Mrs. Smolkin. "An' the show, ma, for twenty-five cents an' three cents war tax. The swellest plays! Aw, momma, you should be cross if I have a little innocent fun by the show after working like a nigger in that bargain basement all day!" She sniffled softly.

The harshness went out of Mrs. Smolkin's face. She capitulated. A yowl from the direction of the bedroom lately vacated by Gussy indicated the awakening of Master Benny Smolkin with a decided hunger.

"Hur-ree, Gussy! Hurry! Ain't it twenty minutes to eight already? Standing round here talking like you never had to go to work or nothing!" With a heavy pat of farewell forgiveness: "Like as if you was a duchess or something, huh? Pscht! Be in early though. No fooling round till all hours of ——"

But her daughter was through the doorway with the lightness of step of youth and victory. Mrs. Smolkin sighed, but not heavily. It was as if she had taken some beloved novice through another exercise in the ritual of life as it should be. Mother love and pride lit her face with even a brighter vermilion as she moved toward the yowl in the bedroom.

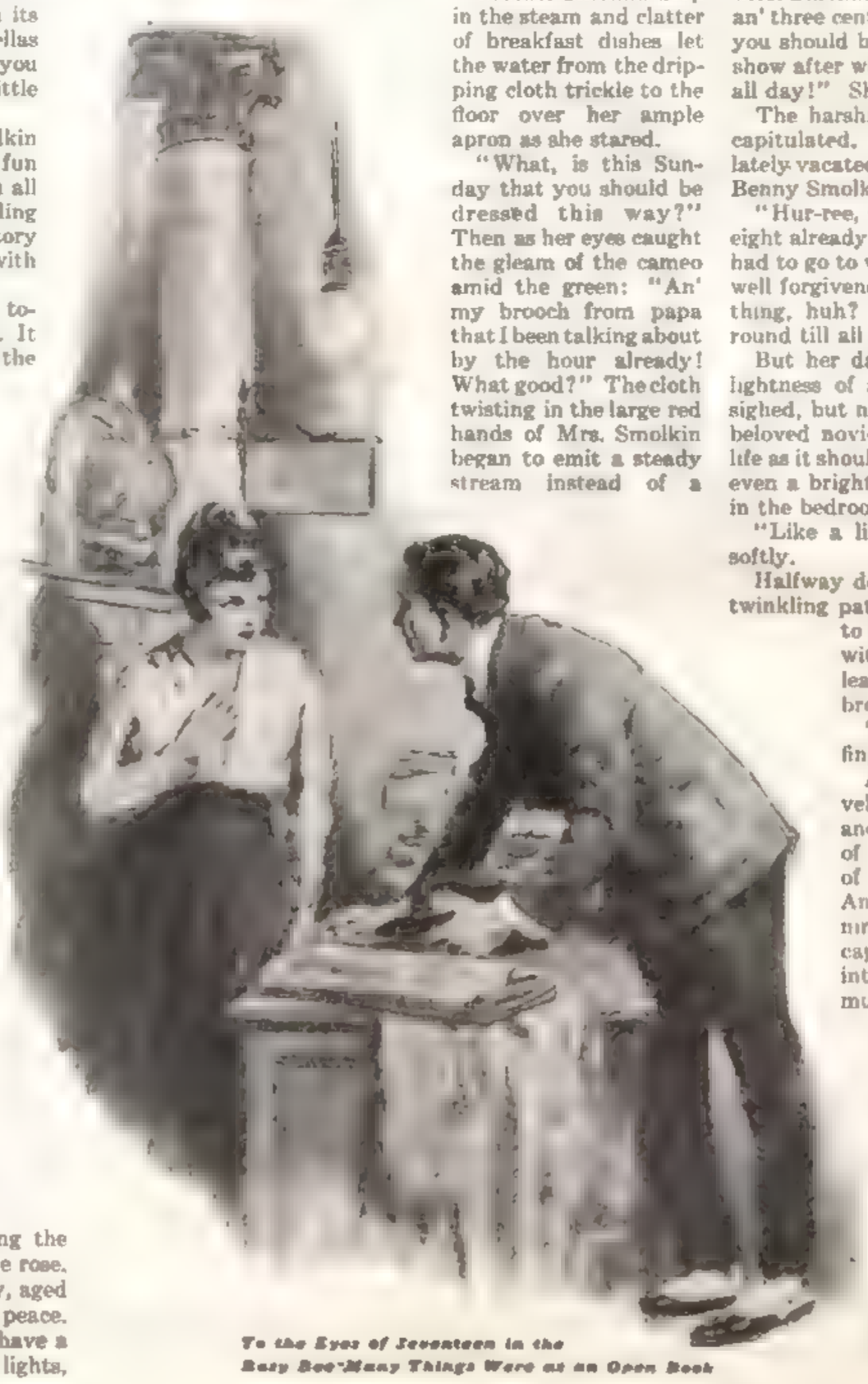
"Like a little duchess or something," she whispered softly.

Halfway down the hall the green velvet skirt and the twinkling patent leathers, only slightly cracked, stopped to pirouette in the sheer joy of being alive with a green velvet skirt and shining patent leathers, to say nothing of a certain cameo brooch.

"Like a duchess!" she cried gayly to the grim finger-marked hallway.

And neither Mrs. Smolkin nor the green velvet skirt with the twinkling patent leathers and the cameo brooch nestling at the open V of green Georgette dreamed that, at a quarter of eleven that very same evening in May, André Henry William Walsington Hartshorne, ninth Earl of Milburn, tenth Baron of Coldham, captain in the Royal Fusiliers, would look down into the dusky eyes of Miss Gussy Smolkin and murmur softly:

"Girlie, you sure are some little peaches an' cream!"



To the Eyes of Seventeen in the Busy Bee Many Things Were as an Open Book

II

THE Palace Theater occupied by the Pine Street Stock Company was not an edifice calculated to charm the eye and entrance the soul of tragedy. Originally its walls of dirty-gray brick had housed a church whose congregation had long since departed from that cluttered section of the city. Where the pulpit had been a dejected proscenium reared its smoke-begrimed head, and the specter of departed sermons had long fled before the heterogeneous whisperings of tragedy and the catcalls of

twisted comedy. In the rear, some fifteen feet above the floor level, where the mighty chorus of many an anthem had swelled to the vaulted roof, a balcony had been built—a balcony that had long since lost its sanctity in the fetid clinging odor of bodies that clustered and sweated. The long Gothic windows had been bricked in, except here and there where a bleary red light indicated the presence of an exit of rusted and uncertain strength.

The Palace had never been a success, financially speaking. Tragedy had followed comedy, and after varying periods vaudeville had followed burlesque. Perhaps it was the location, which starting as one of the older residential streets had rapidly developed into a Ghetto which rivaled in shrill callings and peculiar clinging odors its big sister in New York. For long periods dust and papers swept its ill-kept lobby, and equally ill-kept children played about its doors. On certain Sundays it was opened for traveling Yiddish Thespians who played to loud appreciative audiences—who never heard the swell of the long-departed organ or saw the grim specter of the pulpit that had been.

And then, some four weeks prior to that bright May morning on which Gussy Smolkin with vauge chromatic stirrings of spring within her thin Georgette-clad bosom pirouetted in a finger-marked hallway, the Pine Street Stock Company reopened the Palace for a spring season of stock. The girls in the Busy Bee Department Store Bargain Basement—at least the little group in the undermuslins—decided to attend the première in a body. The offering was The Lure of Chinatown, and at twenty-five cents the undermuslins had never been so thrilled in all their seventeen years.

And when, at the end of the fourth act, third scene, Jack Henderson, the poor but rising young fireman, broke into the Chinese opium den and, after sending four grinning yellow devils to their everlasting warm resting place, rescued the banker's beautiful daughter and clasped her firmly to his manly bosom the undermuslins voted to attend regularly every Saturday night. After the performance they chattered over the splendidness of it all while they sipped the tall fruit sodas as purveyed by Mike Corpulopis, whose glittering white-and-red sweet shop faced the Palace from across the way.

That is, everyone but Gussy Smolkin chattered. Through the lingering delights of a nectar soda she remained silent.

"Honest, wasn't it swell where she told that sneering thing with the little mustache that all the money in the world couldn't buy her love?"

"An' say, that little girl, wasn't she too sweet?"

"An' Jack Henderson ——"

Gussy's eyes closed, quietly forgetful of the chatter and the sippings. Jack Henderson! The pendulum of Gussy Smolkin's life swung on the long stride. In many things she was the possessor of wisdom years beyond the reach of average seventeen, in others she was curiously simple of heart. To the eyes of seventeen in the Busy Bee many things were as an open book—the eyes of a man, as smilingly he leaned over the counter; the eyes of the crowded street; the voice of some checkered-suited one as he whispered: "Goin' to let me take you home, girlie?"

All these things were simple, but things that did not reach so deep filled her with subtle longings. They were the things that went beyond her ken, beyond the ken of the undermuslins. Marmaduke Spriggs, the hero of a hundred films, was never really Marmaduke Spriggs, but a gorgeous sort of lay figure that weekly came clad in the spidery web of fast motor cars, white trousers, wonderful places where people sipped things under striped awning and gazed languidly out to sea. Each week it was different. Each week it was as real and earnest. Within the Smolkin breast each stirred vague feelings that she could not understand.

And then on that certain Saturday evening in April there stole into the heart of Gussy Smolkin a figure that was no longer a mere picture but a figure that was real. Jack Henderson was life—real, pulsing. On the program, a single sheet, his name was given as Hugh Livingston, but to Gussy this meant less than nothing. Why should it? So Gussy Smolkin stirred and stared—and wondered whether after all Harry Berkin and the Arcadia were the ultimate in life.

How André Henry William Walsington Hartshorne, ninth Earl of Milburn, tenth Baron of Coldham, captain in the Royal Fusiliers, would have snickered with glee over the softness of some women!

III

"TO EAT the lotus of the Nile and drink the poppies of Cathay" may be the romance of poets; to play a lute under the ivy-clad window of beautiful Agatha may be the favorite consumption of aged ladies who always wear foulard as a matter of breeding; but neither signifies. April and early May make no fine distinctions. You have it on the word of Bertha Meyer that Gussy Smolkin's great moment was like none of these.

It had been the most wonderful evening that ever sprang from a strip of yellow cardboard and three pennies war tax. In the third row a green Georgette waist pulsed with wild throbbings as the young Earl of Milburn strode toward the sneering figure that stood beside the cowering, crying girl. Grim determination was written in anything but Sanskrit on the face of His Noble Lordship.

"Unhand that lady!" he said crisply.

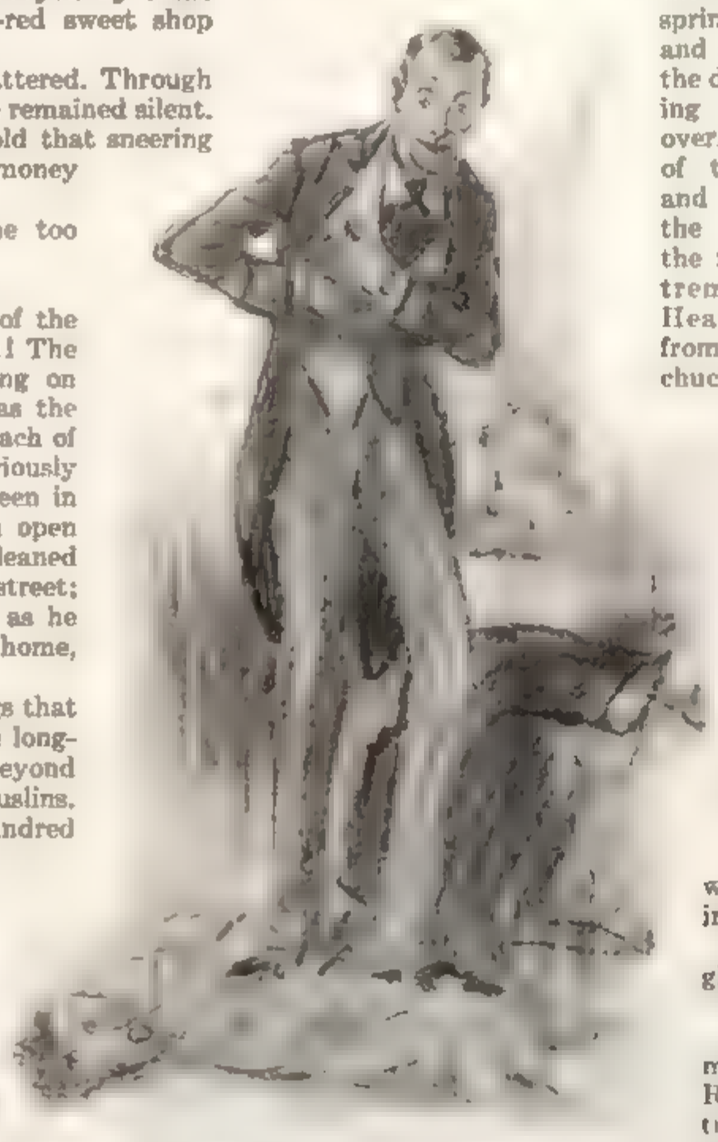
"Never!"

In the language of the ring, not totally unfamiliar to Gussy Smolkin, His Noble Lordship stepped in. Once! Twice! The noble right plowed into the sneering figure in the tan riding breeches. Why do they always wear riding breeches? Back staggered the figure which his lordship had but lately called a dastard, registering hate in no uncertain fashion. A flash of blue steel! A scream from the girl, who was continuing to shrink and cry. The blood seemed to leave Gussy Smolkin's heart. Gripping the moth-eaten plush of the seat ahead she stifled a scream.

A report! His Lordship of Milburn staggered and fell with easy grace to the ground. A great lump grew in Gussy Smolkin's throat. At her right Tillie Grausberg was twisting a shred of pink handkerchief and striving to appear at ease—a patent impossibility, to judge by the moist glisten in her eyes. A tense air of expectancy filled the polluted gloom.

With the same sneering laugh the dastard started slowly toward the girl. Crouching, she retreated. At the left a heavy woman sniffled outright and clutched with fleshy ring-strewn fingers the quivering arm of Gussy Smolkin resting lightly on the arm of the seat. And then the fat woman sighed wheezily and slumped back. The tenseness went out of the thin Georgette. Tillie Grausberg let the pink handkerchief drop unheeded to her lap.

His Lordship was rising, one aristocratic hand held gently to his noble head. Slowly his dazed mind grasped the situation; then with a spring, three graceful steps and a lunge he was upon the dastard. In one thrilling moment it was all over. In a huddled heap of tan riding breeches and shiny riding boots, the dastard lay. From the first violin came the trembling cadences of Hearts and Flowers; from the fleshy lady a chuckle of satisfaction.



The Smile Faded. His Lordship's Hand Flapped Wildly

Over the prostrate form His Lordship of Milburn stepped and came slowly toward the girl. Gently but aristocratically he held out his arms to her.

"Claudia!" he murmured.

"You're—you're not wounded?"

"A slight flesh wound—a mere nothing."

"O-oh, I am so glad!"

"Claudia!"

"No, no! You mustn't! You can't. Remember your station. Remember you are the rich Earl of Milburn while I am only poor little Claudia, the gamekeeper's daughter." Reluctantly she shrank away.

"No!" whispered His Lordship softly. "You are wrong, dear heart. I am not the Earl of Milburn, and you are not Claudia, the gamekeeper's daughter." The violin shivered with soft artistic tremblings. "No, Claudia, you are wrong. We—I—am just André Hartshorne; and you are just Claudia Harcourt. And—it is Maytime—springtime—love time."

A rose spotlight picked out the two figures clasped in the tender embrace of undying love. A rasping creak of curtain, and it was all over.

Out in the polluted gloom in the darkened atmosphere of outraged spring Gussy Smolkin closed her eyes and held them so tightly that the blood seemed to leave her head. The theater, now ablaze with yellow light, mumbled and scraped and scrooged into the narrow aisles. The orchestra came forth with a blistering march. The heavy woman on the left was struggling, almost vainly, with a vivid pink sweater.

Maytime—springtime—love time! The Arcadia and Harry Berkin's cleverness seemed very, very far away. It was different. Something deep within the thin-breasted figure stirred violently with the throbbing beauty of it. Rose light—love light! Still with eyes clenched Gussy Smolkin relaxed slowly. An immediate hubbub arose.

"Ach!" grunted the fat one as the silken sleeve slipped elusively away for the fifth time.

"My, wouldn't it be great to be loved like that?"

"Ain't he the classiest thing that ever breathed?"

"Howja like to be a gamekeeper's daughter, Bertha, huh?"

"Aw, I ain't "

"Bertha's got too much weight."

"Swell frien', you are!"

"Aw, can't you get wise to a joke?"

"Gosh, it's hot in here!"

"Hotter'n Dutch love."

"Look'd Gussy!"

"Gussy!"

"Whatsa matter, Gussy?"

"Regular languid lily."

"Ha, ha!"

Slowly Gussy opened her eyes, back to the world of undermuslins.

"You kids give me a pain!" she said inelegantly.

A little later over the foaming sodas in the shop of Mike Corpulopis she joined in the chatter of the undermuslins only in a faintly sneering, disinterested way. She was busy otherwise, comparing the beauty of that moment of the play with the scenes about her—a fat Greek and an Italian girl making open love behind a vermilion pillar; a stub-haired youth flirting over the top of a maple-nut sundae with the girl behind the fountain. Had Gussy the vocabulary she would have called it crude in the new light of things; instead they gave her a pain.

Out in the street the little group lingered. It was a decidedly warm night for May. Much of the noise so characteristic of the neighborhood had died with the descending sun. The Palace and its rickety electric sign were dark and the distorted Gothic of it stood out against a sky alight with spring.

They moved slowly toward the Pine Street transfer point, where their paths diverged. Gussy Smolkin, still with the dream in her heart, lingered behind the laughing sextet. Not far—a step or two. In the east the huge illuminated dial of the clock on the Busy Bee Store mocked her with the morrow. Discontentedly she dug the toes of the twinkling patent leathers into the dust of the crossing. She looked neither to right nor left. Ahead the clock loomed down. It was Maytime—springtime—love time; but there was no Earl of Milburn to take her tenderly into his arms and whisper softly that for her he was only André Hartshorne. Not that Gussy really analyzed the things that stirred within her. All that seemed to come to her as the laughter drifted back was the combined facts that the jeering clock, and the world in general, and the undermuslins, and the tumbled bed with little Benny and the sister, gave her a pain. She whispered it vehemently aloud, and almost sobbed.

"What's the matter, girlie?"

She turned quickly, eyes ablaze, a little red adder of a tongue sizzling with a red-hot sneering reproof for this cheap pick-up. But it did not materialize. Instead there dawned in her startled gaze the look of one who sees the bright light of visions. The acidulous words died stillborn on her tongue.

"Y-you!" she whispered; and then, realizing: "N-nothing."

His Lordship of Milburn laughed lightly. Times had been anything but prosperous of late, and His Lordship was wearing the street costume of Act Two, minus the twinkling monocle. After all a wardrobe is only a wardrobe. The soft blue light of spring, like the rose glow of footlights, dealt most kindly with the spots that here and there blotted out many checks in the coat and trousers. It took most of the fray from the cuffs and gave to the pearl derby the veneration due to carefully brushed old age. But the puff of His Lordship's cravat was jaunty and he swung the light bamboo cane with all the airy nonchalance which characterized a captain in the Royal Fusiliers. His Lordship's eyes were beady and set rather closer together than was ordinarily pleasant, but the damp wet curls which clustered about his ears were as artistic as may be. Gussy Smolkin noticed the cane and the glorious dark curls.

"So," said His Lordship lightly, as one long used to the white glare of public life, "you know me—eh, Peaches?"

To Harry Berkin she would have answered pertly, but the flippancy of the undermuslins seemed to have left her.

"Yes," she said simply.

A suppressed giggle from the group ahead, followed by a frank craning of necks, indicated that the group ahead had

(Concluded on Page 66)

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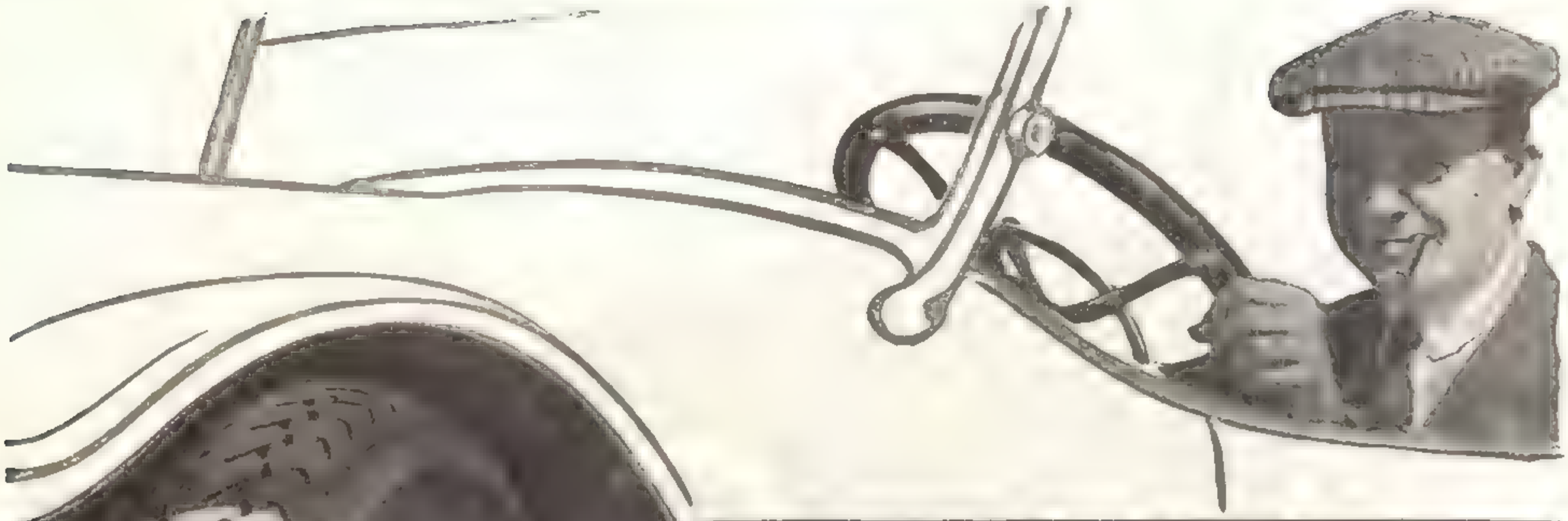

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THE BLOOM OF THE PEACH

By WILLIAM H. HAMBY

One Can't Help a Girl Hang Pictures and Rake a Yard and Not Discover She is Human

CLARK BENTON, "Counselor and Attorney at Law," tipped so far back in his chair that he hooked his toes under the edge of his desk to keep from going over backward. He locked his hands behind his head and slowly puffed at a corncob pipe, while his eyes contemplated a resinous knot in the yellowed pine ceiling of his dingy office. The lawyer had retrospective gray eyes, and thick bushy hair that seemed to be graying resentfully, and he looked as though he had fed well and dressed badly all his life.

Benton brought his eyes from the ceiling to his disreputable desk, which not only showed the scars of time but, like a bad boy's desk at school, bore many a mark of an absent-minded, sharp-bladed pocket knife. It was littered with papers, for Benton being by long odds the best lawyer in Cedar Hills was always a month or two behind with his work. But he yawned at the thought of work. It was April and the door of the dilapidated frame office stood open; the sun splashed across the sill and the south wind ruffled the iron-gray hair. On the lawyer's indolent yet forceful face there gathered a slow smile, a smile that spread and spread and deepened. In the midst of the clutter on that disreputable desk was an empty ink bottle into which was thrust a spray of radiant pink peach blossoms.

"I hope," thought the lawyer, the smile continuing, "that Dave comes in with his buggy this morning."

He drew up to the desk, and unlocking a drawer at his right reached for the paper he must finish first. To get it he removed a blue-steel, forty-four revolver. The gun had lain in that drawer for twenty years. For ten years it was cleaned and reloaded every six months. Then it lay undisturbed until a few months ago. Since then it had been oiled and reloaded every thirty days.

The thick, solid hand of the lawyer was feeling the handle, the hammer, the trigger, the cylinder of the gun—the paper forgotten—when a step entered the door. Benton deliberately closed the drawer, turned the key and faced his desk.

"Hello, Dave!" He did not look toward the caller, who had dropped into a chair.

"Hello, Mr. Benton!"

The young man was of the mountain type, strong and roughly fashioned. His body, his cheek bones, his nose, his forehead gave the impression of a fierce hunter, an aggressive fighter. But the eyes—Benton always had to smile when he looked into Dave Williams' eyes—shy, brown, affectionate eyes, that seemed always looking for butterfly wings, and wild flowers, and little insects that should not be stepped on.

"Dave"—the lawyer was making a fierce effort to seem busy—"I'm working myself to death. Sat up until two o'clock last night."

"Yes, you are," said the young man severely; "about like Bill Prock working out his road tax."

Benton laughed, dropped the bit of fooling, and turned toward the young man with an unconcealable look of man-affection in his gray eyes.

"How are the peach trees, Dave?"

"Never saw them look better."

"Blooming, aren't they?"

The young man nodded. "Chuck full."

The lawyer's gaze wandered to the door and out into the April sunlight and the warm spring day.

"I reckon, Dave," he said half apologetically, "if you brought your buggy along I'd better go out home with you and look over your prospect for a crop."

Just a flicker of an understanding grin crossed the young man's face as he got up. "I'll drive round, quick as I get my trading done."

As Benton's eyes watched the swinging stride of the young man down the street, he was seeing a little ragged tad of a boy, five years old, sitting with chin in hands down by the spring branch, an old, old look of grief in his face, an old, old loneliness in his little figure—the Dave he found that summer afternoon after burying his father. That was twenty years ago. The boy had grown up; but Benton's feelings for him had not.

He stirred and yawned, and looked guiltily toward the table. "Oh, darn work anyway!" But wouldn't he and Dave have a good time out in the blossoming orchard to-day!

And then he saw a brisk, aggressive man in gray spring suit, a man with a short mustache and a cane, coming straight across the street toward the office.

"Rogers!" He snorted the recognition to himself. "Oh, damn!" Then turning with angry petulance to the desk began fiercely searching for some papers. "I wish the Peach Belt Land and Orchard Company was in hell—and Rogers too!"

II

DAVE WILLIAMS bought his weekly supplies with dispatch, a pleasant anticipation in his subconsciousness hurrying him along. A day in the orchards with Clark Benton would be an experience that a fellow could think over for months.

To Dave the lawyer furnished that warmth of human fellowship which makes bad weather a jest and good weather a joy.

"Did you know," asked the hardware dealer as Williams started out, "that Rogers is in town?"

"No." Dave's thoughts came round with a quick turn. "When did he come?"

"Last night. He was inquiring about you this morning. Think he was looking for you now."

Dave went directly from the hardware store to the Elm House, where Rogers would be stopping. There was poorly concealed excitement in the young hillman's face and movements.

As he approached the hotel a young woman was on the porch, walking in the sun with a restlessness that implied she was caged there and only waiting for an automobile to carry her out. Dave looked at her with furtive interest. She wore a light, pale-green silk sweater. She was bare-headed, and the sun was very friendly to her hair. Her head was up with that little defiant gesture which from time immemorial the female of the species has used to announce that she is not at all pleased by her surroundings.

As Dave came upon the porch within the range of her disapproving vision, she took him in merely as a part of this wretched, unpainted country town dozing in the sun at the foot of rocky hills. Although the look was as impersonal as that cast at Hick's blacksmith shop across the street, it sent the young fellow's heart to bumping and his face to burning. He took off his hat embarrassedly, and feeling he must say something asked what he intended to ask of the hotel clerk: "Have you seen Mr. Rogers?"

"Yes." The young woman's words were crisp and her brows lifted superciliously. "I have seen Mr. Rogers a number of times."

Dave felt a bit of moisture at his temples. He was badly upset. "Is he in the hotel?"

"No," she replied. "I've been waiting here an hour for him. Do you live here?" she asked.

"No." He shook his head.

"You are lucky." She shrugged her shoulder and turned to resume her walk. "I'd rather almost be married than live in a town like this."

On the way down the street to look for Rogers, Dave began to grin. "Some people have to do both," he was thinking. And then he was angry. Why hadn't he thought to say that to her? He was always thinking of interesting things to say after it was too late.

Rogers was coming up the street and Dave stopped to wait for him. The natty silver-gray suit, the soft hat, the man-of-the-world air—everything about Rogers, except perhaps the cane, stirred in Williams a regretful sort of feeling of envy. Why had not he been that sort of man?

"Hello, Peach Tree." Rogers gave his hand a free and easy shake. "Been looking for you. Come on back to the hotel."

At sight of the girl on the porch, Rogers waved his cane in the air and sang out:

"Hello, there, Miss Peach Bloom!" He went up the porch steps two at a time and stood with bared head, shaking her hand a half minute.

"Sorry I didn't get to the train to meet you, but I was roaring down a rain barrel trying to wake that Rip Van Winkle of a lawyer up long enough to get those papers drawn. Had breakfast?"

"Had what they called breakfast." The girl shrugged. She had warmed slightly at Rogers' greeting; but she was not going to give up her grudge lightly.

"Picturesque, isn't it?" Rogers waved his cane as though with easy magic at the town and the hills.

"No it isn't—merely squalid," she replied decisively. "I've named it 'Dullness Dozing in the Sun.'"

"Clever, always," he laughed. "But this is the part man made. Wait until you see God's part." Then turning he again gave a little wave with his cane toward the young man standing embarrassedly by.

"Miss Sully," he spoke with a touch of flamboyance, "it gives me superlative pleasure to present to you the only genuine hill-billy in captivity—the genius of the Ozark Orchards—Peach Tree Dave."

The young woman glanced indifferently toward Williams, gave him a quarter of a nod, then turned to Rogers.

"When do we start?"

"At once," replied Rogers briskly. "I'll go right now and telephone for a car." He nodded to Dave to come in with him.

"I wanted to talk to you a few minutes," he said in a confidential tone as they entered the hall of the hotel. "I've been making inquiries about you."

Dave's heart again began kicking against his ribs as he remarked deprecatingly: "I suppose you didn't learn anything good about me."

"I learned"—Rogers' pale-blue eyes looked straight into Dave's face, and his forefinger touched his left shoulder—"that you were left as a boy on a rocky hillside that nobody would buy, and that you have not only educated yourself, but that you have developed the most wonderful eighty-acre orchard in the Ozarks, and that you know more about peaches than anybody in the Mississippi Valley."

"My," grinned Dave, hotly pleased nevertheless, "I wish I knew that much about myself."

"Now here!" Rogers' voice dropped a half tone and again the forefinger tapped the point of the shoulder. "You are going out with us to show your orchard. I want you to ride in the car with Miss Sully—and make her interested in peach trees. Get me?"

III

AS THE automobile bumped over the gullied road along the side of a hill covered with scrub oak, Miss Addison Sully felt a strong personal grievance against life and Lemuel Rogers. Life had been lavishly cruel to her. For twenty-four years it had given her so much more than she needed that it produced the nerves and restlessness of boredom; then suddenly it broke the monotony by flinging her out with a mere remnant of her fortune, to take care of herself or starve. And Lem Rogers had persuaded her to come out here to look at an investment!

She gave her head a little imperious, scornful flirt at the sparse hill country. Of the hill-billy beside her she thought not at all. He simply did not count. Miss Addison had known so many really interesting people who were not interesting, that even a man who had shot a spotted zebu in Africa, or sunk a U-boat single-handed, or organized a soviet, must present strong personal passports to her interest before she would take the trouble to unstop the flood gates of his reminiscence.

She leaned forward and touched Rogers, who was driving, on the shoulder.

"How much farther is it?" Her tone was accusing.

"How far is it, Dave?" Rogers passed the question back over his shoulder as a prompter to his silent charge.

"Not so very much farther," replied the hill-billy indefinitely. Dave had been doubly miserable. Mr. Rogers had wanted him to interest the girl in peach orchards; but his very desire to do so filled him with a self-consciousness that inhibited speech.

He had watched her out of the corner of his eyes though, was watching her now even as she seemed silently to accuse him of lengthening out the road to her discomfort. He had never met a girl like her. She was a remote, beautiful mystery to him, carrying, like the picture of a white sail slipping into port from foreign seas, a suggestion of strange beauty and adventure beyond his world.

"Do you like peaches?" He swallowed twice before he got it out.

"Yes, out of season," she replied with polite indifference.

In the agony of searching for another lead, he felt the sweat stand out on his temples and the palms of his hands.

"They don't get ripe out of season," he managed.

"In hothouses they do." Again the cool detachment. She was frowningly looking ahead to see if the road got rougher.

"I'd hate to see a peach tree in a hothouse," he remarked. "They are sort of wild trees. I don't think they would like the city at all."

She did not look round, but he knew she had heard that.

"You know," he continued in droll seriousness, "a peach tree never gets suspicious. Every time the sun shines right warm on it, it thinks the sun is in love with it and begins to bloom. Sometimes it gets frozen for being so friendly."

She was looking at him now, looking at him more curiously than at the killer of a spotted zebu. But he did not meet her look. Self-consciousness enveloped him again, and he leaned forward and spoke to Rogers:

"Take the right-hand road yonder, and stop by that big walnut tree at the corner of the field."

They got out by the tree, a high point on the hillside above the orchard.

Rogers smiled with keen satisfaction. This hill-billy knew a view. A stage setter could not have arranged the scene better.

The girl stood for a full minute looking down the south slope. Pink and white and deeper red—millions and millions of blossoms singingly vivid in the April sun; and with every puff of warm spring wind petals drifting down among the trees.

"Oh!" at last came from the girl. She stood with her fingers knitted together, her locked hands pressed against her breast, the healthy color of self-forgetfulness slowly suffusing her face.

Suddenly she turned to Rogers, a swift eagerness in her gray eyes that Dave never forgot.

"I'll take the stock. Let us go back to town and fix it up."

IV

ALL day long Clark Benton worked in his dingy office with ferocious concentration. Law books sprawled open on top of the desk, at his elbow, on chairs, and even on the floor by his feet. Legal forms and typewritten sheets were scattered round the base of the old typewriter like hickory leaves at the foot of a tree.

Sunlight on orchard and field and the dingy town went out, dusk came, and still he worked, pausing only long enough to reach up and turn the switch on the unshaded electric bulb over his head. He had missed lunch and forgotten supper. Thirty minutes after Rogers left the office that morning Benton had sent over to the railroad station, much to the operator's astonishment, a bunch of twenty telegrams. The replies had been coming in since eleven o'clock. He opened each one as it came with hopeful expectancy, but read it slowly with pursing lips and wrinkling brows.

He had leaned back from his work and lighted the corncob pipe, when Dave Williams walked in, pushed a law book sprawlingly off a chair and sat down with a mere "Hello!" His tone and movements had the casualness of the hills, yet there was something electric, almost explosive in the young man's reticence.

"It has happened!" Dave moistened his lips and his soft brown eyes were drunk with excitement.

Benton puffed two or three times to get his pipe going good before he replied. He knew quite well what had happened, but he wanted Dave to tell it.

"Which means, I suppose," remarked the lawyer between puffs, "that a limb on the seventh peach tree in the third row in the southwest corner of your orchard has ten more blossoms than you expected."

The young man laughed from sheer suppressed exuberance, a laugh that gave Benton a thrill such as he had not felt for twenty-two years.

"No." With all his carefully schooled reserve Dave could not keep back the rising flood of jubilation. "It's what you have always wanted me to do—something big!"

"How in the devil do you know what I've always wanted you to do?" The lawyer pursed his lips and shook his head.

"How do I know when it thunders?" The hill-billy smiled, but his brown eyes held the seriousness of a big emotion. "I know you have always thought I was fooling myself away here. When I went off to school you hoped I wouldn't come back. You wanted me to go off somewhere and do something big. You were all cut up when I did come back and started to work on that rocky hillside. You were just about plumb disgusted with me." The young man was grinning. "But you were too kind-hearted to say it. The neighbors all thought I was a fool for want of sense; but you thought I was only a fool for want of ambition."

A half guilty smile broke on the lawyer's face and deepened as he slowly puffed at his pipe.

"Mr. Benton"—the exultant exuberance of the last hour ran swiftly into an emotion that shook Dave's voice—"ever since that day you picked me up down there by the spring branch—funny how plain I can remember that, I was just a little shaver then—I told myself I was going to do something big some day, something that would make you proud of me."

He stopped and bit his lip fiercely. It was unmanly for a big, rough hill-billy's lip to quiver. And the lawyer hid his eyes behind a cloud of smoke.

"But I just couldn't go away, Mr. Benton. I'm used to this country and I sort of like it." Not for the world would the hill-billy have said the rest that was in his heart, but Benton said it for him to himself, and puffed the harder to screen his eyes with smoke. "It would have broken my heart not to be in the woods in October, and not to see the first May apple peep up in March, and not to walk among the peach trees when they bloom in April—and—and not to see you once in a while."

Dave cleared his throat and went on in a more matter-of-fact tone. "I know I have fooled away a lot of time experimenting with things; but anyway"—the exultant note rose in his voice again—"it has all come out right. Mr. Rogers has just made me manager of all the Peach Belt Land Company's orchards. I am to have two hundred dollars a month and a share of the profits.

"It's a big thing, Mr. Benton," he hastened, "an awfully big thing. They are going to buy ten thousand acres of peach land and plant over a million trees, and build canning factories and shipping stations and driers. Why, Mr. Benton," he finished in awe, "it is a million-dollar company, and I am to be sole manager of all their property."

Clark Benton smoked on for a moment, his eyes squinted at a two-year-old calendar on the wall, of a barefoot boy and a straw-hat girl sitting on a log, fishing. He would have given two years of his life if he could have jumped up and congratulated Dave. Failing to do that he could not even oppose him in this thing. He had known it was coming; that was the reason for all those telegrams—they were inquiries about Rogers. But not one of the replies damned him, yet not one of them guaranteed him. Benton had known Rogers' intentions for several months, and yet he had not been able to decide what to do about it. He feared for Dave should the venture go wrong. But if it was legitimate, it was a splendid opening for the boy. So he had vacillated, unable to make up his mind whether this offer was a great opportunity or a great catastrophe.

"You put in your orchard into this company, Dave?" Benton asked judicially.

"Yes; I got ten thousand dollars for it. Isn't that fine?"

"In cash or stock?"

"I took stock."

"Offer you cash?"

"Yes—well, not exactly. He asked me which I preferred—and of course I wanted the stock. But they would have paid cash. The company has plenty of cash."

"They have at least a hundred thousand dollars since two o'clock," remarked Benton. "Miss Sully took that much stock."

As the young man left the office Benton felt himself floundering in a slough of muddy depression. It was partly due to reaction from the tension of the long day's work without food, partly to a feeling that he had hurt Dave by the shadow of suspicion in his questions, but mostly to the memory of his own big chance—the time when the thrill of seeing the world before him had suddenly run into the ugly blackness of defeat, and not from any fault of his own.

Benton's right hand instinctively went out to the drawer in his desk and turned the key, and he sat fingering that sleeping revolver as he looked out through the still open door into the dark, until he shivered and closed the desk. The night had grown chilly.

V

MISS ADDISON SULLY paced the red-plush parlor of that country hotel in the deepest state of agitation she had ever known. Miss Sully had always prided herself on her impulses. Once on the way to a big reception she had a sudden impulse to become an artist, turned about, drove half across the city and enrolled in an art school.

Some of her impulses had turned out well and some not so well; but even the worst of them had been interesting to tell about. Yet here was a difference—a tremendous difference. When these impulses were merely steering her round the cafeteria of arts and sciences and social revolutions—for other people—if she made a bad choice she could leave it on her silver platter and go and try something else. But this putting her last one hundred thousand dollars into a venture she knew nothing about, merely because she had been moved by a field of peach blossoms—this was different. If it failed she would be absolutely bankrupt, and would have no way to live.

She stopped by the window and stood with clenched hands looking out at an April shower. The rain was splashing against the panes, the wind was rocking the limbs of old elm shade trees in the hotel yard. Why had she taken Lem Rogers' word for this? Why hadn't she consulted somebody, a lawyer or some man who knew business?

The shower was over. The little black cloud had scudded away, grumbling a time or two, and then vanished in clear spring air. The April sun was out, and Addison Sully rented a car and drove off over the rocky roads to Dave Williams' place. She wanted reassurance, and remembered the hill-billy whose orchard had caused her impulsive investment.

Dave was in the house on the side of the hill, packing his bedding and clothes in a big box, preparatory to moving to Cedar Hills to open an office for the Peach Belt Company. When he heard the car and looked out his heart began its acrobatics. He had scarcely dared hope ever to see the girl again.

"Good morning, Mr.—Mr. Peach Tree." She smiled and nodded winningly as he came to the gate. "I don't remember the rest of your name."

"Williams, Dave Williams." She was changed this morning. A sleepless night, in which she had lived through all the horrors of utter bankruptcy and unspeakable poverty, had done its work. They were chastened, almost beseeching eyes that looked to him for reassurance. She had come for comfort; and that it might count, she must believe this hill-billy knew his business. Dave felt that look, that personal realization that he was a human being, and it stirred him and lifted his self-confidence.

"I suppose you know I have become a stockholder in your company," she began. "Mr. Rogers told me you are to be superintendent or something and I wanted to talk it over with you."

"It is going to be a big thing." He had not intended to say that. But, excepting sex, there is no other appeal in a woman so strong as her wish for assurance and comfort.

(Continued on Page 53)

Two little houses that stood side by side

TWO little houses stood side by side, in a suburb outside New York City. And in each one of them a man and woman worked, and loved and dreamed their dreams of the future.

In the fifteen years that have gone by the two little houses have grown a bit gray and shabby. The man and woman who lived in one of them have moved on and up; they dwell in a spacious home, and his name is spoken with the names of men who are influential and accustomed to big things.

But in the other little house the other man and woman still dwell, and they too have grown a little grayer with the passing years; but the love has not gone out of the woman's eyes. Still she waits, and still she trusts, firm in the belief that some day her husband must win.

The tragedy of the man who lacks some one thing

Down town, where they know her husband, they have given up all idea that he will ever win one of the big prizes in business. "A good fellow," they say, "honest and hard-working; *but there's something lacking in him.*"

So they have let him work away the years of promise; until now he has come to the years when men no longer expect success.

He is one of the tragedies of the business world; and in that world there are no sadder words than these: "There's something lacking in him." Thousands of men who might have repaired the lack, if they had begun early enough, are condemned to small positions for life, because of it.

Analyze your assets. What do you lack?

Suppose today you analyze your assets. You know in a general way where you want to be in business ten years from now. You will need certain added knowledge to carry you there. The Alexander Hamilton Institute stands ready to help you gain that knowledge.

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Is it executive ability you need?

> "It is the most concise, instructive and clearly presented form of education that has been presented for the benefit of executives," *says Chas. E. Murnan, Vice President of the United Drug Company.*

Is it a knowledge of accountancy and business finance you need? Or of the principles of organization? Or of advertising and selling? Or of credits? Or of factory organization? Or of sales management?

Whatever the weak link in your chain of success may be, the tools for strengthening it are here, at your command.

The Alexander Hamilton Institute can help you

The Alexander Hamilton Institute has only one course; its business is to train men in the fundamentals that underlie all business; to take men who have reached their limit, and give them the sort of training that transcends ordinary limits, because the demand for men who have it always exceeds the supply.

85,000 men have enrolled with the Institute. There is one of these men in your own vicinity; ask him, if you choose, what the Modern Business Course and Service has meant in his progress.

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Business and educational authority of the highest standing is represented in the Advisory Council of the Alexander Hamilton Institute. This Advisory Council consists of:

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IF this advertisement reaches you, in your little house, with your wife and children about you; if you are a man in your twenties, thirties, or forties, thinking earnestly of the future, then the first step forward is easy.

The Institute has published a 112-page book entitled "Forging Ahead in Business." It is not a cheap book! It is not for the mere curiosity seeker; but to those who really seek to make the most of themselves it is free for the asking. Fill in the coupon and mail.

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This season's formal offering of EMERY Shirts, to men of discriminating taste in dress.

EMERY Shirt Week will be observed by haberdashers everywhere, May 8th to 15th, by special displays of EMERY Shirts.

Windows will bloom with the beauty of the new EMERY patterns; fine silks and other approved fabrics will forecast the luxury of summer shirt-comfort.

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EMERY Shirts are priced $2 up; $6 to $12 in silk. Look for Emery when you buy shirts.

W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Inc
Philadelphia

(Continued from Page 50)

"Oh, you think so?" There was quick relief in the tone.

"I know it." He nodded. "You see, there is no better peach land in America than this little strip of the Ozarks, and it costs ten and twenty dollars an acre, while most fruit land in other sections costs from a hundred to a thousand dollars an acre. That gives us a big advantage to start on.

"Most of the orchards in these hills have not made much money because they are seedlings—trees grown from the seeds," he explained, seeing the question in her eyes. "That means they may be very delicious in flavor, but in the orchard there will be no uniformity of size or quality, sometimes twenty varieties on one acre. This makes it almost impossible to market them. And then the frost kills the crop at least half the time.

"But with canning factories we'll use even the smallest seedling peaches, and by using judgment in locating the orchards we will miss most of the frost. We'll fight the rest with smudge pots. Most of our farmers have been unable, either through poverty or incredulity, to buy sprayers and smudge pots for their small orchards."

He stopped, confused by a sudden rush of self-consciousness. He had been talking a lot of stuff, farmer sort of stuff, to this girl to whom such things must be awfully boresome.

"Go on," she urged, "I'm very interested." And the eagerness of her gray eyes reassured him.

"They say," he continued, "there are two elements in every enterprise—capital and labor." She was watching him with increasing respect. Evidently there were books in that log cabin which he had not only read but thought about. "There is a third element more important to success than either, and that is brains. One man may work his head off and never succeed—millions do it. Another man may invest a million and lose it all—hundreds do it. It takes brains to make either capital or labor a profitable working force—brains to investigate, to organize. And there is still a fourth element second only in importance, a directing force, an ability of foremanship—boss-ship—leadership—whatever you call it, which can set men to work and put it through.

"Take Windy Jim Davis down there." Dave smilingly nodded toward a cabin and a cleared patch at the foot of the next hill. "Windy has worked fairly hard for twenty years, and never has made as much as four hundred dollars in one year. His wife inherited two thousand. That went too; and now his whole place isn't worth twelve hundred and fifty dollars. He has never so much as observed that a peach orchard in a valley almost invariably gets frosted. He has five acres of trees and does not get one crop in four.

"Now I'm going to give Jim a job at more wages than he ever earned in his life, and am going to take his patch of ground into the company and show him how to manage it, make him do it right.

"Then years from now," the young man grinned, "Windy Jim may be worth five thousand dollars—and if I happen to have two hundred thousand, he'll say it was his work that made it for me, and that I am no better than a thief for getting rich on other men's work."

She wanted to see the orchard again, and he lead the way down the rocky path to the corner of the eighty-acre field. There was a stile over the fence, and she stood on top of it and looked over the orchard. The tension and discontent of past years, even the worry of the past twenty-four hours, were swept from her face, and it filled with color and her eyes grew mistily eager, as though seeing more than the sea of blossoms.

"Wonderful!" Again she looked and breathed deeply as she stood transfigured. Then, scarcely conscious of what she did, she put out her hands to be helped down. Her absentmindedness—her eyes were still on the billowy pink and white—saved him from awkward embarrassment. He put up his hands and lifted her from the stile. His hands quivered from the touch of her, and for twenty steps he did not trust himself to speak.

What he told her of peach trees was of the most practical sort—how he budded and planted and cultivated them, and protected them from enemies in the soil and the air; and how he fought the frost. Yet somehow when she returned to the car and started back to town she discovered that she loved a peach tree above all other trees that bore blossoms and fruit. And she was aware she must have got that love from him.

At a bend of the road she glanced back at the double log cabin. He was still standing out by the gate, looking off down into the valley. She laughed with a returning touch of sophistication.

"A hill-billy by the river's brink is a hill-billy and nothing more—but I'm glad Rogers got him for superintendent. He's honest!"

VI

ONE day in June Clark Benton, returning from the post office with a bundle of letters and papers in his left hand, stopped in front of the most imposing office window in Cedar Hills and peered between the large lettering, "Peach Belt Land and Orchard Company," to see if Williams happened to be at his desk. He was, and the lawyer entered.

"How is it coming, Dave?" The lawyer, a trifle too heavy for warm weather, dropped into a chair and took out his handkerchief.

"Fine!" The young man wheeled round in the swivel chair and faced his old friend. "I've bought about seven thousand acres." Dave had been riding the county almost day and night for two months, with the greatest care selecting tracts adapted to peaches, and then arguing, cajoling, persuading the owners into selling. Most of them were keen to sell, for few of them were making any money on their rocky hill land, which was poorly adapted to farming. But most of them balked when it came down to the final transaction. The hill-man is inclined to talk about a thing this year and put off decisive action until year after next.

"Are many of them taking stock in the company instead of cash?"

"A good many," replied Dave. "I'm getting all of them I can to go in, for we will need to employ them and it will give them a personal interest.

"Of course," he laughed, "these hill farmers are naturally suspicious of any substantial proposition. Go to them with a pair of colored glasses guaranteed to cure bunions or a magic sliver of lead that, carried in the pocket, will prevent rheumatism, or a map of the New Jerusalem that you copied while in a trance, and they will shell out their last dollar. But a fruit sprayer, fertilizers, selling organizations, anything really valuable is sure to arouse their most damning suspicions."

Benton grinned.

"Windy Jim Davis was in yesterday. Says you are making a serious mistake. That if you had taken his advice two years ago and cut down your peach orchard you could have a bumper crop of oats on that hillside this year."

Dave laughed. "Windy will think I've made a more serious mistake than that when I put him to work.

"We have got out our booklet." He picked up a copy from his desk and handed it to Benton. The pamphlet was gorgeously printed, with a peach tree on its cover, a tree whose limbs were bending to the ground with large luscious peaches.

That slow smile, forerunner of some humorous thought, gathered on the lawyer's face.

"A peach tree photographs well, doesn't it? I think the best agricultural display I ever saw was from a county where there were only twenty acres under cultivation—they produced plenty for the county fair though."

Benton had turned the first page and began to read:

"A TREE FOR A DOLLAR

"A MILLION DOLLARS—A MILLION TREES!

"Wouldn't you give a dollar for a peach tree—if someone would take care of it for you and give you the fruit every year? The peaches from one tree in our orchard sold for $13.40 last year. Pretty good interest on a $1.00 investment, isn't it?

"We are selling 1,000,000 shares of stock at $1.00 a share. We own 10,000 acres of choice fruit land, and are planting 1,000,000 trees—a tree back of every dollar—and the land back of the trees. Not to mention the canning factories, driers and shipping stations, and other improvements."

Benton's smile slowly changed to wrinkles between his eyes, and his lips puckered as for a whistle. He turned the pages, looking at the illustrations—gorgeous pictures of orchards in bloom, most of them different views of Dave's orchard, and of rows of peach trees laden with ripe fruit.

Parfum
Mary Garden
the fragrance of rare flowers,
delicate and exclusive,
blended in the
COLD CREAM
and
FACE POWDER
PARIS PARIS
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Planters
PENNANT BRAND PEANUTS

Just as Good As They Look

These big golden peanuts, so temptingly good to look at, have a distinctive quality of crispness and flavor seldom found in peanuts. They are free from skins, properly salted, and roasted WHOLE by a special process that retains all the original flavor.

At meals and between meals, Pennant Peanuts are delicious and satisfying. Buy them fresh and clean in the 5c GLASSINE bag with the red pennant on it, or in the handy home packages—10-oz. jar, 50c; 6-oz. jar, 35c; 1-lb. tin, 75c

PLANTERS
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Dealers: If you are unable to obtain Pennant Peanuts [illegible] and we will tell you how to obtain them promptly

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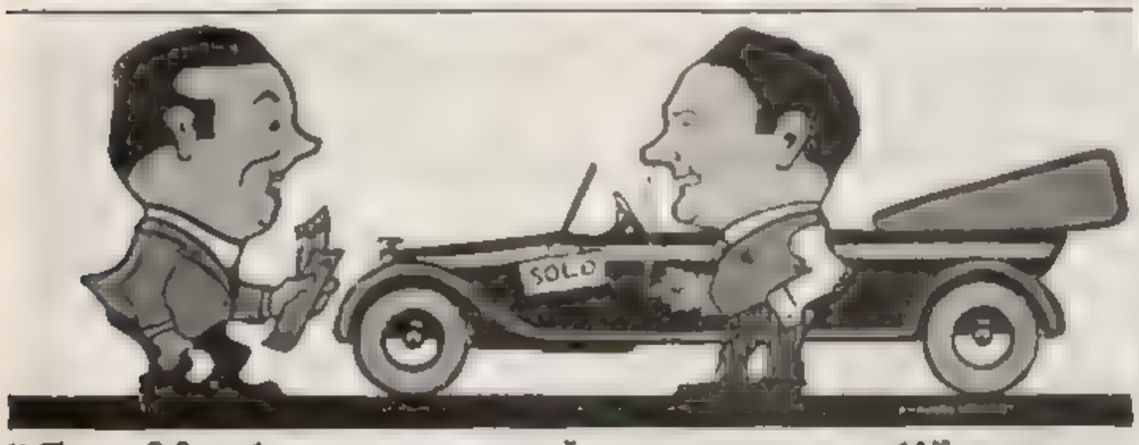

"Got fifty bones more'n I ever expected!"
"Sure, I told you Effecto would make 'em offer more!"

That's the same experience you'll have, if you want to sell your car, and first use one of the snappy Effecto *Enamel* colors. But after you give it the "once over" with Effecto, you probably won't want to sell it. The old bus will look *good!*

Effecto is the genuine, *original* auto *enamel;* quick-drying, easy-working and self-leveling—*not* a wax, polish or paint. It will give your car a tough, high luster finish that will outwear the finish on most new cars.

Made in seven *enamel* colors, Finishing (clear varnish) and Top & Seat Dressing. Effecto Top & Seat Dressing waterproofs and renews mohair, and all kinds of tops, seats and upholstery. Dries in fifteen minutes.

Keep a can of Effecto Black Enamel in the garage at all times. Bumped fenders, scratches and rust spots, as soon as they appear, can be quickly touched up in the evening and in the morning you can drive the car right out.

Effecto AUTO FINISHES

Whether you use Effecto for touching up or for enameling the whole car, you will be proud of the job.

Effecto is being widely used by far-sighted car owners, auto painters, corporations and municipalities, who realize the advantage of a *long-lasting, lustrous* auto finish which can be applied at a minimum expense of time and labor.

Try it—get a can today. And be sure it's *Pratt & Lambert Effecto.*

Sold by paint, hardware and automobile accessory dealers everywhere.

Send for Color Card and Name of Local Dealer.

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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

He did whistle as he closed the pamphlet and shook his head admiringly.

"It looks good."

"It is good," Dave said warmly. "We are going to have the biggest peach orchards in America."

"I mean the pictures," added Benton, wrinkling his brow again. "Ever see that picture of the state capitol in Windy Jim's 'settin' room'? Windy was janitor up there one winter and slept in the basement. He refers casually to the picture as 'The place where I used to live before I come down here.'"

"I'm right fond of pictures"—he leaned over and laid the Peach Belt booklet on Dave's desk—"but usually those in prospectuses are more expensive than the Old Masters."

Dave laughed, and a good-humored grin came to the lawyer's face.

"That is all right, Benton; but we are going to grow up to these pictures. No picture was ever made that can beat a live peach tree in operation."

"Dave"—Benton was again serious and his eyes were squinted speculatively as he looked out of the window—"has Rogers given you a free hand and actual money for starting operations?"

"Yes," Dave nodded promptly. "He put forty thousand dollars in the bank to my credit—and I check without even his O. K. More is to come as I need it."

Benton reached over and picked up the pamphlet again and looked at the cover.

THE PEACH BELT LAND AND ORCHARD CO.
L. M. ROGERS, President,
New York City.

DAVE WILLIAMS, Supt. of Orchards,
CEDAR HILL, MO.

He laid the prospectus down, shook his head as though puzzled, and got up and went on down the street to his office.

One day in January Clark Benton, returning to his office from lunch, stood on the wooden step in front of the door and looked off toward the gray skyline. Smoke rose from five hillsides; men were clearing land for the Peach Belt Company.

All summer and fall and winter Benton had watched Dave with a swelling pride that almost burst the bands of reticence. In nine months the boy had become the most important man in the county. He had money to spend and jobs to give. Nothing damns a bad man quicker or develops a good man faster than authority. Dave's tact and patience, vim and firmness, were constant wonders even to his old friend. And knowing, as the lawyer did, the natives' timidity in coming into actual contact with hard labor to-day instead of next week, the results being achieved by Dave Williams seemed to him a miracle.

Benton turned into his office with a warm, proud smile. Nothing is more glorious than to watch a high-spirited young man, with all his heart and soul in the race, riding straight and hard for a big success.

And nothing—the smile left his face livid and gray as he took the chair at his desk—is more terrible if you love him than to see him fall. Benton had known that feeling, that thrill of power and achievement; of men under him, of work done, of difficulties removed—all the hot glow of the great goal ahead; and then the fall and life's bitter bankruptcy!

And he had let Dave go into it—let him go on believing with all his heart that this was his great life opportunity. And yet what could he do? For the life of him he could not say whether Rogers meant the boy good or ill. Yet always when he sat alone smoking, suspicion, chill and bitter, crept up and got hold of him. Almost unconsciously his right hand had opened the drawer and the fingers touched the handle of the revolver.

And yet so far he had not found a flaw in Rogers' scheme, not a flaw in his management of the company.

One afternoon in February Windy Jim Davis strolled into Benton's office, took a chair and deposited his broad-brimmed white hat on the floor with a little circular fling. Ever since Windy Jim had been janitor that winter at the state legislature, he had worn a drooping mustache like a representative from St. Louis.

"I just dropped in, Mr. Benton"—Windy pulled the left side of the mustache—"to have a little talk with you."

Benton lighted his pipe, just a flicker of amusement on the offside of his face.

"Say on, Noble Roman."

"I think somebody ought to talk to Dave."

"Yes?"

Windy pulled the right side of the mustache.

"He's got the big head."

"So?"

"Yep, got it bad, and it is going to get him into trouble. He won't take the advice of us older heads. Why, Mr. Benton, I was raising peaches before he was born, and yet he thinks he can tell me ——"

"You mean you were raising peach trees, don't you, Windy?" corrected Benton slyly.

"Yes, sir, I had a whole orchard of healthy peach trees when his pap died just about the same as a pauper."

Benton frowned.

"Just what is the trouble, Windy—you haven't had to do a full day's work, have you?"

"It's just this," Windy pressed on: "He's wastin' money right and left. He's bought up ten thousand acres, and is clearing that that ain't already cleared, and going to plant it all in peach trees. Now you know and I know there ain't no money in peaches. I've tried that out thoroughly. If he'd plant in peanuts—I've heard my pap say they used to make lots of money in North Carolina raising peanuts."

Benton laughed.

"Of course it is none of my business," Windy said, affronted, "only he's going to get in trouble, sure as the world: He's already spent over two hundred thousand dollars; and he's talked a lot of these farmer suckers into swapping their farms for stock in the company. Now one of these days this thing's going to bust, and Mister Williams will find himself in bad, and don't you forget it.

"As I was saying to Mr. Rogers yesterday, Dave means well, but he lacks judgment and he won't take advice."

Benton turned squarely on Windy Jim, a look in his face that stopped him short.

"You said to Rogers? Do you mean you were complaining to Rogers about your boss? Windy, you aren't worth fifty cents a day, never were. Dave has given you the best job you ever had—he's made twice the money for you that you could ever make; and yet you run round blatting about him.

"A fool like you ought to starve to death. Get out, I'm busy."

ONE day early in the spring, two years after the organization of the Peach Belt Company, Dave drove up to Benton's office with a livery team of ratty bays and a buggy with the top back.

"Come, get in," he called, waving the whip in the air; "the dogwood is in bloom."

The lawyer needed no urging.

"Where is your machine?" he asked as he climbed into the seat which showed the horse hair stuffing through the worn leather.

"Locked up," grinned Dave. "I brought Hensley's plugs to give you an excuse for staying out longer. No matter where we go, it will take them all day to get there and back."

They jogged along the valley road which skirted the foot of the hill, talking little. The spring day was deliciously warm. The dogwood was in bloom, and the red buds stood out brilliant among the bare brown trees on the hillside above the creek. The wind had the smell of the green grass and warming earth.

Clark Benton relaxed as he had not for two years. Although apparently as indolent and careless as ever, the lawyer had fairly been on the ragged edge from the tension of the past two years. All the time he had felt, without being able to obtain the slightest proof, that while Dave was creating with all the tremendous energy of intelligent enthusiasm and love these orchards of beauty and wealth on these hillsides, somewhere back East Rogers plotted to wreck it all for his own profit.

The road wound its way up the side of the hill to a high open point to where the county lay spread out before them like a deeply fluted and gorgeously variegated fan. Dave stopped the bays and sat idly tapping the front wheel with the whip.

"Is that your big orchard down there, Dave?" Benton pointed to a long, wide strip of cleared land on the north side of the hill.

"Yes," answered Dave, sitting up straight; "that is our largest field—eleven

(Continued on Page 57)

Hires

Come have some Hires

HIRES—the really satisfying beverage. It cools parched palates farthest south. It has snap and sparkle and goodness of taste. Nothing in Hires to create an unnatural craving—nothing to unduly stimulate.

When you step up to the fountain be sure you say "Hires." For, when you get Hires, it's brimming-over with the purity and exhilaration of the woods whence many of its ingredients came. But, be sure. If you simply say "Rootbeer" you may be served some artificially flavored drink. You must say "Hires" to get Hires.

Juices of sarsaparilla, birch bark, ginger, juniper berries. Don't these names fairly savor of fresh, woodsy tang? And pure cane sugar. There are seventeen reasons why you will find Hires good—the sixteen natural ingredients—and the seventeenth is the delightful combination they make—yet you pay no more than for an artificially flavored substitute.

We zealously guard the purity and blended goodness of Hires. Otherwise it wouldn't be Hires. Hires is natural—pure.

Served at the best soda fountains. Whether in stone mug, glass or paper cup—equally refreshing. Hires is also carbonated by licensed bottlers. For sale in bottles so you can have Hires at home.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Hires contains juices of sixteen roots, barks, herbs and berries

"Remember the Horse-Shoe Tread"

You know he knows tires

RACINE HORSE-SHOE TIRES

RACINE AUTO TIRE COMPANY, RACINE, WISCONSIN

(Continued from Page 54)

hundred acres all in one peach orchard. And in it is the finest body of peach land in the Mississippi Valley. A hundred and ten thousand peach trees. Won't that be a sight when they are all in bloom!"

"Trees doing well?"

"Never saw any finer. The orchard is a year old now. It will be bearing in two more years.

"Over yonder is our next largest orchard." Dave pointed out their other tracts, cleared and set to trees. "You can see seven thousand acres of our orchards from here. I'm going to keep our men working the year round. When they are not busy in the orchards we will be building rock roads to connect each orchard up with the shipping stations and canning factories.

"I'm going to make peach-picking time the one big holiday of the Ozarks. We'll pitch tents beside the orchards; and at a central place I'll have a band to play every night; and a motion-picture show right out in a big grove with the canvas stretched between the trees, and free lemonade and ice cream every night to every picker.

"You know," he finished with an affectionate grin, "the most lamentable thing from the tax-gatherers' standpoint, but the most lovable thing from a human standpoint, about a hill-billy is that he'd rather work for fun than money."

Benton laughed. "I know it. It is the boy in them, the boy that never grows up. And what boy had not rather have a Saturday afternoon off, a good jackknife and a hatful of stolen peaches, than stock in a bank? Still," he mused, "we need the stock in the bank. How is the Peach Belt Company's money holding out, Dave?"

Benton saw now, what he had seen before, fleeting shadows, deepening lines in his young friend's face, lines that money worry brings.

"You see," Dave explained a little reluctantly—he had felt his old friend's distrust of the company and had never discussed its affairs with him—"the company is incorporated for one million dollars, a million shares of stock, par value one dollar. We have sold stock just as we needed money to carry on the work, and left the rest in the treasury. We have spent about three hundred and fifty thousand dollars so far; and I believe I can carry the orchards in fine shape until they are bearing profitably for another hundred and fifty thousand dollars. So we won't need to sell that last five hundred thousand shares and can distribute it to the stockholders. I know this company can be made to pay ten per cent even on a million dollars. It is going to be a big thing! Big! I hope before the orchards are bearing that I can get at least twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of the stock."

"Dave"—Benton put his hand on the young man's arm—"promise me not to put another dollar into this company until I consent."

Williams turned and looked at his old friend searchingly a moment.

"All right, Benton; but don't be a Doubting Thomas. Stock is selling a little slow now, and we've had to borrow some money; but we are bound to succeed!" Yet as Dave turned the ratty bays about to drive down the hill, a momentary depression crossed his face. "I reckon if this thing did blow up I'd be right unpopular."

"Yes." The old lawyer's eyes squinted judicially. "So unpopular that your life would not be worth three cents on the dollar. You'd have to go out between two suns, and go quick."

VIII

ADDISON SULLY had discovered, since the impulsive investment of practically all her fortune in peach trees, that impatience does not hurry Nature. It takes time for peaches to grow, and as the only returns on her investment at present was watching them grow, she came to Cedar Hills for the summer, and in the watching lost her impatience. Dave Williams had fitted up a picturesque little three-room bungalow for her on a hill two miles from Cedar Hills, overlooking the orchards, where she and a young woman kept house.

"We've simply got to live on a thousand dollars," Miss Addison had declared, for the friend was even nearer broke than she. And after five months of watching spring, summer and early autumn in the hills, five months of simple food and easy clothes, of reading and hammocks, of showers and clear skies and still nights, they had both forgotten to be in a hurry for anything, forgotten they had nerves and a grudge against life.

"And you know," exclaimed the friend who acted as treasurer, "we both of us have spent in five months—just $436.20!"

Miss Addison was smiling over that on a clear morning early in September as she let the lazy old gray pick his way along the county road toward Dave Williams' orchard. For some reason that she did not explain even to herself, she had not told the friend where she was going or invited her to come along.

Dave Williams was sitting on the stile above the orchard, a magazine across his knees, when the click of her buggy made him look up toward the road.

"Take it through all the season, there is nothing more beautiful than a peach tree." She was sitting on the stile beside him, before them the long rows of peach trees, their green limbs bending until here and there they touched the ground with their argosy of ripening fruit.

"No." He still held the magazine open on his knees, his elbows on the pages. "There isn't. Ever since I can remember, spring has meant to me the first day that I saw among the bare red limbs of the orchard peach blossoms. And I remember school," he smiled, "as that time after four o'clock when peaches were ripe."

His eyes turned from the red and yellow of ripening fruit to her. To him there was still something in her of remoteness and mystery, and yet there had come a difference. He had helped her in the arrangement of her cabin; had seen her in blouse and apron, seen her in the kitchen and in the yard, and talked to her as one worker to another. She still might be very superior, far removed from him; and yet one can't help a girl hang pictures and rake a yard and not discover she is human.

If he should put this Peach Company through and make a hundred thousand dollars—Dave's heart was pounding so hard he feared it would give his daring thoughts away, and he looked back at the orchard and over the orchard to the sweep of hills and valleys so gloriously still under the soft September sun.

Indeed there was more change in Addison Sully than even Dave saw. The fragments of arts and sciences she had gathered, the boredom of shattered society nerves, the distaste for life as she had known it, had somehow all run together and dropped off as a mere background for the spring water, the ripe berries, the orchards, the daily tasks and the deep sleep of these hills. Sometimes she realized with a little burst of the old impatience that she was not achieving, was not doing anything for the world, merely living along and enjoying it. But to be enjoying it, wasn't that more than she had done before?

Dave brought his eyes back again to her. She was bareheaded, the sun on her hair and the wind stirring it; and there was a far-off smile playing round her mouth, soft and alluring as the haze along the far horizon. His heart beat more tumultuously than ever; he wanted to touch her hand, her hair, her lips. His heart fairly ached with the nearness of her.

"What have you been reading?" she asked, her eyes coming back to the magazine on his knees.

He blushed a deep red; his face and neck fairly burned. There was no reason for it; no reason at all except what he read he had connected with her.

"It must be very naughty." She laughed and reached down and took the magazine from under his elbows. It was a poem. She read it to herself, changing color as she read. Her breath came faster and her heart, too, was beating.

"Read it." She handed it back to him. "It is lovely. I want to hear you read it aloud."

He did, and in the last stanza put an unconscious fervor that deepened the color in her face:

"We have molded for ourselves telegraphs and tunnels,
Builded bridge and barrack room, derrick, dock and gun;
But for love of women we have builded little houses,
Pleasant in the shadows and peaceful in the sun.
All the wide world over there are little houses,
Silent in the starlight, shining in the dew.
There with children's laughter and the loving hearts of women
God, the mighty Builder, builds the world anew."

The pattern of good candy

The quaint wooden frame in which the old-time sampler was usually embroidered held the canvas of the needleworker's art. Some samplers, started early in life and added to from year to year, expressed a whole lifetime of artistic effort.

Whitman's Sampler—"started in 1842"—sums up the three quarters of a century we have devoted to the art of making candy and making it *good*.

Each of the sweets in the Sampler tells, in its own original and delightful way, why Whitman's candies are famous throughout a whole continent. Selections from ten of our most favored packages are contained in the Sampler.

Sold all over the United States by Whitman agents—usually the better drug stores. Every package guaranteed by the agent and by us.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.
Makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

Welch's

"THE NATIONAL DRINK"

One of the joys of "home again." A real, honest-to-goodness American drink that has life and healthfulness in it. A purple-cool draught at the fountain. A refreshing glass at the club or on the shaded veranda at home.

Welch's has been an American institution for 50 years. The Welch flag of quality has never been struck. Just the pure juice of Welch premium Concords—that is Welch's now and always.

Welch's Grapelade

This is the pure grape spread that the boys in France liked so well. We sent it over by the million tins. Now you can get it here at home. In 15 ounce glass jars, 35c; in 25 ounce enamel-lined tins, 50c.

Ask the Fountain Man for a Grapelade Sundae

The Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, NY

If the weather's cool, you'll find just the right degree of warmth in a No-wate.

If it rains, the No-wate protects you—showerproof. When you don't need it, the No-wate folds neatly into a compact envelope—handy for travelling or motoring.

Stylish and convenient—the most useful Overcoat you ever owned.

PRODUCT OF THE DAYLIGHT SHOPS

Look for the "R & W" label—it's your protection. It will pay you.

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Makers of good summer clothing, trousers, overcoats, raincoats, fancy and dress waistcoats, smoking jackets, bathrobes, golf and automobile apparel

Rosenwald & Weil

Clothing Specialties

CHICAGO

Neither spoke for some minutes after he finished. The west wind brought the incense of the ripening fruit, and the bees droned in the orchard, and the September sun lay on the wide rough hills.

"I must go." She got up and stood on the top step of the stile a moment. "Oh, by the way," she suddenly remembered, "the operator at the station asked me to bring a telegram out to you. I was about to forget it. I think I left it behind the cushion in the buggy."

IX

SUSPICION once uncorked is as pervasive as the smell of carbolic acid in a hospital. Few things are harder to conceal than being hard up.

The word had leaked out during the summer that the Peach Belt Company was short of funds and borrowing. In August a well-founded rumor spread that the bank had refused further credit, and other rumors not requiring foundation speedily went the rounds that the men would not be paid in September and that the company was going into the hands of a receiver.

Sunday morning Clark Benton had gone down to his office to browse through his mail and have a quiet smoke while deciding what to do with so woodsy an autumn day. Two hill farmers stopped in front of the door, hesitated, and then sloughed in with a sort of belligerent reluctance. The lawyer knew them, as he did everybody in that country, and he saw something ugly was brewing in their dark narrow minds.

"Mr. Benton"—the spokesman was a big fellow with big hands, a hairy neck and an ugly jaw—"we understand you are a friend to Dave Williams."

Benton nodded between puffs and looked at him through searchingly squinted eyes.

"I reckon," blurted the hill farmer, "you better do some talking to him purty fast. He got a lot of us, about fourteen all together, to go into this shebang; talked us into it with big promises of all it was going to do. We was to be let live on our places for five years, and have work whenever we wanted it. And we was fools enough to listen to him and deed over our land and take stock in the company. Now they say she's goin' busted and the stock won't be worth two whoops in hell."

"You have lived on your places?" Benton spoke with cool deliberation.

"Yes, but ——"

"And you have had work?"

"Of course we have so far."

"And"—Benton took the pipe from his mouth and turned on them—"if the company should fail, don't you know Dave Williams will lose more than a half dozen of you put together?"

Both hillmen gave an ugly, suspicious sneer.

"We know how fellows like that lose. They get a rake-off all right somewhere. But what we come to say was this: If you are a friend to Dave Williams, you better tell him that if this busts up and we lose our farms, the only land he'll need will be six feet by four."

The two got up. Ignorant, narrow men they were, but dangerous. This was no threat; it was a solemn hill warning. Benton had known all along the danger to Dave if this thing went wrong.

After they were gone he went across the street to a garage, hired a machine and a driver and started for the Williams place. On the hillside where the road passed along the orchard the machine passed Addison Sully returning in the old buggy.

"I wonder," thought Benton, "what she has been out here for?"

He had never been able to make up his mind about this girl. At first he had thought her merely a fool, duped into putting her money in a risky venture by that smooth Rogers. Later he almost concluded she was a tool of Rogers. But since she had come to live here, and drove about with this old horse, and was plainly right friendly to Dave, he did not know what to make of her.

Dave still sat with his elbows on his knees, the telegram, which he had not read until the girl was gone, in his hand, when Benton climbed up the stile and dropped down on the top step with the grateful thump of the plump man for a place to rest.

"It's worth mooning over," he said, reaching into the baggy coat pocket for his pipe and nodding toward the orchard laden with ripe fruit.

"I believe," remarked Benton, after two or three preliminary puffs at the pipe, "that's about the most gorgeous crop of peaches I ever saw. You sure are a feeder of the hungry eye as well as the delicate palate, Dave. I'd rather have grown that orchard than have had the honor of sending Buck Sneider to the pen."

Dave half stirred and held out wearily a crumpled slip of yellow paper.

Benton read the telegram with slowly narrowing eyes and contracting throat:

"Stockholders very much dissatisfied with your management. Looks as if the company going into the hands of a receiver. R. T. Davis, experienced orchard man from New Jersey, on way to take charge. Turn over everything to him. Sorry to discharge you, but absolutely necessary.

"ROGERS."

Benton sat holding that telegram, looking out over the orchard without seeing it. It was the little lonely boy by the branch that he saw, the boy that had ridden hard for success—and now the fall!

The pipe went out. The autumn wind stirred the old lawyer's graying hair. He could not speak for a long time.

"Dave," he managed at last, "after this you can't stay here. You've got that four thousand left from your first peach crop. You must leave at midnight to-night and start over somewhere else."

Dave slowly shook his head and got up deliberately. His face was white and haggard.

"Those peaches are to be gathered." He nodded toward the orchard. "There are seven thousand boxes of good peaches there that must not go to waste."

And he went down the stile and into the orchard without looking back.

■

AT TEN o'clock next morning Clark Benton sat frowning over his old typewriter as he carefully worded a telegram; five others already written were stuck under the keyboard of the machine. A quick light step in the door made him look up. It was Miss Addison Sully.

The lawyer rose and with an old-time bow offered her a chair. He had not even yet made up his mind about Miss Sully, but he knew this morning that she was very pretty and very troubled. There was the frightened look in her gray eyes of the woman who has taken a desperate gamble and is about to lose. Instinctively he felt sorry for her; his protective impulse was aroused.

"Mr. Benton"—she was entirely controlled; her eyes alone indicated panic—"I wanted to consult you about this." She handed him a letter. "It just came."

The lawyer pursed his lips and the muscles round his eyes contracted as he read. The letter, from Lem Rogers, president of the Peach Belt Land & Orchard Company, was addressed to the stockholders. Benton perceived in the first few lines that the letter was shrewdly drawn with the intention of shaking the stockholders' faith in the company without drawing suspicion or blame upon himself. It was cleverly done. It left the inference, without making libelous accusations, that the company was in a very bad way, perhaps hopelessly so, because of the bad management of Dave Williams. The letter concluded:

"I have taken immediate action to save the company at least for the present from a receivership—which you know almost invariably means only a few cents on the dollar. But if this is to be done I must have your instant coöperation. I am to-day discharging the superintendent Dave Williams and appointing an expert orchard man from New Jersey to take over the management. But there are the pressing debts to face and no funds. We still have $500,000 worth of unsold stock in the treasury. I've tried to hold this up to par, one dollar a share; but it won't sell, and we've got to have funds immediately. I've got an offer of $100,000 for the whole block of stock. I want your permission to make this sale, unless you wish to buy it. If any stockholder wants it or any part of it at that figure, he certainly can get it quick. But I tell you frankly that under the present conditions I would not take it myself even at that price. In fact, I'd be glad to sell my own 100,000 shares at twenty cents a share. If you want me to make this sale and save us from bankruptcy, sign the inclosed proxy and mail to me quickly."

For a moment the old lawyer sat with deep wrinkles round his eyes, studying the letter. He saw through Rogers' scheme now.

"Do you suppose he will discharge Mr. Williams?" the girl asked incredulously.

"He already has," Benton nodded grimly.

"That's a shame!" came hotly.

The lawyer looked up. At last he had definitely made up his mind about Addison Sully. He liked her. She had thought of Dave's job before she had of her own hundred thousand dollars.

"Do you think the company will fail?" she asked.

"Most likely," he nodded. "Companies that try to farm or raise fruit by selling stock nearly always do fail."

She drew a sharp breath, and for a moment the blood receded from her face. Her gray eyes darkened and her fingers clinched in her palms.

"It must not fail. It would break Dave Williams. His heart is set on it; he is a poet but does not realize it. He coins blossoms instead of dollars.

"Mr. Benton"—intense fire was in her face—"we've got to save him. Something has to be done!"

The old lawyer nodded slowly.

"We'll see what can be done."

He sat motionless in his chair a long time after she was gone. Rogers even now, no doubt, had enough proxies to wreck the company in any way he chose, and Dave was already discharged.

Benton felt a slow burning rage at himself and his own procrastination, his own futility. Why had he not stopped all this at the start? He had felt from that first day that this would be the end. Why had he sat round smoking and waiting for evidence? Why hadn't he acted on his judgment? He felt the old indolent futility, the futility that had strangled all his ambitions since that first great crash twenty-odd years ago. He had been a drifter since, an idler, a dreamer, just living along in shirt sleeves when he might have been a great man. And now he had let Dave be done to death.

His jaws set, lines of bitterness deepened, and, as sometimes happened when he was fighting a lawsuit, his face set in a look of intense, unyielding, fatalistic force.

He could do nothing for Dave except one thing, the thing he had intended to do for himself but had been too late. He would not be too late this time.

It took two or three days for Rogers' letters to reach most of the hillmen who had traded their farms for stock in the Peach Belt Company. It took two or three days more for them to digest it and discuss it among themselves. But once the virus was in their veins their vision darkened until black suspicion and blind anger ruled them. It was certain now the company would be a failure. They would lose all they had put in. Rumor gathers momentum when it carries bad news. They would even lose their last month's wages.

Benton on the streets and from the open door of his office watched the gathering storm with increasing uneasiness. These fellows who stood about and talked to each other, but shut their lips when anyone else came near, meant no good to the young man working out there night and day to save that precious peach crop.

Naturally enough the more ignorant of them, who were also the most violent, thought little about Rogers, but put the blame on the man nearest. It was Dave who had got them into it; it was Dave who had bossed them at their work; it was Dave who must pay.

Benton watched, but he could do nothing else. It was useless to urge Dave to leave. It was useless to try to convince these men that he was not to blame for their impending loss.

And when the final crash came, or even when they thought it had come, there would be an unthinkable tragedy.

And Benton, under the cloud of this ominous apprehension and brooding over his remissness in not keeping the boy out of this horrible mess, thought less and less of ways to save the company, and turned oftener to the drawer in his desk where his hand touched longingly the sleeping revolver.

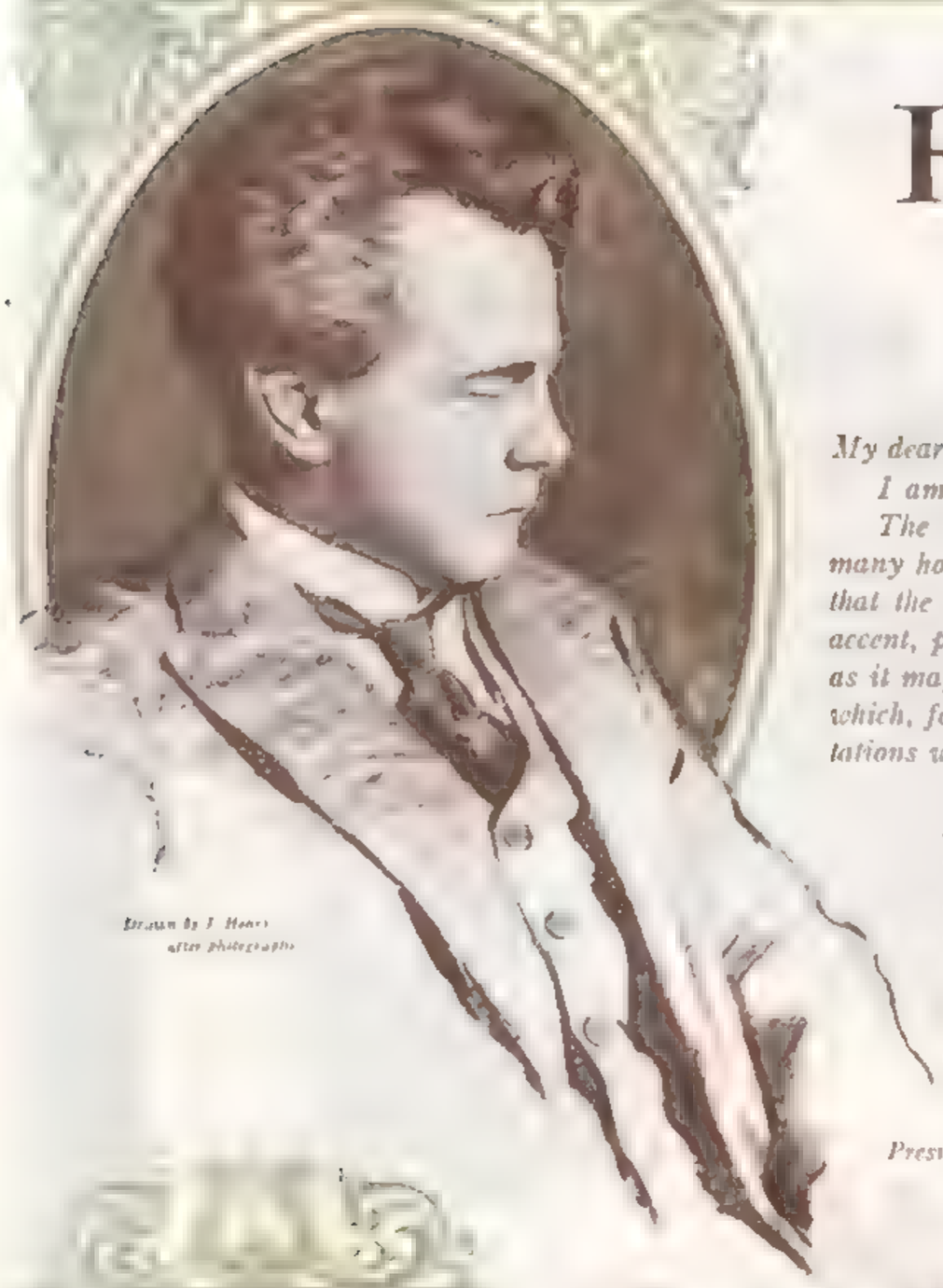
Friday morning Windy Jim Davis came into Benton's office wearing the "I-told-you-so" sneer of the man who has not lost anything. Windy had taken cash for his farm.

"Well, he got away from them after all." Windy put his white hat on his knee.

"Who got away?" Benton turned swiftly. His nerves were almost jumpy.

"Dave Williams. Skipped out last night. Got away on the midnight train, I reckon.

(Concluded on Page 61)



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Josef Hofmann

Hofmann—to the President of the Aeolian Company October 17, 1918

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Can there be any source of pleasure and diversion at once so inspiring and uplifting?

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The Duo-Art Piano is also a Pianola. Using a regular Pianola music-roll and the expression devices provided by the instrument, one experiences the intense fascination of participating in the performance and voicing one's own musical feeling.

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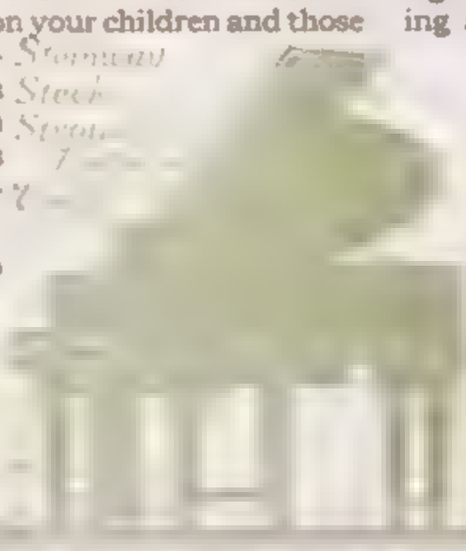

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You thus get the real hardwood effect, and at the same time lighten the work of keeping the floors clean. Prices, 36 inches wide, 80c a sq. yd.; 24 inches wide, 72c a linear yd. Your dealer will sell you any desired length.

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These Art-Carpets, in a special width of *three* yards, offer a *seamless* covering for the average room. Sanitary, durable, water-proof. Come in beautiful 12-color designs. Sold from the roll at $1.10 per square yard.

Congoleum (2 Yards Wide)

Made in the usual floor-covering width (2 yards) and in a splendid variety of beautiful designs suitable for kitchen, pantry, bathroom, etc. Sells at $1.00 per square yard.

Look for the Gold Seal

Congoleum Products—whether Art-Rugs, Art-Carpets, or Congoleum (2 yards wide)—are always plainly marked so you cannot mistake some inferior material for the genuine. Always look for the Gold Seal pasted on the face of the material. Besides identifying the genuine, this seal also bears the Congoleum Guarantee that insures your entire satisfaction. It is visible evidence that the Congoleum Company stands back of every yard of Congoleum that is manufactured—assuring you quality and service for your money.

Write for a Beautiful Pattern Chart

We have issued at great expense handsome pattern-charts, which describe in complete detail Congoleum Art-Rugs, Rug-Borders, Congoleum Art-Carpets and Congoleum (2 yards wide). We shall gladly send whichever you prefer. Write us today and let us show you how to beautify your floors for little money.

Prices in the Far West and South average 15% higher than those quoted; in Canada prices average 25% higher. All prices subject to change without notice.

The Congoleum Company

Department of

The Barrett Company

Philadelphia, Chicago, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B., San Francisco, Boston, Toronto, Halifax, N. S.

(Concluded from Page 58)

They say he's got away with about a hundred thousand of the company's money too."

As Windy was picking himself up on his all-fours beyond the edge of the sidewalk, Benton dropped back into his chair and mopped his face with his pocket handkerchief. Then he took out his pipe, lighted it and tipped back in his chair as though nothing had happened.

"Thank God, Dave has gone!" he said fervently. But in a moment a frown gathered on his face. He took the pipe from his mouth and held it between his fingers. No, he did not thank God the boy was gone. Perhaps after all it would have been better for him to have faced a mountain mob than to have gone off at night under a cloud.

He resumed his smoking, puffing very hard to make a screen of smoke before his eyes. He was seeing the look in the face of the lad that autumn morning when he had told him that he was to have a year in the university. And now the boy was beaten, robbed of years of hard work, disgraced among his people, broken in spirit. The slow, angry wrath grew hotter and hotter within him. He reached for a pad and wrote a telegram to Lemuel Rogers.

"That," he smiled grimly, reading it over, "will fetch him." And instinctively his hand went out toward the right-hand drawer.

XI

BENTON got a wire from Rogers that he would be in Cedar Hills Friday evening. Wednesday morning Addison Sully came to the office. She looked as though she had not slept. As the old lawyer placed a chair for her he had an impulse to pat her shoulder. There was the touch of loneliness about her which one feels in a woman when that which she holds dearest is away.

"I got another letter this morning." She handed it to him. "I don't know whether it will be any use, but I thought I'd better bring it. This Mrs. Corwin is a friend of mine, and knowing my interest here wrote Mr. Landers to buy some stock for her in this company."

Benton read the letter at a glance:

"*Dear Madam:* I do not know whether it will be possible to obtain 10,000 shares of stock in the Peach Belt Land & Orchard Company or not. I understand there is no stock on the market at present; but I will endeavor to get it for you in the course of the next thirty days.

"R. T. LANDERS,
"Investment Broker."

Benton nodded shrewdly. "That confirms my suspicions." Then he pursed his lips and shook his head. "But it does not prove them.

"Here is the plot!" He turned to Addison Sully. "This Landers is the smoothest stock salesman in the West. Dave's work here and this Peach Belt Company have had a great deal of publicity in the agricultural papers and the city press. I'm positive that Landers had orders, or knows where he can get orders, for practically every share of that five hundred thousand dollars' worth of stock at par or nearly par.

"Rogers discharged Dave and sent out this letter to scare the stockholders into giving him permission to sell that stock to Landers for one hundred thousand dollars. He and Landers have a secret understanding and will split the four hundred thousand dollars profit. Then Rogers will dodge out, leaving the company to a bunch of wrangling stockholders, half of whom are already scared to the verge of bankruptcy. The whole thing will go to smash sooner or later, with more debts than assets. Dave was the only man that could have pulled this thing through."

The girl nodded, the deepest confidence in her gray eyes.

"Yes, Dave would have made money out of it for everybody. He told me about his plans. He was going to ship all the best peaches, can the next best and dry the rest. The canneries would buy the peaches from the other orchards; and he was even going to add a machine to crush the seed. He had a market for the peach kernels at eleven cents a pound."

Benton was watching the girl in surprise, and his heart warmed to her for her faith in Dave. It was well founded too.

"You'll lose about everything if the company fails," he ventured.

She shrugged indifferently. "Oh, that does not matter so much. I've learned this summer how to live without money—and I'd never learned before how to live with it." Color came to her cheeks and her eyes avoided the old lawyer's.

"But," she questioned, "can't you do anything about this?" She indicated the letter in his hand. "Can't we stop the sale of the stock or something?"

Benton's face took on a look of procrastination, of indolent futility, as he shook his head.

"Rogers is slick; he'll stay within the law. And already he has proxies enough to give him the votes of three hundred thousand shares of stock. There are only five hundred thousand out, you know.

"He's got everything tied up. There is no use to begin a lawsuit now. They will start soon enough."

Addison Sully's brows drew together in a disappointed frown. She had hoped for something. Then in a moment the look of yearning came into her face.

"Have you heard anything from Dave?" There was deferred suspense in her tone.

Benton shook his head slowly and turned his face away, pretending to look at some papers.

Addison Sully, biting her lip hard, got up and went out into the autumn sunshine.

No man knows what poison lurks behind another man's laughing jest. For twenty-two years Cedar Hills had looked on Clark Benton as a lazy, good-natured lawyer, who liked quail on toast and hard cider, his pipe and a good yarn. They knew nothing of that transcendent day when young Clark Benton saw the world as his—riches and power and great fame. Nor of the next day when through the selfish treachery of another man he had found himself broken and beaten, since when he had looked upon himself as a failure. His townsmen thought of him as a really brilliant but unambitious lawyer, who at times roused up to fight terrifically and always win some difficult case; but they never dreamed that there slept in the right-hand drawer of his battered desk a loaded revolver waiting for the man who had broken him. But the man never crossed his path, and in after years died in his own way.

Then ten years later Rogers came with his offer to Dave Williams. Dave was the one person in all the world that Benton loved with a deeper affection than even his love of sunlight and wind and woods. And the lawyer knew in his heart that if the boy was betrayed, as he himself had once been, there would be no waiting.

Friday morning came at last, and then noon and then evening. The train would be in at nine. For the first time in many months Clark Benton's desk was in order. He was caught up with his work. All his papers were carefully marked and neatly stacked. The top one on the pile at the left-hand side of the desk was marked "My Last Will and Testament."

He sat up in his chair almost straight, smoking. It was dark and he had not gone out for his supper. His eyes were on a cheap paper-bound book on the desk, the title across the back "Twin Hells." Some wandering derelict had sold the book to him years ago. It purported to be the personal experience of a man who had served terms in two penitentiaries. Benton had been reading in it this afternoon.

The train whistled in. The bell rang, the engine puffed loudly a few times, then quickly ran into a humming rumble as it sped out. The office door was open, the street outside was dark, and already most of Cedar Hills was in bed. The fall wind came in with the poignant smell of harvests ended. Out of Benton's face faded the quizzical look of retarded humor, the lazy enjoyment of orchards and woods, and in its place came something fatalistic, implacable, terrible in its immobility. The right-hand drawer of his desk was half open and his hand rested on its edge.

There was a quick step on the walk and a man entered the open door. Benton turned, deliberately facing the jaunty, nonchalant Lemuel Rogers.

"Sit down." The lawyer nodded to a chair. Rogers had closed the door behind him.

"You wanted to see me?" Rogers had pushed his hat back from his forehead and sat with his cane across his knees, his hands holding the ends of it.

The lawyer nodded.

"Rogers," he said with something implacable in his eyes and voice, "twenty-two years ago I was made attorney and vice president of a new railroad. I put in every dollar I had. I was to be a millionaire, a power, a great man. The promoter tricked me, sold it out under me, broke me. That promoter was your father." Something in the old lawyer's tone took the jaunty, devil-may-care look out of Rogers' face. "For ten years I kept a revolver in that drawer"—his right hand was at the edge of it—"with which to kill him if he ever crossed my path. He never came this way. But you, his son, did. And now you have broken in the same way Dave Williams!"

"Oh, but my dear sir"—Rogers lifted his right hand in anxious protest—"I have not! I gave the chap a good job; gave him every chance. The stockholders demanded a change."

"Lies," Benton spoke coolly, "should be used only on men who do not know the truth. Your letter was a sham to scare the stockholders into giving you permission to sell that stock at twenty cents on the dollar. You and Landers already have contracts at par for that five hundred thousand shares of treasury stock and the one hundred thousand shares of your own."

"Have you any proof?" asked Rogers, touching his mustache.

"No." Benton shook his head. "Merely knowledge."

"You are mistaken," insisted Rogers. "That is a perfectly bona fide offer. I have five hundred thousand shares, together with my own, in my grip with authority to sell. Just you or any stockholder offer me more than twenty cents on the dollar and see what will happen."

It was a bluff. Benton knew it was a bluff, and brushed it aside with a shake of his head.

"I haven't a hundred thousand, but I have the gun that I kept for your father." He put his hand deliberately in the drawer.

Rogers turned deathly pale and tried to rise, but could not move.

Both men started. The door had swung suddenly open. Dave Williams entered. He was disheveled, flushed, out of breath, as though he had been running. Without a word to his old friend, scarcely seeing Benton, he turned on Rogers.

"I missed you as you got off the train, and went to the hotel for you. Just heard you had come down here. Did you sign that letter?" He held out to him one of the original letters sent out to the stockholders about the sale of the treasury stock.

"I did." Rogers twisted his mustache with an attempt at his former nonchalance.

"Did you mean it?"

"I certainly did," answered Rogers.

"All right." And something rang in Dave's voice which made Benton slowly close his right-hand drawer. "I'll take that stock." His hand shook in its haste as it went to his inside pocket. "Here is a draft for one hundred and one thousand dollars."

Rogers bit his mustache, started to evade, but Benton's level eye bored into him as he said coolly:

"Go get your grip, Rogers. And I'll take your own one hundred thousand shares at twenty thousand dollars."

"Will he do it?" asked Dave excitedly when Rogers was gone.

Benton nodded grimly. "Yes, he'll be glad to."

"Phew!" Dave blew a tremendous breath: "but that's a load off my mind. I've been in St. Louis five days raising that money. I got another hundred thousand to buy out at par all the other stockholders that are dissatisfied. A big fruit dealer there has gone in with me. We will give the money back to all who want to sell. It will save trouble for only two of us to own the orchards."

"Three," reminded Benton. "I'm in on this."

"We'll make a fortune—and we'll earn it," said Dave, getting up in the excitement of his victory. "It was the fruit dealer who has handled my peaches three years who got the money for me. He seemed to know a lot about me."

"Odd!" The old lawyer reached for his pipe and tipped back in his chair. "There seem to be several people that know more about you than I do—or even than Windy Jim does." The grin had come back to Benton's face. "One of them is that girl in the house on the hill. I'll finish the deal with Rogers; you run on up there and let her know you are back."

Forgetting that he was ever tired, hat in hand, the autumn wind blowing his hair, Dave almost ran up the hillside road to where a light shone in Addison Sully's little house, and under his breath he repeated:

"'For the love of women men have builded little houses.' But I'll build a bigger one for her!"

Pipe-Smokers and a Sense of Humor

Pipe-smokers perhaps more than any other one class of men seem to have that sixth sense, highly valued—a sense of humor.

A sense of humor implies that a man has two well-developed habits—the habit of thinking for himself and the habit of observing things other people don't.

If a man really thinks and observes, he doesn't take small matters too tragically. He sees events in their true proportions. Have you ever lived with a man lacking *any* sense of humor? How seriously he took himself! Wasn't he always riding roughshod over everybody or else feeling that nobody understood him? And as for any sympathy—bloodless as a cabbage!

Somehow a pipe and tobacco seem to smoke a man out of believing he is It or out of thinking he is misunderstood.

If he smokes—well, you know what happens. He begins to see more things differently himself or else smoking takes him more among his fellows, and they knock notions that he is misunderstood right out of his head.

It isn't just the pipe and tobacco alone. It's either thinking more of or mixing more among his fellows. But he has to smoke to speak their language.

Six jolly fellows around the club fireplace on a rainy day. No one thinks of calling a man to light that fire. They don't know it's a little cold. They've forgotten it's raining. They sit with their legs stretched out before them on the hearthstone. They are pulling at pipes which never leave their mouths except every now and then when one of them lazily tells a story. The weather is a trifle thick for golf, but they aren't fretting. They are the picture of comfort. They have a sense of humor and each is happily smoking the best tobacco in the world.

What is the best smoking-tobacco in the world? Why, the tobacco that just suits your individual taste, of course. We could say Edgeworth, but though many people do, all people don't consider Edgeworth the best.

However, we should like to have you judge whether or not it is the tobacco that just suits you. And we intend to make it mighty easy for you to do just that.

Merely send us on a postcard your name and address, also those of the dealer you call on for smoking supplies, and we will mail you immediately generous quantities of Edgeworth in both forms Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is pressed into cakes, then cut by sharp knives into very thin moist slices. Rub a slice between the hands and it makes an average pipe-load.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is ready to pour right from package to pipe. It packs nicely, and burns evenly to the very bottom, getting better and better.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes, suited to the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice come in small pocket-size packages, in attractive tin humidors and glass jars, and also in economical in-between quantities for customers wanting more than a small package, but not quite the humidor size.

For the free samples, upon which we request your judgment, address Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

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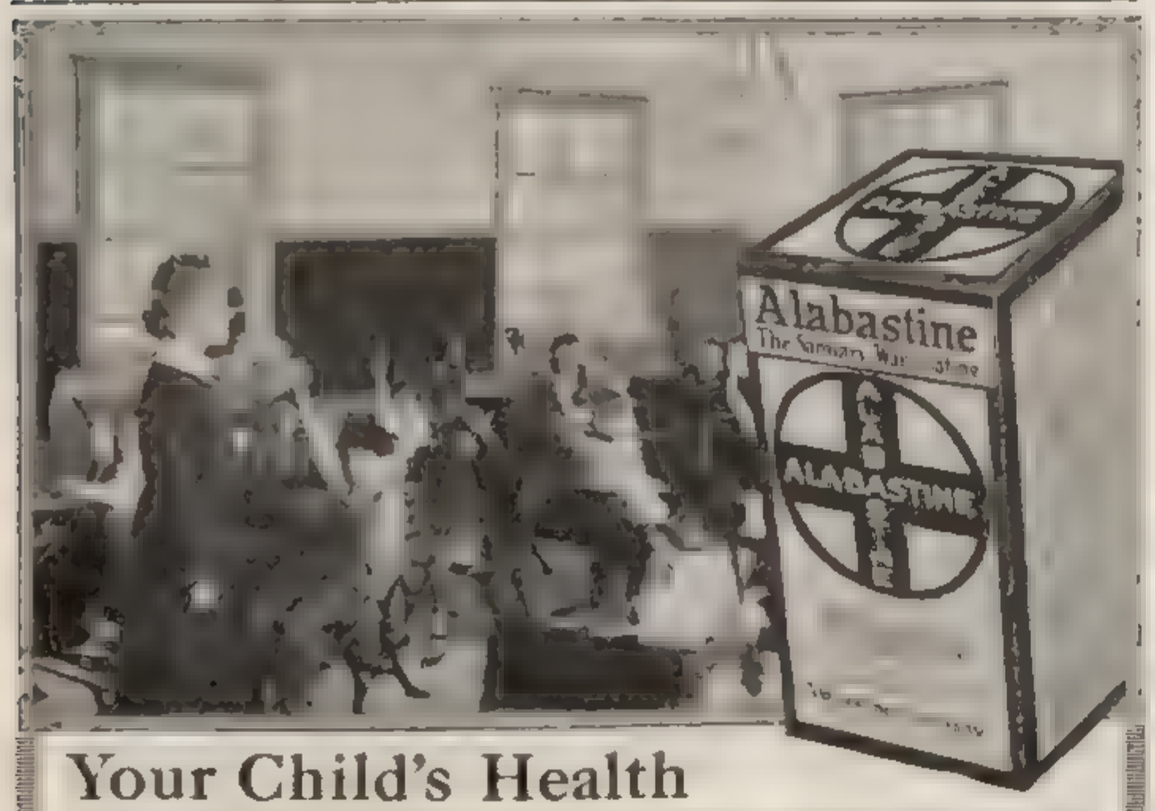

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Pronghorn of the Plains—By ENOS A. MILLS

I AWAKENED one morning in Eastern Colorado to find that in the dark I had camped near the nursery of a mother antelope and her two kids. It was breakfast time. Commonly both antelope children nurse at once, but this morning it was one at a time. Kneeling down, the suckling youngster went after the warm meal with a morale that never even considered Fletcherizing or Hooverizing. Occasionally he gave a vigorous butt to hasten milk delivery.

For about two weeks, while the legs of the young are developing liveliness, the mother keeps aloof from her kind. She often has a trying time with enemies. Breakfast over, the mother had these youngsters lie low in the short grass of a little basin. She left them and began feeding away to the south. The largest objects within a quarter of a mile were a few stunted bunches of sagebrush. I moved my sleeping bag a short distance into an old buffalo wallow and watched her. She fed steadily up a moderate slope but was always in position where she could see the youngsters and the approach of anything in the unobstructed opening round them. This mother was not eating the abundant buffalo grass celebrated for its nutrition, nor any of the blooming plants. She was eating simply, and plainly with relish, the gray-green bitter leaves of the shrubby scattered sage. On reaching the low summit of the prairie swell she paused for a little while on the sky line, then started on a run for a water hole about two miles distant.

A few seconds later a foxlike head peeped over a little ridge a few hundred feet from the kids. Then a distant bunch of sagebrush transformed itself into another moving form, and two coyotes trotted into the scene. Evidently these coyotes knew that somewhere near two youngsters were hidden. They followed the mother's trail by scent and kept their eyes open, looking for the youngsters. Old antelope have perhaps more numerous scent glands than other big wild animals, but evidently a young antelope gives off little or no scent. Its youthful color blends so well with its surroundings when it lies down that it is difficult to see it. Once the young flatten out and freeze upon the grassy earth they offer but little that is revealing even to keenest eyes and noses. Mature antelope are marked with what may be called revealing colors. These advertise their presence and they are easily visible at long distances.

Precautionary Strategy

Both coyotes passed within a few feet of one of the kids flattened out between two clumps of sagebrush, without either seeing or scenting it. Finally, unable to find the youngsters, they trotted off along the mother's trail.

I went over to have a look at the children. Though I knew just about where they were I looked and circled for some time before my eyes detected them. They were grayish brown with the outlines of future color scheme faintly showing. Within two feet of each I stood and watched them. A fly crawled over the eye and ear of one kid and an ant over the nose of the other, and yet neither made a move.

As soon as the coyotes were out of sight I hastened to the highest near-by point, hoping with glasses to see the mother antelope. She was just leaving the water hole. Her movements evidently were a part of a strategic plan to deceive the watchful eyes and the cunning noses of enemies, chiefly coyotes. She fed a quarter of a mile south, then ran on for more than a mile still farther. She then galloped more than two miles northeast and later with many doublings which involved her trail worked back to the youngsters.

In following and watching the movements of the mother I stumbled over a lone antelope kid about half a mile from the first two. Later I returned and found that it was entangled between the twisted low-lying limbs of a sagebrush. Not until I laid hold of the kid to drag it forth did it make a move. Then it struggled and gave a low bleat. Realizing that this might bring the mother like lightning I let go and rose up. There she was, coming like the wind, four or five hundred feet away, indifferent to the fact that man is the most dangerous of enemies. Just how close she might have come, just what might have happened had I not straightened up at that moment is sheer guesswork. But the freed youngster butted me violently behind and then ran off to meet his mother.

During most of the year the great silent plains are at rest in tawny and gray brown. The dreamy sunny distances show only moving cloud shadows. A brief barrage of dust storm sometimes sweeps across or a wild drive of tumbleweeds, with a front from horizon to horizon, goes bounding and rolling toward the rim, where they go over and vanish. But these endless distances are palpitating with flowers and song when the young antelope are born.

One May morning a flock of blackbirds alighted upon a leafy cottonwood tree—a lone tuft in an empire of treeless distances. They sang all at once—a whirlwind of song. Two antelope herds were on separate sky lines. The silvery melodious peal of the yellow-breasted meadow lark rang out all over the wide wild prairie. Prairie dogs scampered, barked and played; butterflies circled and floated above the scattered and stunted sage; thousands of small birds were busy with nest and song, and countless ragged spaces of brilliant wild flowers illuminated the grass-green surface to every horizon.

Antelope Characteristics

The antelope is also known as the prong-horn, because of a single small prong on its horn. This prong is more like a guard and serves as a hilt. In fighting, an antelope often catches its opponent's thrust on this prong. The horn commonly is less than ten inches long. Many females do not have horns, and rarely are these fully developed in any female.

Deer and elk have deciduous horns—that is, horns that are shed annually. Goat and bighorn never shed their horns. But the antelope sheds the outer part—the point and sheath—each year, retaining the stubs or stumps, which grow new horns.

The antelope has a number of marked characteristics and some of these are unique. It is without dew claws; the hair is hollow and filled with pith; teeth are of peculiar pattern; it eats mostly bitter or pungent food; has large long-range eyes of almost telescopic power; numerous and scattered scent glands; is without color camouflage—in fact its color is in part revealing, for the bristling of its white buttocks serves to give signal flashes. It is the plains' graceful racing model of long and successful development; and last it is either the least—the smallest—or near the smallest of our hoofed wild animals.

Near camp in the Wyoming plains an excited mother antelope with four youngsters came over a ridge without noticing me. Two of the youngsters were lame, and as they were larger and evidently slightly older than the other two it is probable that they had been adopted. The mother antelope stopped in a sagebrush basin for the children to suckle. She kept looking back along her trail and was so ill at ease that I felt certain she had fled from enemies or was pursued. Before long four coyotes appeared in the distance, following her trail. She saw them and gave instant orders for every youngster to drop, hide and lie low.

Courageously this small and graceful mother went forth to meet the coyotes. She had gone only a few steps when the two larger, older youngsters rose to follow. Greatly disturbed she returned and succeeded in getting them to lie low again, then slipped quietly away from them. These two evidently were past the age of depending on concealment, and perhaps their legs, which were developed for speed, would no longer keep still.

The coyotes attacked at every point. The antelope fought them off, striking swiftly with forefeet. Two of the coyotes engaged her vigorously while the other two

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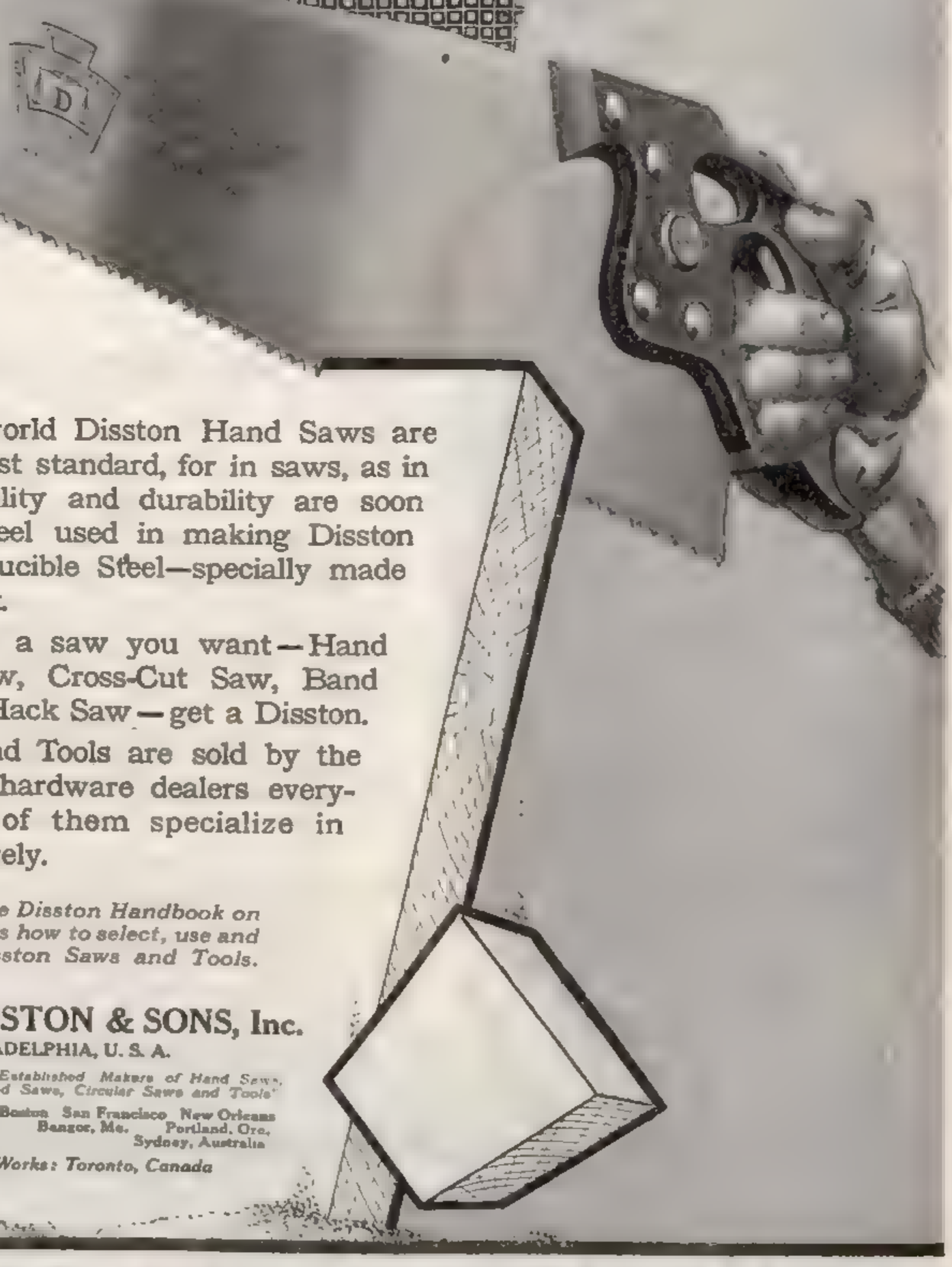

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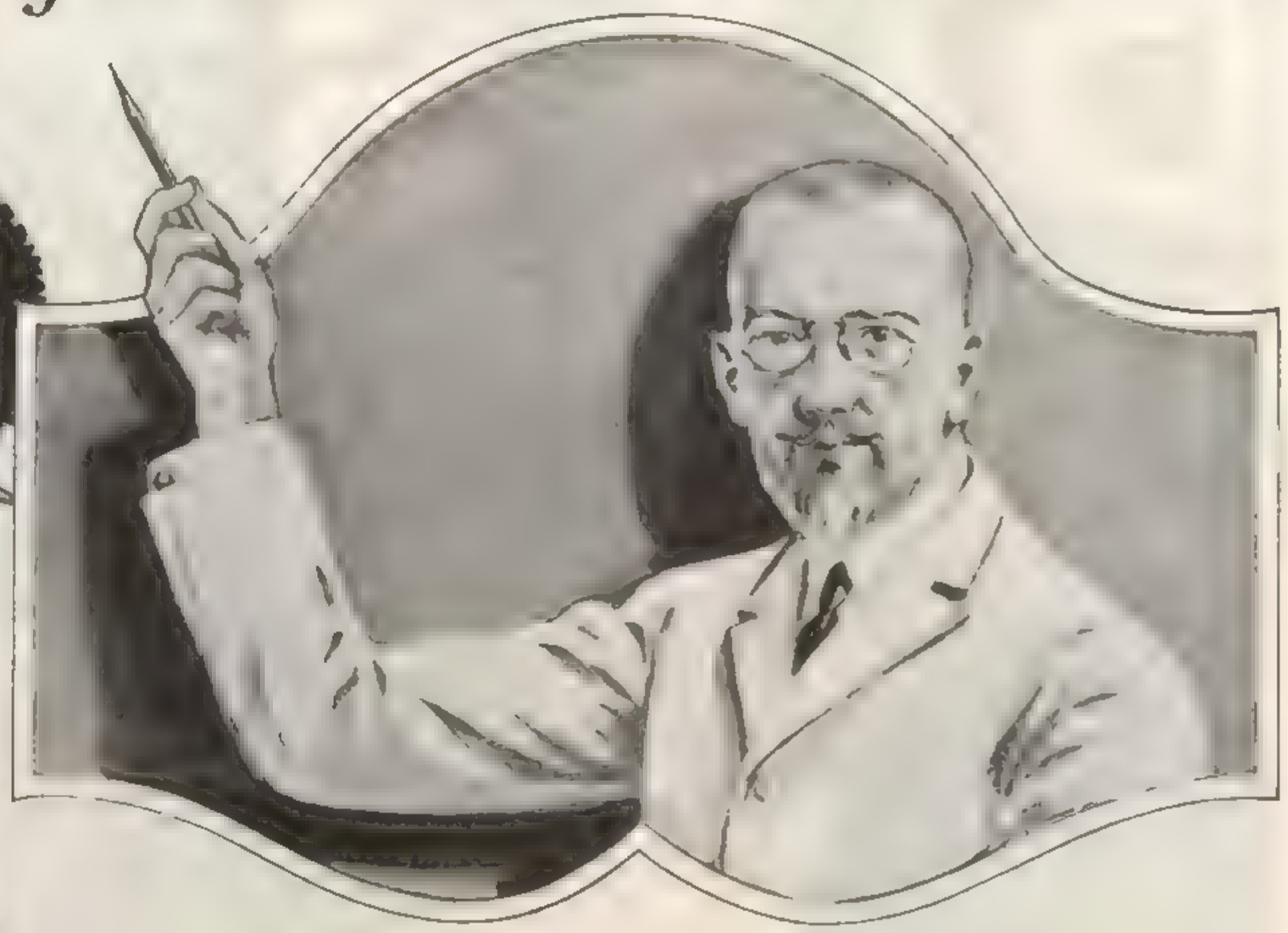

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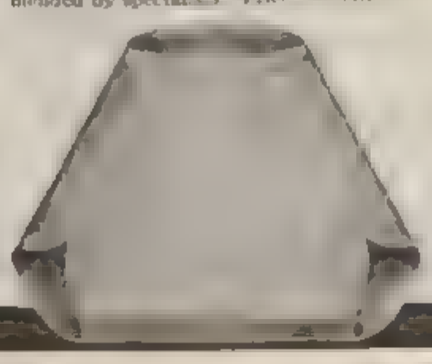

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circled, evidently with the intention of stampeding the youngsters. She saw this movement and charged the leading coyote. The two larger youngsters leaped to their feet. She rushed to them while the coyotes attacked, plainly with the intention of separating her from them. A quick stroke of forefeet caused one coyote to draw off, dragging a leg; but she was after him, knocked him over with a stroke that probably cracked a rib or two, and then whirled upon the other coyotes. The two lame youngsters kept close and the two smaller ones remained hidden. The odds seemed so hopeless for the mother that I rushed forward shouting, and the coyotes scattered.

I watched a coyote walk back and forth close to another mother with two young kids. She paid no apparent attention to him. But she was besieged. After two or three hours he was relieved by another. This was a new and rather leisurely way of relaying. Evidently the devilish plan was to wear the antelope out or stay until she was forced to go for water, and then seize the youngsters.

Safety in Numbers

It was more than fifteen miles to the next water hole. This may have been the second or even the third day that the coyotes had been worrying her. I frightened them away, but had not gone half a mile when I saw them circling back again. I do not know the end of the story, but as I walked on I wished that this mother antelope might have possessed the special development of the pronghorn in the desert regions—the ability to do without water for days at a time. Antelope of desert regions sometimes for a period of two weeks or longer have no other moisture than that furnished by the plants eaten.

When about three weeks old the young appear to have full use of their legs and usually follow the mother in feedings and flights. At this time numbers of mothers and youngsters collect and run together. They are thus enabled to give mutual aid and to withstand coyotes and other enemies better. Sometimes under dangerous conditions the young are left behind while a part of the mothers go for water, and on their return the remaining ones go. Just why this mutual aid is not practiced while the young are almost helpless is not clear.

In early autumn all ages and sexes unite and commonly run together, often in large flocks, throughout the winter. The youngsters often play together. Frequently one of the males is the lively leader of twenty or thirty. At other times the old antelopes play, go through a series of marches and countermarches. They race back and forth and over short circles. When thus engaged they commonly have sentinels posted on the outskirts.

Most other animals appear to forget possible enemies while playing, but the nervous antelope, with open spaces round it, appears never to be quite in repose.

Under most conditions the female appears to be the acknowledged leader. In the majority of instances in which I have watched moving flocks of antelope—fleeing small numbers or a number of alarmed antelope preparing to move—it was female leadership.

The antelope is an animal of the plains and big open spaces. For ages it was thickly scattered over the Great Plains and the small parks of the West, Northwest and Southwest. Though fifty years ago they were numbered by millions it is doubtful if the present antelope population numbers more than 15,000. Howard Eaton tells me that years ago he sometimes saw several thousand in a single day. Once when a boy I saw at least a thousand in a North Park, Colorado, flock.

A few are now protected in the national parks and in private antelope reserves. But they are verging well toward extermination.

The pronghorn lives in a home territory. This I think is rarely more than six or eight miles in diameter. If pursued by man, dogs or wolves it is likely to run in great circles, keeping within the bounds of home territory. Most of them are now migratory, but in a few localities the flocks make a short migration. For winter they may travel to a more broken locality, one that gives some shelter from the wind and contains spaces off which the wind sweeps the snow.

The food of the pronghorn is sage, greasewood, sometimes cactus, and, on the desert, broomrape. I do not recall ever seeing him eat grass. In the extremely arid regions of the Southwest the local flocks, in common with mountain sheep and other animals, have developed the habit of doing without water for days. Rarely does the antelope thrive in captivity. Apparently the food ordinarily fed it in captivity does not agree with it.

The antelope is specialized in speed. If there were to be a great free-for-all race on the plains, with deer, antelope, elk, sheep, bear, lion, coyote, fox, dog, horse, and even the jack rabbit as starters, the antelope generally would be the winner, whether the race was for one mile or ten. Perhaps the blooded race horse and the highly pedigreed greyhound would outstrip the antelope, but among wild animals the antelope is the speedy one.

Wolves and coyotes pursue the pronghorn in relays or capture it strategically through various kinds of mutual aid. Now and then an antelope will turn upon its pursuers and fight them fiercely, occasionally triumphantly. Depending upon speed rather than stealth, fighting ability or concealment as a means of escaping enemies, and living in the plains with a magnificence of unobstructed distances, it has learned to be watchful, to use sentinels, and to flee even when danger is afar.

Usually when the antelope lies down it selects a spot well away from any ravine, bluff, willow clump or sagebrush thicket that could conceal an enemy or that would enable an enemy to approach it closely unseen.

It is a small graceful animal; about three feet high at the front shoulders. Rich tan to grayish brown on the back and sides, with clean white buttocks, sides of face and belly; the throat almost striped with white and brown, with a touch of near-black on the head. Its color is so distinctive and stands out so well against most backgrounds that it may be classed as one with revealing coloration.

Two white rump patches flare up during excitement; the crowded and bristling hairs may be seen at surprisingly long distances

Possibly these hairs are also under conscious control. At any rate let one or a number on a ridge see an approaching enemy and these white patches stand out, and the next adjacent flock, even though two or three miles away, will see the sign—or signal—and also take alarm.

Though the antelope does not do any wireless wigwagging the sudden flare of white buttocks is revealing. Depending chiefly on speed in escaping his enemies he has also the added advantage of being able to detect an enemy while he is still afar. The plains where he lives enable him to see objects miles away, and his eyes being of telescopic nature ofttimes enable him to determine whether a distant moving object is friend or foe. It is important that an antelope be so marked that another antelope will recognize him at long range. Each flock of antelope watches the distant surrounding flocks and each flock thus mutually aids the others by acting as an outlying sentinel for it. If a flock sees an object approaching that may be an enemy it strikes attitudes which proclaim alarm, and, definitely marked, their actions at once give eye messages of alarm to all flocks in view and close enough to make out what they are doing. It would thus seem that the revealing colors of the antelope have been of help in protecting—that is, perpetuating—the species.

Fatal Curiosity

On the Great Plains in Western Nebraska I saw two speeding objects stirring dust on the horizon. It was an antelope cut off from the flock and pursued by a wolf. They plunged for a moment or two in a dip of the plains, then reappeared. With glasses on them I saw the pursuing wolf drop out and another leap from concealment to relieve him. Following them through glasses as they raced on sky line against a cloud, dropped below eye line, dashed behind a butte, swiftly the great circle followed brought them within half a mile. In plain view another wolf leaped into the race. The antelope was nearly exhausted. The wolves were leaping at her throat as she disappeared over a ridge. Little puffs of dust showed the advance of pursuer and pursued. These grew dim and I watched for the runners to come up on the sky line. But they never appeared.

The antelope makes long leaps but not high jumps. I watched an antelope that had been separated from the flock hurrying to rejoin it. In its way was a line of willows along the dry shallow water channel. This willow stretch was not wide or high. A deer would have leaped it without the slightest hesitation. The antelope went far round and jumped wide gullies, but made no attempt to leap this one low line of willows. Being a plains animal, knowing but little of cliffs and timber, it has not learned high jumping.

It is nervous and is easily thrown into a panic. Though it is often canny and courageous it lacks the coolness, the alertness and the resourcefulness—that is to say, the quick wit and adaptability—of the mountain sheep. In the Yellowstone and the Wind Cave National Parks are a number of antelope. Many of these have readjusted themselves to the friendly conditions and have lost most of their nervousness and fear of man.

They have a bump of curiosity. I paused one afternoon to talk to a homesteader on the prairie. He was fencing and presently commenced stretching a line of barbed wire. The penetrating squeaks of the wire reached the ears of several unseen antelope and appealed to their curiosity. They came close, about the distance from third to home plate.

Well might they have shown concern at barbed wire! It has wrought terrific destruction to the species.

A generation or so ago it appears to have been easy for the hunter by displaying a red flag or some partly concealed moving object to rouse antelope curiosity and to lure numbers.

I have repeatedly seen this trick tried and a few times I have patiently endeavored with this appeal to bring a flock within range of my double-barreled field glass, but I didn't. They promptly went over the horizon. They still are curious but have become wiser.

I suppose it will never do to reach final conclusions concerning what an animal will do under new conditions. After a few years of intimate acquaintance with the plains antelope I visited the Yellowstone region, thinking that I was well grounded in all antelope habits. One day I came upon a flock in a deep grassy forest bay in the edge of a dense woods. Thinking to get close I walked in behind them. To my amazement they darted into the woods, dodging trees right and left like lightning, and hurdling fallen trees as readily as any deer or mountain sheep that I have seen. They well illustrated a phase of animal behavior called ecology, or response to environment.

The pronghorn or antelope is distinctly American. Fossilized antelope bones have been found in Western Nebraska that are estimated to be two million years old. This antelope family is not related to the African or Asiatic antelope, nor to any American mammal species; it is alone in the world.

Many prehistoric species of animals that lived in the same scenes with the ancient ancestors of the antelope have been extinct for thousands of years. The rhinoceros, toothed birds, American horses, ponderous reptiles and numerous other species failed to do what the antelope did—readjust to each radical change, and survive. Climatic changes, new food, strange enemies, uplifts, subsidences, wild volcanic outpourings, the great Ice Age—over all these the antelope has triumphed; but it cannot survive the long-range rifle.

BRED IN THE BONE

(Concluded from Page 46)

suddenly discovered the situation. They were approaching the Pine Street intersection, and still giggling and craning they separated rapidly. But His Lordship was speaking.

"Then," he said, "an introduction isn't needed—is it?"

"No," said Gussy.

"I—I was just going to have a little drink. How about you, little one? Thirsty?"

"I—we just came out of the ice-cream parlor across from the theater," she told him artlessly.

If Harry Berkin had said it she would have slapped his face. Had it been one of the smiling gentlemen who occasionally leaned over the counter she would have moved him with a lift of an eyebrow and a twist of the lip that invariably proved sufficient. But this was His Lordship of Milburn, the noble high-minded André of the rose light.

His Lordship laughed again amusedly, but his eyes ranged the slight figure with increased interest, and there crept into the noble eyes a look that was partially wolfish. The bamboo cane flecked a wisp of dirty newspaper.

"Did you like the show, Peaches?"

"I thought it was wonderful."

"Did you like me?"

She answered him in that same simple tone and her eyes were aglisten with hero worship. "I thought you were wonderful."

His Lordship settled his cravat complacently.

"Rotten support," he deprecated.

"Huh?"

"The rest of the cast," His Lordship explained. "Cheap. Punk!"

"Oh," said Gussy, and felt suddenly relieved. He thought the girl of the rose light was cheap—punk. She laughed happily.

They came slowly to the corner. "Where," inquired His Lordship, "do we go from here?"

It halted Gussy with a sudden tightening of the heart. Pine Street with its smelly, weary tenements; its bleary gas-lit halls, the hilarious conviviality of closing time in the numerous saloons—all were a barrier that seemed to mock as the grinning clock had mocked. It was hard to keep back hot tears at the thought of this kind of an ending for budding romance. Gussy clenched her thin palms and tried vainly to smile.

"We don't go from here," she said finally.

"Why, Peaches?"

She tried to give it a mysterious touch—a touch of the romance of the banker's daughter out on a lark.

"I—I—can't tell you," she said truthfully.

"Girlie, you sure are some little peaches an' cream!"

"Aw, you don't really mean it!"

"I do."

"Really?" Large-eyed she looked up at him.

"Didn't I pick you out of that crowd of garden seeds?"

"Did you really?"

His Lordship nodded and deftly rolled a cigarette with fingers that were yellowed with practice.

"A rose in a vegetable garden," he said softly.

Gussy Smolkin's heart pumped blood with the erratic flapping of wild wings. In the distance a tiny yellow blot indicated the approach of a Pine Street car.

Wistfully Gussy Smolkin eyed its dim radiance.

"My car is coming," she said bravely. "I—I'm glad I metcha. I—I ——"

His Lordship reached out and gently took a fluttering white hand and held it.

"We ain't saying good-by, are we, Peaches?"

"You—you ——"

"To-morrow is another night, an' Sunday I don't have to go on."

"Oh!" Just a whisper of pure hundred per cent happiness.

"I'll come an' ——"

"I'll meetcha' here at half-past seven," hastily.

His Lordship glanced quickly up and down the street, but pedestrians moved frequently and close. He dropped the white hand reluctantly.

"Good-by, Peaches."

"Good-by."

His Lordship laughed suddenly. "Ain't it funny," he said, "but I never thought to ask you your name?"

"Gu ——"

She stopped. What would he think of Gussy Smolkin? How would it compare—even with Claudia Harcourt, the gamekeeper's daughter. Gussy! With wits sharpened by nineteen months in the undermuslins she thought quickly. Out of the innumerable movies of the past a name leaped out—a name that had impressed her at the time as being and containing all that a name could. The car had stopped.

"Millicent," she said quickly; "Millicent Grayling."

IV

"WHAT! Again, huh?"

Mrs. Smolkin's tone was grim. The time was Sunday evening. But the bluebirds were singing within Gussy Smolkin's heart. It was Maytime—rose time—love time; and no acid or grimness could prevail against it.

She stole softly to the bulky figure in the doorway of her room.

"Get away now!" Mrs. Smolkins was determined to be firm.

"Aw, mommy!" The slim arms sidled up and about the protesting bosom of Mrs. Smolkin. "We ain't goin' to fight any more about the old brooch, are we? Just once more! Please! I wanta' look nice to-night."

"Why?"

But mommy wouldn't understand. She was old-fashioned, an' in the old country it was all different. And Mrs. Smolkin had always been too busy washing, darning, admonishing, to learn that the world moves on. Not that Gussy placed it just that way. Some of mommy's ideas just gave her a pain.

"Aw, momma, what difference does that make? An', momma ——"

"Yes?"

"After to-night I won't bother you with wanting to wear it. Ple-ease, just to-night, momma!"

"Friday night, last night, an' now to-night again. Never you stay at home. Always till all hours you are out all dressed up an' the brooch that papa gave me when we get married. The one thing that ——"

But in the end the thin arms prevailed. Once more the chief treasure of the Smolkin family nestled at the apex of the green Georgette.

Once more the patent leathers twinkled down the finger-stained hall.

Pine Street was enjoying the warm spring air in shirt sleeves—and without—as Gussy came out. Shrill-voiced children ran here and there, chiefly before the clanging bells of Pine Street trolley cars. But Pine Street was not going to another grand adventure. Pine Street never had adventures. Pine Street only had Slovak parades. Pine Street gave her a pain.

So did the speed of the Pine Street car. It seemed fairly to crawl along. Bent on other engagements with other males it would only have amused Gussy. "They like you better if you show up late for a date," was the consensus of opinion in the undermuslins. But to-night she eyed the large clock in front of the Goldberg Partial Payment Jewelry Store with fearful eyes. The clock said seven-twenty.

In the meantime His Lordship of Milburn lounged gracefully against a convenient telephone pole and rolled an unbroken series of damp, limp cigarettes. At the same time he cogitated concerning the peculiarity of women. Also he cogitated, with less amusement, concerning the fact that there nestled within his checkered trousers pocket only two thin dimes, four pennies and two stubby keys.

Summed up, for the sake of brevity, the result of the cogitations were as follows: First that he was broke. That it was lucky that Ginsberg, the manager, had promised him ten dollars as part back pay, said payment to take place on the morrow. Also that he would be lucky to get it. Also, and less lucky, that after board and room were paid the ten dollars would have dwindled to just one-thirty.

Also that a man couldn't live on one-thirty. Also that all the camouflage in the world couldn't cover a dirty collar indemnitey. Also the stock season looked like a flivver. Also that grease spots show up something fierce on light clothes.

Secondly that women were funny boobs as far as an actor was concerned. That they certainly fell for the romantic stuff like a ton of bricks. That Peaches wasn't such a bad little kid. That she certainly had fallen for him all right, all right. That the romantic bunk made the big hit with her. That maybe she had a little change in the bank that a good gob of hokum might raise a few dollars from—as a temporary loan of course.

At this point the Earl of Milburn laughed merrily and rolled another cigarette. A Pine Street car stopped at the intersection and a breathless Gussy came hurriedly across the street.

"I—I'm sorry I was a few minutes late, but the cars the way they run, honestly you never can tell ——"

His Lordship waved his hand with genial grandness.

"Don't let a little thing like that bother you," he said. "I was a little late gettin' away from the club myself."

"Oh," said Gussy vaguely, but frankly impressed.

"Now," continued His Lordship, "what shall we do—go over to the Hotel Bigmere and have a fe—dine?"

"Why ——"

"I've had mine myself," said His Lordship hastily.

"So have I."

"I thought maybe we might take a walk out to the park—eh, Peaches?"

Peaches nodded, with soft pleased eyes.

"There ain't no use taking a street car, is there?" continued His Lordship. "It's such a nice night."

"Sure!" said Gussy.

They turned to move south from the cross-town corner. As they turned His Lordship reached forth a gallant hand to assist the green Georgette. A motor cycle with its tandem attachment swept round the corner with a rush of speed that kept the wheel of the tandem well off the ground. With a gasp more of exasperation than of fright Gussy Smolkin stepped quickly back. His Lordship's outstretched hand brushed the front of the green Georgette and came in contact with a pin that dangled loosely before his agile fingers. It was an old-fashioned brooch, set with a cameo and heavy with wrought gold. And the clasp was loose. And gold was what the Earl of Milburn needed. His Lordship had noticed its clumsy largeness the night before.

One dollar and thirty cents! With deft fingers, while Gussy still gasped, he lifted the pin upward and off. A moment later he placed it in the lower left-hand pocket of his checkered vest.

"It sure is fierce the way those guys run round loose!" he soothed. "You'd think they owned the streets, wouldn't you, Peaches?"

Wrathfully Gussy still eyed the disappearing motor cycle.

"Ain't it the truth!" she agreed.

Once more they moved southward, His Lordship whistling softly. He almost suggested an ice-cream soda at a glaring Greek shop, where the price was plainly advertised as ten cents each.

"Ain't it a wonderful night?"

"A wonderful night an' a wonderful girl!" whispered His Lordship softly, and squeezed the hand that nestled just above his elbow.

"Rose time—Maytime—love time!" Gussy whispered it under her breath.

"What, Peaches?"

"Nothin'," said Gussy, and blushed furiously.

They continued to move slowly toward the municipal park, which still remained a mile to the south, and His Lordship continued to whisper soft things that made her stammer and blush and in general act entirely different from the way the undermuslins was accustomed to acting when a young man became soft. But what was soft in Harry Berkin with his killing imitation of Charlie Chaplin was something entirely different in His Lordship. That of course was easy enough to understand. It was the difference between romance and—and—oh, well.

At the entrance to the park Gussy patted her blouse complacently. It was the night of nights! Then suddenly a frightened look crept into her eyes. She patted her breast furiously and then searched wildly about her person.

"What's the matter, Peaches?"

All she could do was gasp the one word "Brooch!" and in its frightened cadence was a continued note of clear agony. She began to cry softly.

His Lordship led her quietly down a gravel walk to a green painted bench. Above, tiny touches of yellow green showed here and there in an aged maple. Twilight began to trickle away.

"That's tough, Peaches," whispered His Lordship soothingly, but his eyes laughed into the approaching moonlight.

She began to sob violently. "Oh, mommy!" she sniffled into an upraised arm.

"I didn't mean to do it! Honest, mommy! O-o-oh! I—I—oh, I can't go home now, after all that she said!"

His Lordship lightly put his arm about the thin shoulders and nestled the sobbing head very tenderly into the checkered shoulder of his coat. But he continued to smile softly as the last words were sobbed out. Then a crafty look took the place of the amusement in his noble close-set eyes. He held her tighter.

"Sure, Peaches!" he whispered. "I know. But don't cry like that over such a little thing." Gussy shuddered. "After all"—with low meaning—"you don't have to go home."

If Harry Berkin had said but half of that she would have torn him limb from limb, but she merely lay still and sobbed. She couldn't go home, that was certain. She couldn't! And she had no money. And after all —— Rose light. Maytime. Love time.

A tired arm of surrender moved out to twine itself about the neck of the erstwhile captain in the Royal Fusiliers. Moved out—and then stopped quickly, quietly. The sobbing stopped. Amazement gave way to pain, and pain in turn gave way to anger—an anger that blazed softly in the dark Smolkin eyes.

"Sure!" she agreed. "What's an old brooch anyway—if you don't have to go back an' face the music, huh?"

His Lordship nodded smiling agreement and leaned forward with eager lips. A dark pair of eyes twinkled at him and at the same time a slim white hand moved cautiously in the direction of His Lordship's vest pocket. A moment later, hands clenched, she was on her feet before him laughing loudly; loudly to cover the dull pain that poisoned her heart.

She mocked him gayly. "Did you really think I would fall for that cheap bunk? Did you? Did you think for a minute, you poor cheap ham actor—you—you"—she appraised him coolly—"you that needs a dry cleaners' convention on them pants, did you think that your cheap stage tricks could get by with Gussy Smolkin? Did you, huh?"

She gave him one parting look of unutterable scorn. "Honest," she sneered, "you cheap crooks of lady killers give me one large pain!"

With frankly bewildered eyes the Earl of Milburn watched the thin figure move down the drive. Then His Lordship smiled suddenly. After all, what was the odds? Maybe he was better rid of her now. And besides, the price of old gold was way up in ——

His Lordship sought the nearest Pine Street shop that displayed the desired three large gilded balls. On Pine Street they were always open.

"Hello, uncle," he called genially.

"Good evening, sir. Vat can I do?"

His Lordship laughed gayly. "Be generous for once in your tight old life."

"Me? I am always to the limit generous."

His Lordship nodded wisely. "Sure you are," he said; "as generous as a gutter cat with a salmon can."

The other threw up his hands in characteristic acquiescence.

His Lordship reached into his vest pocket, still smiling. But the smile faded. His Lordship's hand flapped wildly.

The little grizzled man chuckled softly at this fresh young man.

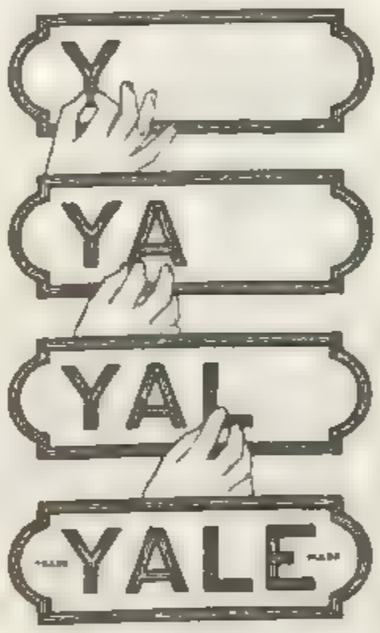
"You ain't got it, huh?" he inquired. "Maybe you shouldn't keep all your peaches in one basket, huh?"

Peaches! It brought an unpleasant taste to the Earl of Milburn's lips.

"Aw, go chase yourself!" he said inelegantly.

Semi-Centennial of YALE

Fifty Years of Service



This statement by the Company's Chairman, who has been the guiding force in the organization since it was founded, forms the concluding page in a Semi Centennial booklet just published that tells the story of the Company's growth from a small shop to world dominance in its field—a true romance of American business. It will be sent to you free, upon request.

"There is no legacy so rich as honesty"

—All's Well that Ends Well

WITH entire sincerity I can say that I believe the guiding principle of those by whom this company has been built up has been Honesty, of purpose and of endeavor. Honesty in design and production, that each article shall be *right* for its purpose. Honesty in representation, that the buyer shall not be misled. Honesty in pricing, that quality shall not be sacrificed to cheapness. Honesty in all relations with employees, customers and the public. If then the future may be judged by the past, I predict with confidence that the policy of honest effort and honest dealing, maintained during the past fifty years by those who founded and built up this business, will be continued in the years to come by their successors, and will win rewards in the future even greater than in the past.

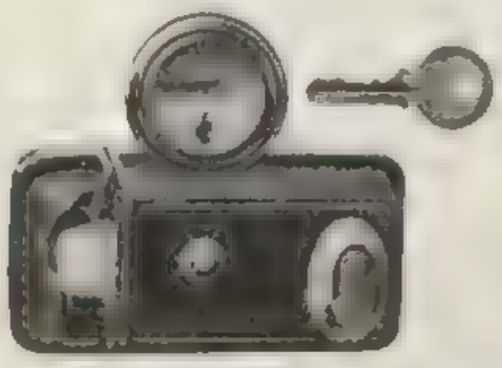
While it is true that this business has grown because it has prospered, it is equally true that it has prospered because it has grown.

Henry R. Towne

Chairman of the Board

Some Yale Products

Yale Builders' Hardware



Yale Cylinder Night Latches

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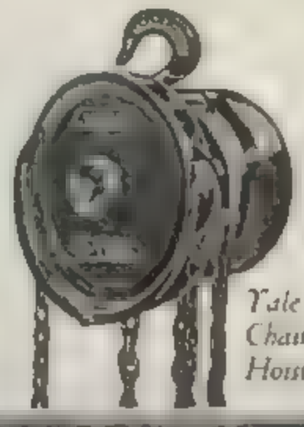

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Long Credit Versus Cash Discount

By J. R. SPRAGUE

THE young traveling man representing an Eastern manufacturer had a few hours to spend between trains in a large Middle Western city. This place was in his territory, but not for him. Being a new man he had only the small towns, while one of the company's big salesmen had the large cities.

But as the young traveler walked round the congested business district ambition stirred within him. Why should he be limited to the small towns? He was a good salesman, he knew his line thoroughly, and he felt with some pride that his clothes and general appearance were good enough to take him anywhere. He decided to give himself a trial on the big-league trade.

Occupying one of the city's busiest corners was a retail concern that did a large business not only in the city but throughout the whole state. This store was a thorn in the side of many small-town merchants, who complained bitterly that their fellow townsmen traded at home when wanting to buy on credit, but when they had ready money took it to the big city and spent it with this fashionable corner establishment. As the traveler stood in front of the place its dominant note seemed to be prosperity. The windows were trimmed with high-priced merchandise, there were two doormen in livery, and the massive brass signs on either side of the doorway with the firm's name enameled in black gave an air of solid well-being. Looking in through the entrance one could see long rows of showcases filled with expensive goods, well-dressed salespeople, and customers who looked as though they had money to spend.

The young salesman made his decision. If he was going to tackle the big-town game he might as well begin on one of the good ones. Using one of the show windows for a mirror he tightened up his four-in-hand tie, set his scarfpin at a more favorable angle, and walked boldly through the main entrance to inquire for the buyer.

Tempered Enthusiasm

Fate was with him. His concern had recently put on an effective campaign of national advertising, which had created an especially active demand for its product, and the big store really needed goods. Within an hour the young salesman walked out of the establishment with an order in his pocket amounting to more than seven thousand dollars.

As he had only two or three more towns to make before ending up his trip the traveler decided not to mail in his big order, but to carry it with him when he returned to the factory. It was by far the largest bill he had ever sold and he intended to receive his chief's praise by word of mouth

The morning after his arrival home he reported to the president of the concern and after making his general report he pulled out the long yellow sheet on which was written his big order.

"Here is a piece of business I picked up on the side," he said casually, and laying it in front of his chief sat back to enjoy his compliments.

The president looked it over. "It certainly is a nice order," he said, "and you deserve credit for going out of your way to get it However, we don't much care to sell that firm direct They have always bought our goods through some jobber, and I would just as soon have had a jobber handle this order"

"But if they buy in quantities like this it seems to me that we ought to sell them direct," argued the traveler.

"Oh, we'll ship the goods all right," said the president "We can't afford to antagonize a concern that does the volume of business they do, but we will have to face this fact. It will take us a year and perhaps eighteen months to get our money for the goods after we have shipped them"

The manufacturer spoke the truth The concern which carried a stock worth more than a half million dollars and had a state-wide reputation could not pay its bills with any degree of promptness. On the books of the credit agencies it had a fairly good rating, showing that it had assets of nearly three hundred thousand dollars in excess of its debts, but for a creditor to get money from it was a long and tedious process.

The trouble lay in the number of people who drew money from the concern without actually earning it. The store had been established more than sixty years and was operated by the grandsons of the original owner. These partners drew salaries far in excess of what the business could reasonably stand; and besides, two uncles, who had retired from active management years before, were still receiving monthly allowances. The hired financial manager did the best he could for the creditors, but try as he might there was never enough cash coming in to meet the salary demands and pay the merchandise accounts as they fell due. The owners might be in California, Cuba or the Thousand Islands, but their money had to come first; and the creditors got what was left.

It was constantly a case of playing for more time. The buyers were instructed to get long datings wherever possible in purchasing goods. If a manufacturer's regular terms were sixty days he would be asked to extend them to four months; but this was done merely to save trouble and not because there was definite expectation of paying the bill at that time. When an account fell due the financial manager would write a letter stating that cash receipts were a little off, and ask for another sixty days. This could usually be repeated safely two or three times. When the creditor finally became insistent on having money instead of promises the financial manager would begin sending him small monthly payments until the account was finally wiped out.

The seven-thousand-dollar order taken by the young salesman for the Eastern manufacturer was settled in exactly seventeen months. Payments began at the end of the tenth month and were made at the rate of a thousand dollars every thirty days.

The foregoing represents about the hardest problem that the manufacturers and jobbers of the country have to face. Such a concern has so large a market for merchandise that it is a temptation to sell it, even though there is a certainty of having to wait months for payment. Of course a creditor may peremptorily demand that his account be paid, and some means will be found to get the money for him; but in that case he can never hope to sell the concern another dollar's worth. The proprietors and pensioners comfortably draw their money; the financial manager gets a good salary for absorbing the disagreeable incidents and trying to satisfy the creditors with promises and attenuated payments.

Grafting Working Capital

There is another kind of slow payer who is perhaps more exasperating than the one described, as explained to the writer by a manufacturer of hardware specialties.

"For several years we had a customer in a prominent Western city," said this man, "who had a remarkably live business. He bought our line right through, and his purchases would frequently amount to twenty thousand dollars a year. At first he was fairly prompt pay, but as time went on he began to slow up on his remittances. We made the usual inquiries through the financial agencies whether anything had happened that might impair his credit, but invariably the report came back that he was doing a good business, that his expenses were very moderate for his volume of sales, and that he was evidently making money.

"At last it got to the point where he was taking a full year's time on every bill we shipped him. Our traveler would sell him a bill on ninety days' time. At the end of that period we would wait a few days, and then not hearing anything would write the merchant a letter suggesting that he let us have a remittance. Hearing nothing from this, in a couple of weeks we would write again. This time he would reply, stating that business was a little quiet but he hoped to remit within the month. When it came time for that promise to be made good we would get a letter signed by the merchant's bookkeeper stating that his principal was out of town for a short time, but the matter would be attended to as soon as he returned. He would keep the thing in the air for at least nine months, and then if we pressed him hard enough he would close the matter up with a ninety-day note, without interest.

"The account was so unsatisfactory that at length I got on the train to go and find out what was the matter. Before calling at the merchant's place of business I inquired round town as to his affairs and learned that he was buying property and building apartment houses. By chance I ran across one of his friends to whom he had confided his plans. He had figured out, it seems, that if he could stand off all his merchandise accounts an average of one year the goods would be sold before he had to pay for them; thus his business would not require any capital at all and he could use his money for outside investments.

"When I interviewed the merchant I gave him to understand that I was a manufacturer, not a banker, and that it was not my business to finance my customers. I finally got what was due me and have never since solicited that merchant's business."

There is a tendency among manufacturers and wholesalers everywhere to abolish the custom of giving unreasonably long terms to their customers. The active head of a wholesale house located in a prominent Southern city recently related his experiences to the writer.

A Disquieting Situation

"My house has been in business more than forty years," said this man, "and up to three years ago we made a practice of acting in the rôle of banker to many of our customers. There were literally hundreds of firms on our books who had never paid up our account in full since they first began buying from us. If a man owed us three thousand dollars, for instance, he considered the debt to be a regular feature of his business, and made no particular effort to reduce it. When he had a few hundred dollars that could be easily spared he would mail us a check on account, but his purchases from us would equal his remittances, so the account would always remain about the same.

"This was a comfortable, easy-going way to do business, and very likely we should be doing it yet if it had not been for war conditions. We were large borrowers from the banks and never had any trouble in getting all the money we needed to operate on, but one day the president of one of our banks came in to see me and said that conditions were such that he would have to ask us to cut down our loan a little. I replied that our responsibility had never been questioned before, and suggested that if his bank did not want to carry us there were others that would be glad to do so.

"The banker was a diplomat. 'Now don't get mad,' he said, 'and assume that I have come to demand that you pay every one of your notes in full the minute it falls due. Conditions do really demand that banks shall call in their loans wherever practicable, but in your case it will be for your own good. I have brought a copy of the statement which you recently furnished the bank. It shows that you have assets of practically a million dollars, but only about five hundred thousand dollars' worth of merchandise on hand The other five hundred thousand is tied up in the accounts owing you by your customers. That money isn't doing you any good, and I doubt if it is doing your customers as much good as you think it is. See what you can do about cutting down.'

"I made the bluff to the banker that if he did not want to carry our loan I had only to step into some other bank to get accommodated, but just the same his remarks left me with an uneasy feeling. It did seem unreasonable that we should have one-half of our entire working capital tied up in accounts all the time. And maybe the other banks we did business with felt the same way. If they should all come round at once and tell me that we ought to cut down our loans we would be in a bad fix.

"That night I worked with our credit manager, going over our outstanding accounts. About one-fourth of the concerns on our books paid their bills every thirty days and took their cash discounts. Another fourth averaged paying in ninety days, which was the time we regularly extended to those who did not take their cash discounts. But fully half of all those on the books did not have any regular pay day at all, merely sending us a check on account once in a while and never having an entirely clean sheet. There was more than two hundred thousand dollars in those slow-moving accounts.

"Still with the banker in mind I asked the credit man a question: 'Suppose we had to have money quick at any time, how much of this two hundred thousand dollars could we collect in thirty days?'

"The credit man reflected a few moments. 'Not over ten per cent,' he finally replied. 'You see those people have always taken their time in paying us, and think they have a right to settle in their own way. If we should suddenly start crowding them some would get mad, some would get scared, and others would pay no attention at all. They are just naturally slow pay, and that is all there is to it.'

"That night I sent out a call for a directors' meeting and ordered all traveling men in from the road for a conference. I may as well confess that I had a case of cold feet. I began to realize that our corporation stood on the basis of the continued good will of three or four bankers, and that any one of them getting up some morning feeling mean from a headache or a touch of rheumatism might mean disaster for us.

"When I got my directors together I put it up to them that we had too much money outstanding for the business we were doing, and that we ought to cut it down to half. Several of them said it couldn't be done, that we had always financed our customers, that other wholesalers were doing it, and if we tried it our customers would simply buy from other houses.

"Our traveling men called into conference were against it unanimously. One said that half the merchants he sold would go to the wall if we cut them off from their usual carrying account. Another predicted that the retailers would be so resentful that they would quit us as soon as they got out of our debt, and would take pains to spread the news among their friends that we were a hard concern to do business with. One traveler said he would throw up his job before he would go out and receive the kicks that would be coming to him under any such changed policy. I told him he had better hurry up and quit, because we were certainly going to do it."

Turning Over a New Leaf

"It was a hard problem to know just how to go about cutting our customers off from their accustomed easy credit. With most of them it was taking away part of their capital, for they had come to regard our carrying account as just that. Of course I could not send out a form letter to hundreds of merchants telling them that they must pay up right now or we would put the account into the hands of an attorney; nor could I make a set of rules that would cover all cases. Every merchant must be considered separately.

"I went into conference with each of our traveling men in turn and dug for the facts about every customer he called on. I inquired as to about the value of the merchant's stock; how much rent he paid; approximately what his living expenses were; how many clerks he employed; whether his merchandise was mostly new or if a good share of it was out of date and shopworn.

"From this information I decided how fast each merchant ought to be able to cut down his indebtedness. I did not want to work a hardship on anyone, and meant that every customer should have plenty of time. In several instances where a small merchant had a carrying account of a thousand dollars but seemed to be having rather a hard time of it in his business I wrote him that we would be satisfied if he would cut down at the rate of twenty-five dollars a month. But in the majority of cases I told them that we would expect the carrying account to be wiped out in one

(Concluded on Page 70)

Rub the warm Woodbury lather through the hair and with the tips of the fingers thoroughly massage it into the scalp

Separate the hair into small parts and scrub the scalp with a toothbrush lathered with Woodbury's Facial Soap

The right way to shampoo

How this treatment helps your hair

DO you know why so many people have hair that is dull and lifeless?

The whole beauty and lustre of the hair depends upon the scalp. This is why caring for the hair is, in reality, exactly the same as caring for the skin.

To keep your scalp healthy and vigorous, use Woodbury's Facial Soap as a regular shampoo.

Begin this treatment tonight

Before shampooing, rub the scalp thoroughly with the tips of the fingers (not the finger nails) making the scalp itself move in little circles.

Now dip the hair in warm water, separate it into small parts and scrub the scalp with a toothbrush lathered with Woodbury's Facial Soap. Rub the lather in well, then rinse it out.

Next apply a thick, hot lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap, and leave it on for two or three minutes. Clear it off with fresh, warm water, finishing with cold water. Dry very thoroughly.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap today and begin tonight to give your scalp the care it needs. See how much richer and softer your hair will become, almost immediately!

A 25c cake will give you ten or twelve shampoos, or will last for a month or six weeks' general use. Woodbury's is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

Sample cake of soap—Booklet of famous treatments—Samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder—Facial Cream and Cold Cream—Sent to you for 15c

For 6 cents we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a shampoo or for a week of any Woodbury facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch". Or for 15 cents we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 606 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 606 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

You will find complete treatments for the commoner skin troubles in the booklet which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap

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year. Thus a man whom we had been carrying for three thousand dollars—about our average amount—would wipe out his back debt in payments of two hundred and fifty dollars a month.

"Within a few days after I began sending these letters out the replies began coming back. The majority of them were reasonable enough and stated that they would do as we suggested, only asking a little extra time in case business should be unusually dull. Two or three acted as the more pessimistic traveling men had predicted, sending in the full amount of their indebtedness in one check, together with the information that they were done with us forever.

"Others, as I could see by the tone of their correspondence, would have liked to be equally independent but did not dare because they could not get the money to be independent with. Still others wrote pathetic letters that could only have come from men who had long carried discouragement in their hearts, begging us not to be harsh and promising to do their best. A few did not answer my letters at all.

"These last were my greatest problem. Of course when a debtor will not pay attention to any dunning letters the logical thing to do is to send the account to an attorney in his town with instructions to bring suit. The weak point in such a course, however, lies in the fact that if the debtor hires a good lawyer he can stave off payment almost indefinitely; and if a settlement comes through bankruptcy it is mighty little on the dollar that the merchandise creditor gets. With these things in mind I went on a trip to see those in person who would not pay any attention to my letters.

"Among the unresponsive ones was a man whom I will call Baker. He was located in a town of about ten thousand population, and had been in business six years. When he first opened up we extended him a credit of three thousand dollars, but this had gradually increased until he was in our debt more than five thousand dollars. We had meant to hold him down to the original amount but as is so often the case his orders for merchandise were always a little more than his payments on account, so his indebtedness had increased almost imperceptibly, but regularly."

Baker's Mistakes

"For more than a year past Baker's account had been most unsatisfactory. He had bought very little from us, and his payments on account had almost stopped. I would write him letters asking for a remittance but would get no reply. The only way I could get any response was to make draft on him through his bank; about once a month I would draw for a couple of hundred dollars, which amount would usually not be paid, but he would be stirred into action and mail in a check for half the amount. He was going through all the motions that usually precede commercial shipwreck.

"I got to Baker's town early one morning and after breakfast at the hotel went directly to his store. Baker had not yet arrived but his two clerks were there, to whom I introduced myself, and proceeded to try to size up the situation. The first thing that impressed me was that the stock of merchandise was in bad shape. There were plenty of slow-moving goods, but a shortage of the active everyday sellers. Evidently he was not ordering a fresh supply of any line as it sold out; or else his credit was so poor that he could not get the goods.

"Baker's desk was the most disorderly spot I ever saw It was piled high with letters from various wholesale houses, not one of which had been opened. No wonder I had never received any replies to my letters asking for remittances, for he had never read any of them! Scattered among the letters were printed notices that had been left by runners from various banks, calling attention to drafts and notes that had been placed with them for collection. On odd pieces of paper were columns of figures in Baker's handwriting, some showing the amounts of checks that he had drawn on his bank account, some representing the items of his monthly expenses, and others that roughly estimated the amounts he owed to various firms. It was the desk of a discouraged man who had lost the nerve to look his affairs in the face, and who carried about with him a feeling of apprehension and hopelessness.

"After a while Baker came into the store. I think he would have dodged me if he had seen me first, but I gave him no chance; his face looked as though he expected his affairs were about to come to a crisis I asked him to go over to the hotel where we could talk without being disturbed.

"When I first began talking with Baker he was nervous and constrained, but I told him I had come to help him out of his troubles if possible, not to get him in deeper; and after a while he opened up and told me all about it. It seems that he had started in business six years before with about ten thousand dollars of capital; but in order to have a stock as complete as his competitors he bought about twenty thousand dollars' worth of merchandise. This of course saddled him with a ten-thousand-dollar indebtedness, but for the first few years business was pretty good and he seemed to have every prospect of catching up with his debts and getting on a cash basis.

"Then trouble began. For two successive years there was serious drought in his territory, which cut down his farmer trade; and on top of that there was a strike in the town's one big industrial plant, which played havoc with the local business men generally. Baker economized wherever possible, but in a retail business there is little chance to cut down expenses. Letting a clerk or two go is about the only economy possible. The largest item, rent, is the same in good times and bad; the store must be lighted and heated; to cut off advertising is to lose a chance of getting a share of what little business there is.

"And when the volume of business drops, the ability to pay merchandise debts decreases in much greater proportion. The merchant who has cash receipts of four thousand dollars a month, with expenses of a thousand dollars, has three thousand dollars a month to send his creditors. But when his receipts drop to three thousand a month, with expenses the same as before, he has only two thousand for his creditors. His receipts decrease only one-fourth, but his ability to pay decreases one-third.

"This was the fix that Baker found himself in. Creditors began to write impatient letters and to make drafts on him through his bank. Several times he had ordered goods through some traveling man, only to receive a letter from the house stating that he would have to send the money before the merchandise could be shipped. Being a sensitive man these things hurt. He hated to see the postman coming up the street bearing letters that he knew contained hard words. When a line of quick-selling merchandise sold out he hesitated to order more for fear that his order might be turned down, and he could not scrape up the money to pay for the goods in advance; he felt uneasy in his own store because there was no way to tell whether a person entering the front door might turn out to be a collector with a demand for money.

"And so Baker did what ten thousand other business men have done under an oppressive load of debt; he became careless of his business, and extravagant. He had written so many apologetic letters to creditors that he could not think of any more excuses, and so he got in the habit of not writing at all. To break away from his troubles he would leave his store to go out and spend money among his friends when he could least afford it.

"I saw that what Baker needed most was to get some feeling of security. If I had told him that I had come to close him up it would have been an actual relief; anything would have been better than the present miserable uncertainty. We went over his affairs, and though he had not had the courage to figure up just how his finances stood a rough estimate showed that he owed somewhat more than ten thousand dollars, and his stock would invoice less than twenty thousand. He was a little worse off than when he had started, six years before. It was a bad situation but not hopeless. Baker was a nice fellow, popular with his townspeople and thoroughly honorable. It was in fact his dread of not being able to pay his honest debts that had got him into his present state of nerves.

"I told him that my house was going to discontinue carrying its customers for large amounts as it had in the past, but we did not expect that he could pay up all at once As a matter of fact if we had come down on him with a demand for immediate cash and caused a forced sale of his business none of the creditors would have got more than thirty cents on the dollar. When a small concern gets into the hands of the law its assets vanish into thin air.

"'I'll tell you what I will do,' I finally said to Baker. 'Our claim against you amounts to about five thousand dollars, and you are owing a total of a little more than that to other firms. I am going to let you pay us off at the rate of two hundred dollars a month, which will give you more than two years to do it in. If you will give me a list of your other creditors I will take the matter up with each of them separately and get them to extend similar terms. If they know that we, the largest creditors, are doing it they will fall into line. Of course you understand that you will have to pay interest on these deferred payments, and you will have to settle for all future purchases every thirty days.

"'I know you are wondering what good this will do when you can't even pay your current bills. All right, I will tell you. When you first went into business, like most other merchants you thought you must carry a stock fully as large as any of your competitors, for fear you might lose a sale occasionally. And to do this you saddled yourself with a ten-thousand-dollar debt.

"'If you had been content to start with a smaller stock you would have played that stock up to the limit. Realizing that you did not have so many goods as your competitor you would have taken pains to keep everything so attractive that customers would not notice your assortment was smaller. Instead of buying things in dozen lots you would order a quarter of a dozen. And when you sold two of those articles you would order a quarter of a dozen more. You say goods cost more ordered in quarter dozen lots? Possibly they do; but you would have saved the cash discounts. And more than that there are mighty few houses who will not give their lowest prices to a small buyer when they know he is going to pay his bill every thirty days.

"'There is another place where a big stock bought on easy credit gets you. The traveling men come along and offer you such attractive terms that it is easier to buy new goods than to make the most of those you already have on hand. You are not any lazier than anyone else, but it is just human nature to put the nice new goods in the front of the show case and neglect the old ones. After a while the old ones get shoved down under the counter or toward the back of the shelves, and the first thing you know you have a lot of merchandise on hand that is shopworn and worth fifty cents on the dollar. It is accumulation of old stock more than any other thing that breaks retailers. If you know you have to pay for everything you buy at the end of each month you will accumulate very little old stock.'

"I stayed with Baker a couple of days, writing to the other creditors and helping him plan his future course. His stock was pretty well run down, but after the clerks had rearranged the merchandise and resurrected such wares as had found their way under the counters, into the basement and into the cabinet drawers the store really looked well, and only needed a few hundred dollars' worth of new goods to put it in the way of again doing a live business.

"But the greatest improvement was in Baker himself. Instead of floundering in a sea of uncertainty he had a definite course to follow; there was a certain amount of money to be paid each month, and so long as he did that he had nothing to fear."

A Well-Learned Lesson

"I finished my trip and then went back to the home office to work out my plan of reducing the amount of money we had outstanding in book accounts. Altogether we lost only three customers by putting our business on a short-credit basis. The others, after cooling off, gradually came back into the fold, and those whom we had put on monthly payments in straightening up their old accounts generally managed to send in their installments as they fell due. As a matter of fact during our two years of reconstruction we had less actual failures on our books than the two years previous.

"But both because I had taken a personal liking to Baker and because his case seemed typical of the average retailer's problems I watched his progress with especial interest. His payment of two hundred dollars came in promptly each month except on two occasions—once on account of his having been sick, and the other time, as he frankly wrote, because business had been exceptionally dull. His purchases from us were small, but he sent in orders regularly and paid his bill every thirty days, never failing to earn the cash discount.

"One morning not long ago when I got down to my office there was an opened letter lying on my desk which had been left there by one of the bookkeepers. The item marked for my attention was this:

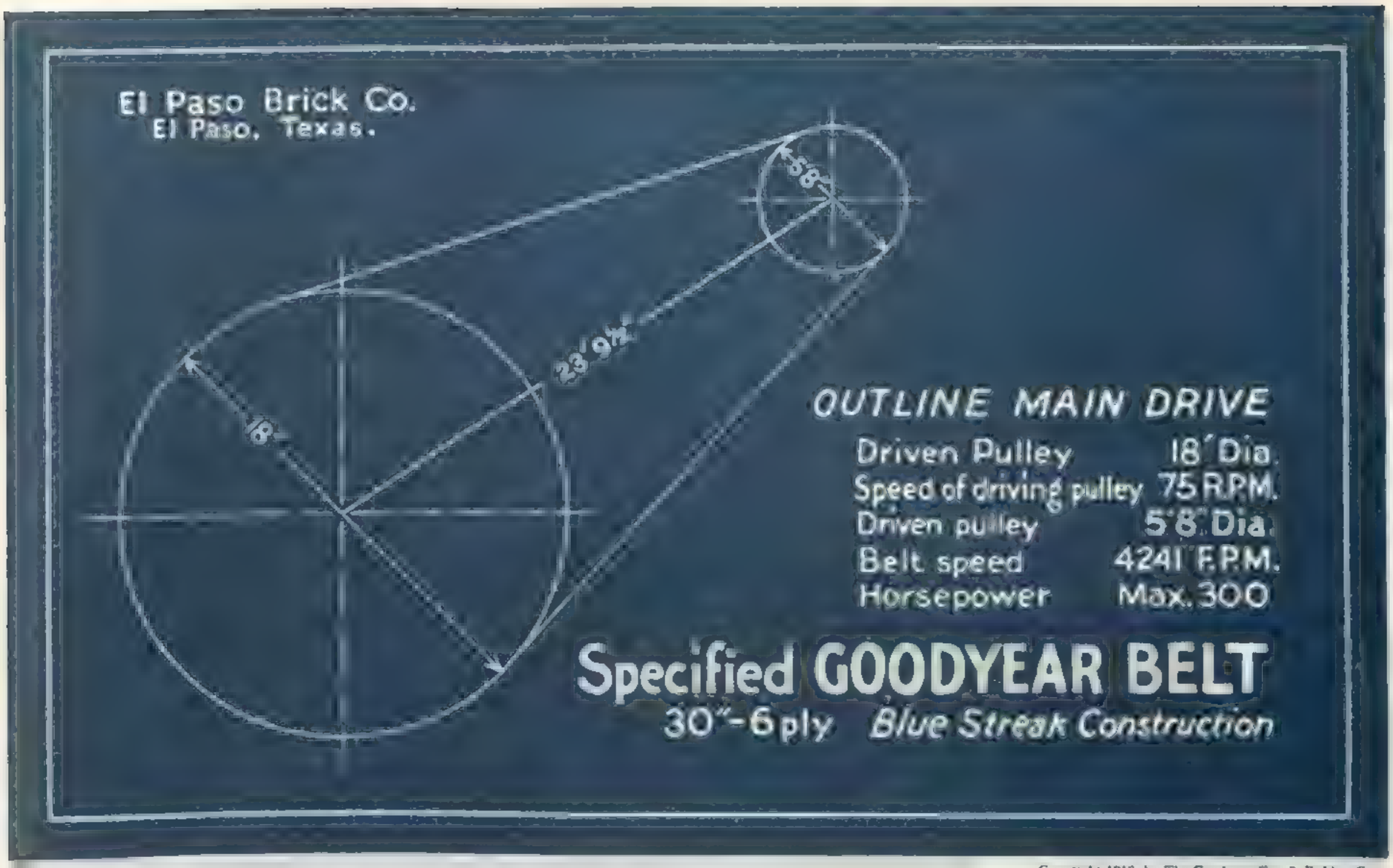
"'Referring to the case of alarm clocks just received, billed net, $24.00, would state that the last lot I had from you was subject to a discount of 1 per cent. I presume you have made a mistake in billing this lot, and therefore will deduct 24 cts. from the amount when remitting the 1st of the month.'

"The letter was signed by Baker. He had become a regular merchant at last. When I remembered that disordered desk of his, full of unopened dunning letters and notices of drafts I compared the Baker of that time with the Baker who would sit down and write us that we had made a twenty-four-cent mistake. I called a stenographer and dictated a letter thanking him for calling our attention to our error, adding a postscript congratulating him on his progress under the plan of discounting his bills.

"His answer came back in a day or two, scribbled on a souvenir post card:

"'*Dear Elliott:* Have taken Mr. Cash Discount into partnership. He paid my store rent and two clerks' wages last month. "'Sincerely,

"'BAKER'"



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Wasted Horsepower—and the G. T. M.

It was a spendthrift of power and a trouble-maker of the first class, that main-drive in the El Paso Brick Company's plant. Some years ago it was all right, but as the company grew it got worse and worse. Every kind and many grades of belt were tried on it. They slipped and jumped and stretched. They wasted horsepower-hours by the hundred. Most of them lasted only four or six months. The most expensive ran their unreliable way for about a year. They made that main-drive one of the most costly things in the plant. Finally the manager, Mr. Rodgers, asked a G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—to call.

The G. T. M.—our Mr. Watson—was told by Mr. Rodgers that it was planned to try out an 18-inch 8-ply Goodyear Belt of Blue Streak construction, but that it would be a good thing to look over the drive first. The G. T. M. thought it would be a good thing to *study* the drive—so they went and looked and measured.

There was 300 horsepower coming off a fly wheel with a 40-inch face and intended for delivery to a shaft-pulley *with an 18-inch face.* But 105 of the 300 were being wasted by slippage, because that line-shaft pulley-face hadn't grown with the plant. When the plant was young it had been all right, but as production and loads increased, it became much too small.

The G. T. M. recommended to Mr. Rodgers that he put on a line-shaft pulley with a face to take a 30-inch belt, specified a 30-inch 6-ply Blue Streak, stated his reasons, and was told to go ahead. He did. When the belt came, the G. T. M. went and bought the proper fasteners himself, just to make sure that they would be the right size. The belt and the new pulley were installed in April, 1918, and that main-drive has been a joy ever since.

From the first more than 100 of the 105 horsepower formerly wasted has been saved. The belt runs with perfect smoothness and evenness even under the heaviest overloads. It hasn't needed attention once. And it costs much less than those that used to slip, stretch and break under overload, and waste a thousand horsepower-hours in an ordinary working day. And the Goodyear Belt specified by the G. T. M. is in Mr. Rodgers' judgment good for several more years.

There are many main-drives for which a G. T. M. can do similar things—main-drives still belted according to precedent instead of in accordance with the real conditions. Not all of them have outgrown pulley-faces, but many have; and scores of others are using belts of the wrong construction, others have belts made of materials that require such extraordinary tightening that they are hard on bearings, cause shafting to weave, and waste power and time in many other ways.

Ask a G. T. M. to look over your main-drive. He will call when next he is in your vicinity. He may find it all right—and if it is, he will tell you so. If it isn't, and he recommends certain changes, you are in no way obligated to carry them out unless his reasons convince you. And bear in mind that the main-drive is the most neglected, taken-for-granted, precedent-burdened drive in three plants out of every four.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

BELTING · PACKING · HOSE · VALVES

GOODYEAR

AKRON

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THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF MARKETS reports higher depreciation charges on trucks than is necessary. *Good Tires* save trucks, cut down wear and tear and reduce depreciation.

FISK CORD TRUCK TIRES keep your trucks working more steadily and keep them in service longer.

THEY PERMIT sustained running at speed without damage to the truck itself, or damage to perishable or fragile freight.

KEEP ACCURATE cost sheets.

WITH FISK TIRES your operating costs are less—it costs you less per pound of freight per mile hauled. Fisk Tires last longer. Save stress and strain on working parts of the truck.

NEXT TIME—BUY FISK.

FISK TRUCK TIRES

ANYTHING ONCE

(Continued from Page 11)

I didn't. And next morning right after breakfast we caught the one-twenty, bags, dogs, Musette and all, and met up with Maison Rosabelle, which was dressed in a simple little trotter costume of chiffon and ermine which looked like it had been made in Babylon. I mean B. C., not L. I. And with her was a little surprise in the way of the same gentleman, Mr. Freddy Mayer, with another gardenia on him and a fine line of plausible explanations.

"Ain't it a co-c—strange, Freddy just happens to be going our way!" cooed Maisie with all the innocence of a New York livery-stable pigeon.

"Yes, I'm taking a special offering of champagne to a special friend in the hotel business there," says Mr. Freddy. "And with three such beautiful lady companions it's no hardship to leave Manhattan behind, nor the Bronx," says he gayly. "Though when we come back we may find the aldermen has decided to change both names after July first," says the humorous dog.

"Will you please kindly open this window a little?" I interrupted him. "The air in here ain't so good as it was."

I don't know did this get over, but believe you me I didn't care for that well washed young wine seller at all, nor for his company. And it was a relief when he done as I asked and him and Maison found their seats was at the other end of the car. In a way I can understand her liking traveling men but not up to the point of traveling with one, even by semi-accident. And so opening the Motion Picture World to look at the double-page spread of myself, "who has at length been lured by the artistic possibilities of the picture world," and keeping a eye on ma to see would she stop the candy boy, I settled down to the soothing sound of Maison's laugh, and begun my quiet little trip to healthland.

There is a large variety of ladies which have husbands still in the Army, but believe you me they certainly got one thing in common, or else no looks at all. And that is the temptation to take up with other company to some degree. Because of course while the war was holding the stage a husband's absence could be stood, but what with this peace-hyphen in the fighting and everything, you can't help but commence wondering what kind of a girl is detaining him over there and feel inclined to have a understudy kind of waiting off stage in self-defense. For believe you me, there seems to be something sort of attractive about a war widow, and the ones which ignores the fact and minds their own affairs is the real patriotic women of America.

Not that I want to say a word about Maison, and what happened to me after the end of that train ride on which I was sitting so superior-minded taught me a lesson; because it's a cinch to be good when you want to be. A person which has suffered themselves is slow to bawl out the other fellow so quick next time. Do you get me? Not yet.

Well, after we had rolled by the lovely scenery and read the handsome ad signs on either hand, not to mention the pipe line, and got the invigorating smell of low tide in our eager nostrils we come out on that quiet little country railroad-station platform, our destination, to be greeted by only several hundred busses and a thousand or so taxicabs, each yelling at the top of their voices. As we got off the train Maison rushes up to us and pipes a cheering little question.

"Where are we going, dearie?" she said blithely.

"Where are we going?" I says. "Maisie Brady, do you mean to say you didn't wire no place for rooms?"

"Why, no!" says Maison. "Didn'tyou?"

"Certainly not!" I says. "I never wired for rooms in my whole life. The advance agent always done that for me."

"Well, Mary Gilligan, I'm not your advance agent!" she snapped, and then she kind of looked at Mr. Freddy in a sweet, helpless womanly fashion, expecting him to fork up a little help. But it seems Mr. Freddy was one of these birds that only think to take care of his own comfort. He had a room all right all right at the Traymore. And he meant to keep it!

"We'll take the bus to there," he suggested. "I'm sure there'll be lots of room."

But no bus for me on account of professional reasons. So we took one taxi for him and us and another for Musette and the dogs and the bags, and then commenced a round of seeking for shelter as the poet says, which had the Two Orphans skun a mile.

We went to six hotels, and not a room among them. Believe you me, there is just one person can make you feel cheaper than a Atlantic City hotel clerk when he says "No reservations?" and lifts his arched brows, and that is the head waiter when he says "Nothing to drink?" and you say "Yes, nothing!" Well, that's one thing Prohibition will prohibit.

Well anyways we tried six hotels until at last we come to a place where the young feller at the desk give his reluctant consent to our admission. It was a simple little place done quietly in red plush and gold and marble columns, very restful with not over a hundred people sitting about in the lobby, listening not to the sad sea waves but to a jazz orchestra and inhaling the nice fresh tobacco smoke of which the air was full.

Well, Mr. Freddy give a gasp of relief and bid us good-by, after dating up Maisie for dinner, and a flock of bell hops hopped upon our stuff and we commenced a walking tower to our rooms. As we started off down the alleyway Maison give me a nudge.

"Look at that sweet young officer! Ain't he handsome?" she whispers only just loud enough for him to hear. And before I thought I turned my head and he certainly was easy to look at. He looked, in fact, like a cross between a clothing ad and a leading juvinile with a touch of bearcat in him to make a regular he-man out of him. He was a captain, though so young, and had a cute little mustache and had that blue-blooded air—you know—like a Boston accent even without hearing him speak. And he was sitting all alone under a big poster advertising a entertainment for the benefit of blind soldiers or something.

Of course I didn't notice him at all, because I being a perfect lady I don't do them things. But I couldn't help seeing that he didn't blush at what Masie said, though I knew he heard it, but a sort of crinkly expression come up round his nice blue eyes as if he thought us comic or something. It made me just boil, because my clothes is nothing if not refined and I never wear anything but a little powder on my nose when off the stage, and if it's one thing gets my goat it is to be taken for a show girl, which undoubtedly he thought the two of us was, and they not in his class, for even with the passing glance I had taken I could see he was used to the Vanderbilts and all that set and had never had to be taught to take his daily tub. Do you get me?

So I walked like I hadn't looked, and of course I really hadn't, and proceeded to the before-the-war section of the hotel and the handsome suite all fitted in real varnished pine and carpets just like a Rochester boarding house when I was on the small time before I made my big success, and it made me feel quite at home, or would of only for what I knew the difference in price was going to be. I guessed it just as soon as I heard ma gasping over the hotel rules which she was reading. I went over and looked at them, too, and at first I couldn't see nothing unusual about them. There was the usual bunk about the management not being responsible for the guest in any way, and Gawd knows how could they be and I don't blame them. And then, a little ways down I see what had got ma stirred up. It seems dogs was ten dollars a week per each, and of course we had two of them, and ma never has cared for my two anyways.

"Well, I hope the sea air will be good for the poor little lambs," she says very sarcastic. "Maybe it'll make 'em grow into police dogs or something useful!"

Well, I see by this that the salt air had not yet got to ma, though the troublesome journey had. And so I put on a simple little suit of English tweed and low-heeled shoes and a walking hat, which seemed to me the right thing for the country, and went out to pry off a little health before dinner.

The outdoors was something grand. The air was as good a cocktail as a person would want, and the lights along the boardwalk was coming out like dandelion blossoms. There was hardly anybody round—just a few here and there; and the surf of that wide and cruel ocean which Jim was the other side of was breaking close to the rail in big white ostrich plumes. Overhead the sky was as clear and high as a circular drop with the violet lights on it, and a few clean stars was coming out. It was just cold

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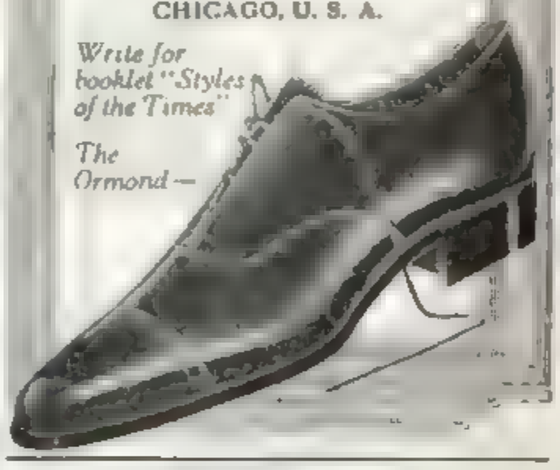

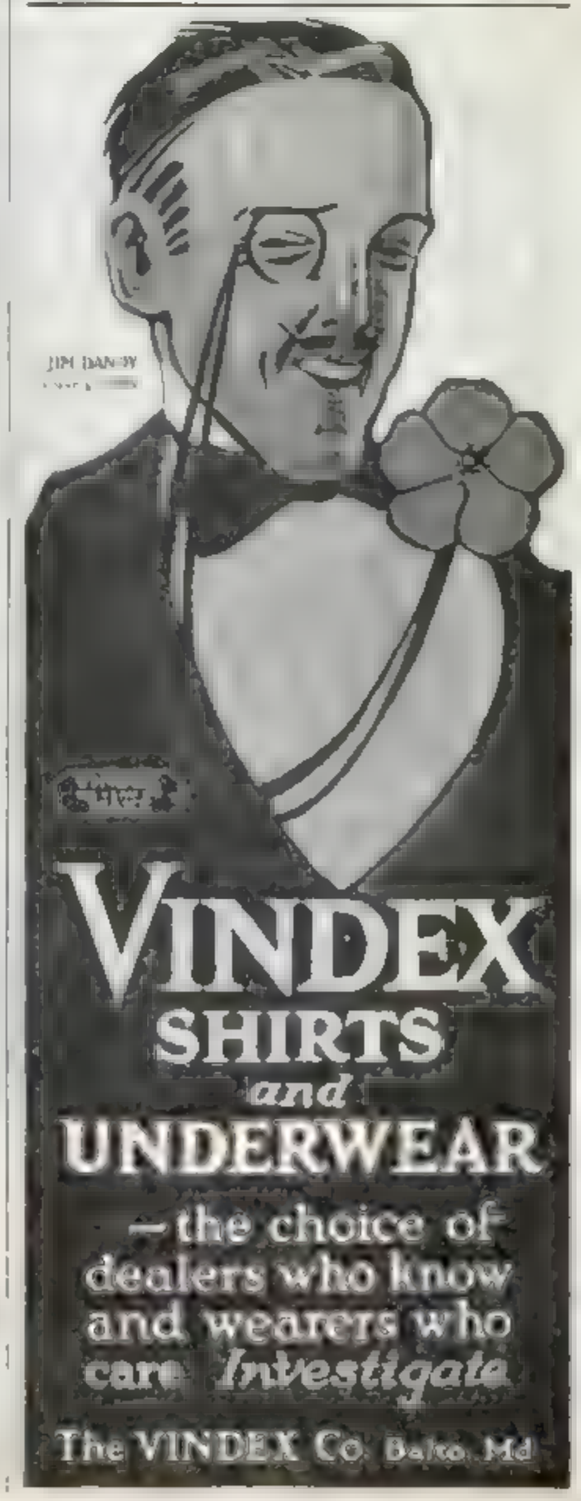

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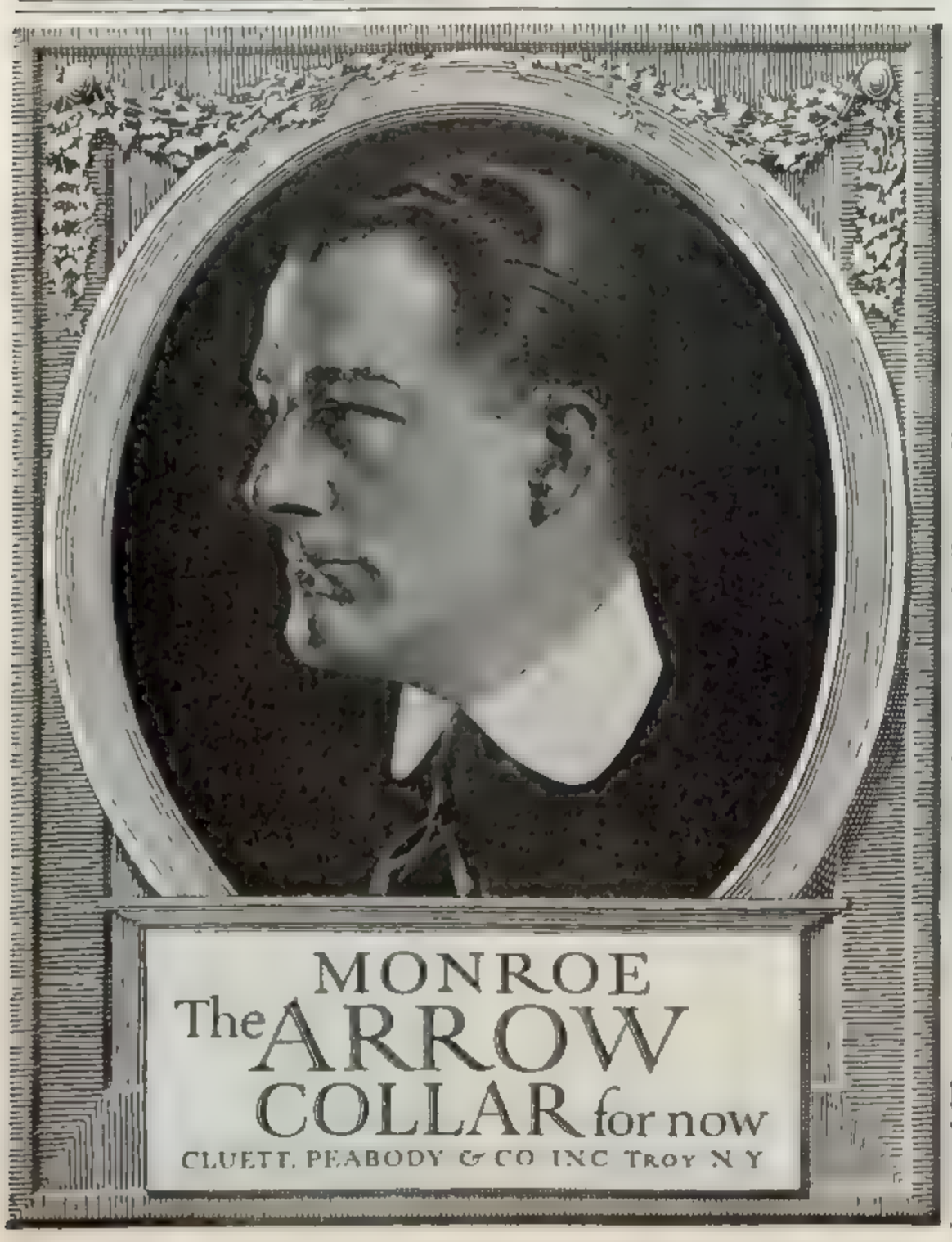


MONROE
The ARROW COLLAR for now
CLUETT, PEABODY & CO INC TROY N Y

enough to make a person want to walk fast until the blood got singing through you and you wanted to shout and run, only of course no lady would. But just the same, I commenced to feel glad I hadn't died when I had the measles, and that I loved everybody and had a great career before me and—and—oh that grand yearning happy feeling which comes out of being young and full of strength and a good bank account. Do you get me? You do!

Well anyways here I was walking like I had money on it and huming a tune to myself, when along comes a man the other way, walking two to my one, and huming the same tune—How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning, it was. When he heard me and I heard him we both sort of half stopped out of surprise, and I got a good look at him. It was the young captain from the hotel!

He also give a start of surprise when he seen me, showing he recognized me just as good as I did him. Only it was a real, genuine start, as if he realized something more than the fact he had seen me at the hotel. Then he smiled—a smile which would of done any dental ad proud—and passed along, looking back over his shoulder—once. While I went along minding my own business and only know he looked back on account of my happening to look back to see how far I had gone. I went a mile further and somehow that smile of his stuck in my mind and made me sort of happy for no reason, and at the same time awful extra lonesome for Jim. I made up my mind I would get Jim a new car for a surprise when he come home and I would send him a extra box of eats this week and some of them cigarettes he likes so well, and a whole lot of stuff like that, the way a woman does at such a time. Do you get me? Probably.

Well anyways I walked myself into a terrible enthusiasm over Jim, and then come back to the hotel. Which, by the way, it's a strange thing how much further it is coming back to a Atlantic City hotel than walking away from it. And there at the door was ma with the two dogs. A real strange sight, for I never knew her to take them out before, and it looked like a guilty conscience, for she give me a peek out of the corner of her eye for some reason and then hastily explained how she had thought she'd take them herself this time instead of Musette. Well, we got rid of the dogs and then come down to dinner, where Maison sailed down upon us all dressed up and no place to go, for it seems this Mr. Freddy had stood her up on the dinner, having telephoned he'd be over later with a friend or two but business prevented him paying for her meal, or at least that's what I expect he meant. And Maison was wild. But she had to eat dinner with us, and register a bunch of complaints between bowing to friends and so forth.

"The luck I have!" she says. "That guy Freddy doesn't think any more of a nickel than he does of his right arm! And with all the conventions which is held at this town of course we would have to pick on the date the Methodist ministers was here! It's a fact. The clerk told me. And what is more if there ain't Ruby Roselle and Goldringer, and will you look at that wine and it twelve a quart without the tax! Well, of all things!"

And there sure enough was Ruby across the room with Goldringer, which he evidently had come down to wait for the answer to that cable in the fresh air, and I suppose Ruby was a accident, the same as Freddy, for goodness knows I wouldn't say a thing against her even behind her back—and a good deal could be said behind what shows of it when in costume. But I wouldn't say it anyhow, because even if it was the truth that woman would sue a person for liable if only to get her name in the paper. And if she happened to be taking dinner with Goldringer it's a comparatively free country and he's her manager as well as mine, and it's a good thing to assume it's only business whenever possible, as thinking the best of people never hurt anybody yet.

Also across the room all by himself was that young captain, and he looked over twice but of course I pretended it was the picture on the wall over his head which had took my eye.

Altogether that strange dining room wasn't much more lonesome to us than the Ritz or Astor for tea would of been. But the most remarkable part of the meal was ma. Because she didn't touch it! Actually, and it the American plan, which would tempt one of these aesthetics if for no other reason but that you have to pay for it anyway. And all she took was a piece of meat about the size of a dime and a leaf of salad.

"I'm going to stick by what I said if only because you said I wouldn't!" she says, looking me square in the eye. "Diet is my middle name."

Well, I mentally give her until tomorrow on that but said nothing at the time. And we went out into the lounge where Mr. Freddy and three friends was already lounging and after they had joined us Goldringer and Ruby did the same, and the drinks commenced to flow with that frantic haste like unto a river at the edge of the ocean as the poet says, meaning because it's near its finish. While I, never using any alcohol myself except to remove my make-up, sat there flushed with lemonade, and couldn't help noticing the way the captain, which he was still all alone, looked over at the menagerie, and it made me boil, for how could I help that piker Freddy and his cheap friends and the rest, and believe you me there are many perfect ladies in pictures and on the stage, only the public don't often recognize them because they are swamped with a bunch of roughnecks which all are popularly supposed to be.

It was a big relief when the captain got up and went away about nine, and left us to a endurance contest as to which could sit up the longest in that refreshing atmosphere of cigarette smoke and drinks and ten-dollar perfume with the sad sea waves beating vainly outside the carefully glass-inclosed veranda until one o'clock—when I personally went to bed leaving them to their fate.

I give the telephone operator a terrible shock by leaving a call for seven-thirty, and when it come I put on my riding suit, which I had left from a dance called The Call to Hounds which Jim and me done at the Palace just before he enlisted, and went out into the keen morning air. And it was some air! Then I commenced to look round for horses but had great difficulty in finding the same, for it seems the Atlantic City horses don't get up any earlier than most of the visitors, and believe you me I and a few coons which were picking up scraps and so forth off the boardwalk was the only birds in sight at that hour.

Well anyways I walked along breathing in that sweet air at about fifty cents per breath by the hotel rates, but feeling pretty good in spite of it, when I actually found a place where the horses was up—or maybe they had been all night. I got a horse which looked considerable like a moth-eaten property one but could go pretty good, and commenced to ride gently along what seemed to be my private ocean, when all of a sudden who would I see but the young captain riding very good indeed. He come up to me on high and then tried to put on the brakes when he seen who it was, but the horse had its mind on something else and wouldn't, so he got by me but not without a "Good morning!" Which I thought fairly safe to smile at, seeing we was so rapidly going in opposite directions. But it seems he must of spoke roughly to his steed, for he come up behind me and spoke with just that grand refined big-time drawing-room-air accent I knew by his little mustache he would have.

"I say! What luck!" he says. "You are Miss Marie LaTour, are you not?"

Was I sore? I was. Any lady would be and of course after the company he seen me in at the hotel what could I expect but to be picked up? But more particularly as he had my name and it with a good reputation, and no one can say different with truth, I simply had to show him where he got off.

"Sir!" I says, just like a play. "Sir! I do not know you. Please beat it at once!"

"I know, but really!" he begged, flashing that white smile, "I'm not trying to be impertinent. Let me explain."

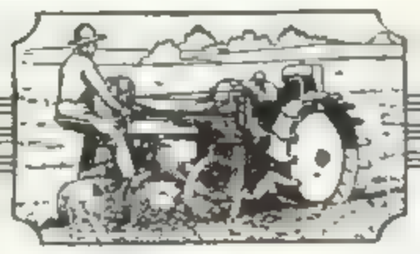
"Explain nothing!" I says very haughty.

"But I'm not doing what you think!" he cries out. "Please wait until you hear ——"

"I've heard that 'please listen' stuff before," I says. "Good-by!"

And then I done the bravest act of my life, not being really acquainted with horses, especially Atlantic City ones. I give the horse a lash, and off we went, I trying hard to give the impression of a good rider and not looking back because I dasn't with that animal headed for the steel pier full clip. But I heard the captain's remarks just the same.

(Continued on Page 77)



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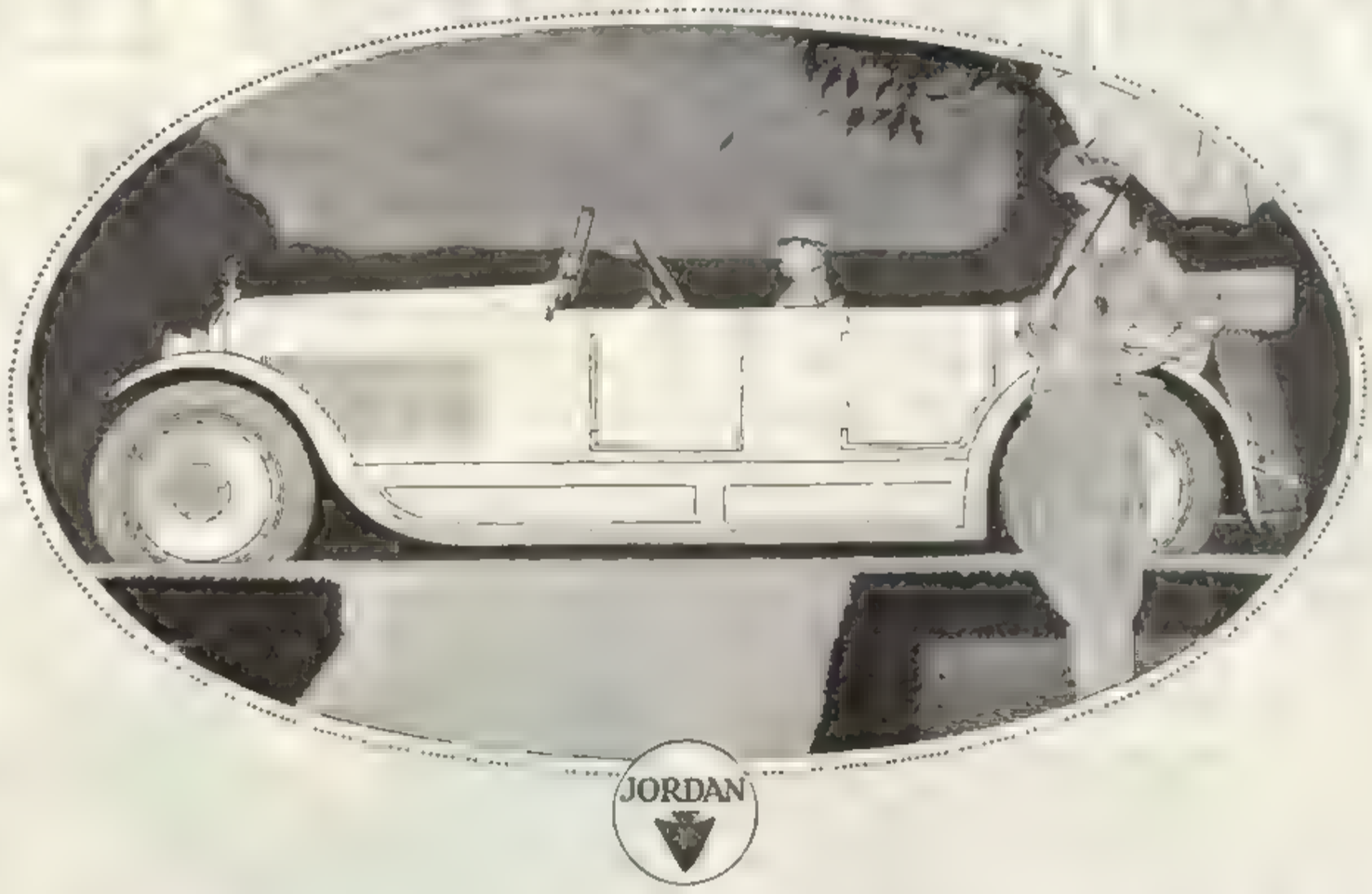

The Kind of Comfort Europeans Know

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Because he is used to these things in so many American cars.

But let him step into the new Jordan Silhouette. He at once experiences the kind of comfort that Europeans know.

The cushions are so low that you lounge almost on the floor. You sink down at a perfect comfort angle—conscious of no effort—no need to brace yourself.

Soft hand-buffed leather of quaint lustre wells up around you. The arm rest is in just the right position. Your knees are not too high. You have a gratifying sense of riding *in* the car and not on top of it.

In the deep tonneau there is a pleasant surprise for everyone who has grown tired of new fashioned things and craves the old—a cordovan leather boot and saddle bag—full of the atmosphere of silver mounted bridles and swanky puttees—with big generous buckles and sturdy straps. There is a distinctly French atmosphere about the whole car.

It is chic—slender—long—graceful—ready to go. Both compartments are provided with beautiful rugs of durable texture—but velvet in feeling.

The top edge of the body has been made perfectly flat—particularly refreshing when seen in a crowd of commonplace cars.

There is a Frenchy angle at the dash—a cocky seat cowl—a slightly higher hood with twenty-nine slender louvers—a slightly lower body—built entirely of aluminum.

Rectangular mouldings—wide opening European doors—crown fenders—rattle proof spring shackles—top as carefully designed and fitted as a woman's gown—and equipped with plate glass rear vision light.

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Optional colors Egyptian Bronze or Burgundy Old Wine. The Silhouette in four or seven passenger.

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Cleveland, Ohio*

(Continued from Page 74)

"By jove, I'll make you listen to me—just for that!" he says. And I heard no more, for the bird which keeps the horses come out and rescued me just before we hit the pier and I got off and started for the hotel, boiling with rage. Treated like a common chorus girl! Me, once the best-known parlor dancing act in the world, and now even more so on the motion-picture screen, and a lady or dead! I wouldn't of looked at that guy again on a bet. I made up my mind right then and there to show him his mistake and that if my accent wasn't as good as his my morals was better and no attempt on his part could get me to speak to him again.

Well in this state of mind I run into ma before I reached the hotel which she was hurrying to just ahead of me, and believe you me I was sure surprised because I never knew her out so early though she generally is up by seven, but with her curl-papers still on and a kimona, and that's different from coming out in public.

"I've been taking my exercise!" she says before I could speak. "And I'm glad to see you do the same," she says.

And I certainly had to hand it to her strength of mind because after being out so early and all she eat was only tea and dry toast for breakfast.

After which we stopped by the office and just before we got there I see the captain give a note to the clerk and walk away. When we asked for mail that note was the first thing the clerk handed me.

"Captain Raymond just left this for you, Miss LaTour," he says.

I didn't even open it.

"Kindly return it," I says, very dignified, giving it back, and looked over my other mail. But no letter from my husband, which is always the way on a day a woman most needs one. So I went upstairs very low in my mind and sort of glad that even if Jim couldn't think to write there was others would be glad enough to if they was let. And then I went and got Maison out of bed, which she was taking her breakfast in.

"You come down here for your health and look what you do to it!" I says, and made her go for a boardwalk, on which she held out for about half an hour and no wonder with the heels she wears, and then stopped me with a gasp.

"Dearie, you surely must be the one that put the hell in health," she says. "For heaven's sakes leave us sit down!"

Well we did, and in about five minutes along comes Mr. Freddy with a friend, Mr. Sternberger, and it was remarkable how quick Maison recovered her strength, with the result that we spent a quiet little morning and about fifty dollars of Mr. Sternberger's money on shooting galleries and throwing rings and carousels and a Japanese auction and other restful seaside sports, and ended at a quiet little café simply done in paper roses and rubber palm trees where the drinks was only seventy-five cents per each, and I had to sit and watch them again, ma having gone off to exercise and not appearing to want me along with her.

Well anyways I was sort of relieved over not having to eat lunch with Captain Raymond looking on, back at the hotel, and was just thinking of it when who would come into that café but the captain himself, alone except for another officer, a lieutenant with his arm in a sling, and caught sight of me the very minute he sat down.

Well of course I didn't look over at him but I couldn't help noticing he called a waiter and wrote a note on a piece of paper and that the waiter brought it over to me.

And Maison seen it too, and her gentleman friends the same, and did they kid me? They did! But I kept the bird which had brought the note over while I tore it in two without reading it and sent it back again that way, and believe you me that got over, because I could see Captain Raymond turn red all the way across the noisy room.

Well I thought that had settled it and spent a mournful if busy afternoon in another café where there was lots of smoke and a jazz band and dancing and Maison was really happy because she had finally got Mr. Freddy to spend a nickel and a half. But I was lower than ever in my mind thinking how much more often some soldiers seemed able to write than others.

Well after we had taken a nice walk in the fresh air nearly three blocks long, I got back to the hotel to find that Goldringer was giving a party that night beginning with dinner, and of course ma and me was booked for it and no escape because of my contract with him. And it was some party and at twelve o'clock that night I dragged my weary bones down the corridor after the second day of my rest, feeling that I would pass out any minute. A person certainly does need their strength to enjoy a American health resort.

The next morning I didn't even attempt to get up for any Wild West exhibit. I hadn't the pep for one thing; and the captain was another reason of course. And when I finally come downstairs and see ma eat practically nothing I let her set off right away after breakfast without me, for exercise was nothing in my life. I strolled round the lobby waiting for Maison Rosabelle according to her request and there I seen a big poster which I had noticed before, the one about the entertainment for the benefit of blind soldiers which the captain had been sitting under the first time I—he saw me, and I went over and read it, and the entertainment was to come off that very night. And while I was reading it the second time, the way a person does in a hotel lobby, up comes Captain Raymond and actually speaks right there where a scene would of proved me no lady.

"Please, Miss LaTour," he says. "It's so important."

"Kindly do not force me to call for assistance," I says, low and quiet. "You are a stranger to me."

"But you don't understand!" he says, flushing up red, the attractive way he had for all he was so fresh.

"Indeed I do," I says. "I haven't been in the theatrical world since three generations for nothing," I says. "Kindly go away!"

"If you would only listen for five minutes I'd prove how mistaken you are!" he says. "Won't you give me a chance?"

"No!" I says.

"By heavens, I'll make you!" he says, half laughing. "I've never seen anything so absurd! Why, my dear lady ——"

Right then up come Maison in a simple little Xmas tree of a dress in green and gold and red, and I broke away and took her arm, and hurried her out through the front door, leaving the captain staring after us, and rather against Maison's will.

"Why didn't you introduce me, dearie?" she says. "I kinda thought you'd pick up that bird!"

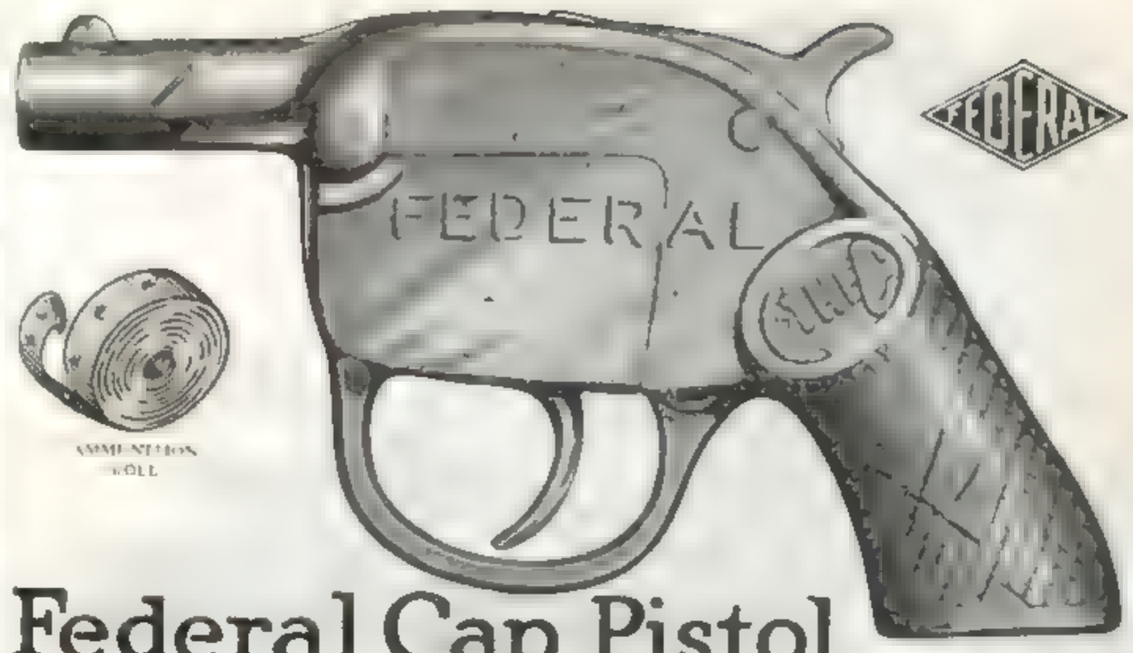
"I didn't pick him up. I turned him down!" I snapped. But Maison kidded me the whole three hours while we was in the beauty parlors getting waived and manicured.

Then we had a nice wholesome little lunch lasting only three hours and comparatively quiet and by ourselves, seeing there was only Goldringer and Ruby Roselle and Maison and Freddy and O'Flarety, our leading juvinile, who had turned up, and Mr. Sternberger and a friend of ma's which used to be in the circus with her, and ma and myself. And all the way through I watched ma kind of anxiously, for she only toyed with a little salad and passed up everything else. I was by this time really scared she would be haggard or something, but she looked fine, and not a word of complaint out of her, only toward four o'clock she got kind of restless, and so did I, so we excused ourselves and walked to the door together.

"You needn't come along with me, Mary Gilligan," she says. "I want to walk real fast."

I looked at her sort of surprised at that, but at the time the queerness didn't really sink in. And I was so wore out I was actually glad to let her go alone, and personally myself I took one of those overgrown baby carriages or rolling chairs which I thought a healthy young person like myself would never come to, and sank into it like the poor weary soul I was, and let the coon tuck me in like a six-months-old, and off we went as fast as a snail.

Well it was pleasanter than I had thought it would be and I got kind of drowsy and dreamy and somehow I couldn't help but think of Captain Raymond and how refined and nice he was and how my fame and beauty had captured him to the extent that it had almost made him forget to act like a gentleman, and how he persisted like a regular story-book hero. And I wondered if he would shoot himself on my account, and that threw a awful scare into me, for handsome women have a terrible responsibility in the way they treat men. And I wondered was I really doing the right thing taking such a risk by treating him so severe and not speaking and here he was in the service of his country and all and I might



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Eggs Stuffed with Deviled Tongue

3 hard boiled eggs, 6 slices tomato, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, 3 head lettuce, few drops lemon juice, small can Underwood Deviled Tongue (or Ham)

Cut eggs in half lengthwise. Take out yolks carefully and mash with Tongue and mustard. Moisten to paste with butter and lemon juice. Refill whites of eggs. Place each on a slice of tomato and lettuce. Serve with Mayonnaise or French dressing.

Send for "Good Tastes For Good Times," a free book of enticing recipes. Please, in writing, mention your grocer's address, and, if possible, state whether he sells Underwood Deviled Ham and Deviled Tongue. If he does not sell them, send to us for economical can to try. Send 25c for Deviled Ham or 20c for Tongue.

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Underwood Deviled Ham *and* Deviled Tongue

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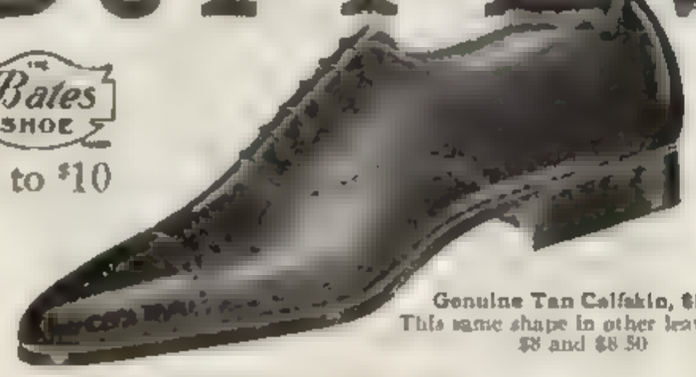

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SHOES

be wrecking his whole life from then on. And furthermore I thought how hard it is to be refined and what a lot a person has to sacrifice to it, and that the roughnecks of this world seem to have most of the fun. And that it was certainly hard to be dignified but that my whole career was built on my refinement no less than my great talent, and I must respect my own position. Ah well, uneasy lies the tooth that wears a crown, as the poet says, or something!

And by this time the coon had got tired pushing me and turning my face seaward had gone to take a rest, and I took one too and actually fell asleep.

When I woke up I was moving again, going slow in the direction of the Inlet, and I felt quite refreshed and happy, and the whole of Atlantic City appeared to feel the same, for everybody I passed smiled and seemed to be enjoying themselves. And they all seemed to smile at me in such a sweet friendly way it made my heart feel awful good. I was even quite surprised; because though of course I am used to being recognized every place I go, but still, more people than ever was doing it this afternoon. I begun to think I must be looking pretty good and that my hat, about which I had had a few doubts, was a big success after all. It really was a sort of triumphal progress, as the saying is, and I had half a mind to turn round when we passed the last pier; but the ocean looked so beautiful and pink in the sunset and going the other way it would of been in my eyes, so I just let myself be rolled on and on until we was almost to the Inlet and not a soul in sight. Then the chair stopped and was turned against the rail.

"Now I've got you at last!" said a unexpected voice, and round from the back came—not the coon but Captain Raymond.

"Where did you come from?" I asked, hardly able to speak.

"I have had the honor of pushing you into this secluded corner of—of the ocean!" he said, his blue eyes twinkling.

"But how—how ——" I sputtered.

"I bought off the colored man while you were sleeping," he said, "and have been your humble servant for almost an hour!"

Can you beat it? You can't!

"Well, of all the nerve!" I began, remembering how people had smiled; and no wonder!

"What are you going to do about it?" he asked.

"Walk home this minute!" I says, struggling with the rugs. But they had a will of their own and it was on his side and I just couldn't seem to get free of them.

"Oh I say, don't be so absurd!" he says smilingly.

"I'm not!" I says.

"Oh, but you are!" he insisted. "Just sit still and let me show you something!"

Well, there was nothing for me but to give in or look a utter fool, and he was so attractive! And—well anyways, I waited and he brought out a letter from his overcoat pocket and it was the very one he had wrote me first and I had returned it to the hotel clerk.

"Please just open it!" he begged; and I did and nearly fainted because inside was a letter in Jim's handwriting addressed to me and introducing Captain Charles Raymond who was with him in France, only being gassed was now home on leave and would I show him every courtesy as he had been good to my ever-loving husband Jim!

"And really and truly I wouldn't have been so persistent, Miss LaTour," Captain Raymond was saying as I looked up. "I had intended using it when I got to New York of course. But when they put me in charge of this entertainment for the benefit of the blind, and I discovered you were here, I was simply determined to get you to take part in it. Couldn't you do us just one little dance? It would be such a drawing card, your name would. That was all I wanted, really!"

Believe you me I didn't know what to think or how I felt. Did I feel flat? I did! Did I feel relieved? I did! So it wasn't a mash at all, and for a moment I felt a lonelier war widow than ever. Then I remembered how Jim said in the note to be nice to this bird, and I could see, now that I looked at him good, that he was the sort which it is perfectly safe to be nice to. Not that he didn't admire me, either, but that he was just as refined as me and more so, and was Jim's pal beside. So I says yes, of course I would dance, and we talked and talked, and the sun went down, and we got to be real friends and was it good to hear about Jim, first hand? It was!

And after a while we commenced to walk back toward the hotel, pushing the chair, and the lights was all lit along the walk like fairyland, and also in the shops so they was more like showcases than ever.

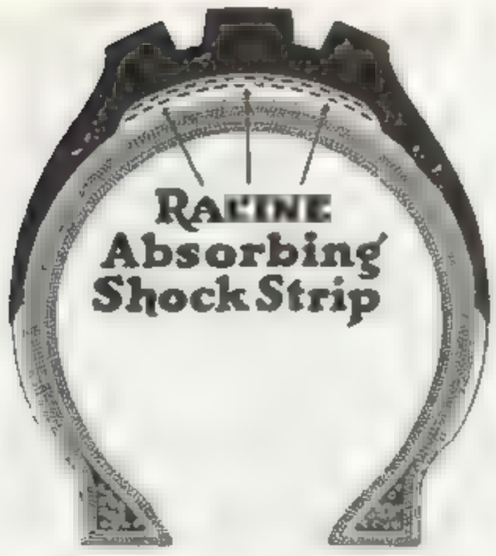
And then I got the second shock of the afternoon, because at ten past six, with dinner at seven, there was ma in the Ocean Lunch eating griddle cakes, fishballs, Salsbury stake and coffee, with a little strained honey and apple pie on the side! No wonder she could diet so good! And I take it to my credit that since she did not notice me I never let on that I seen her, not then nor at dinner when she refused everything but two dill pickles!

But it wasn't until afterward when I was in the star dressing room at the Appollo Theater, putting on my make-up for the benefit, that the real blow came. I was just about ready to go on when in rushed Goldringer, all breathless, with a cablegram in his hand.

"It's all right about Olivette Twist!" he puffed at me. "We'll begin making that fillum Tuesday!" And he threw the message down on my dressing table. It was signed by our London manager and it read:

"Present location of Charles Dickens uncertain but material is uncopyrighted. Shoot."

And so immediately after the show myself and ma went back to New York to get a twenty-four-hour rest before commencing work again.



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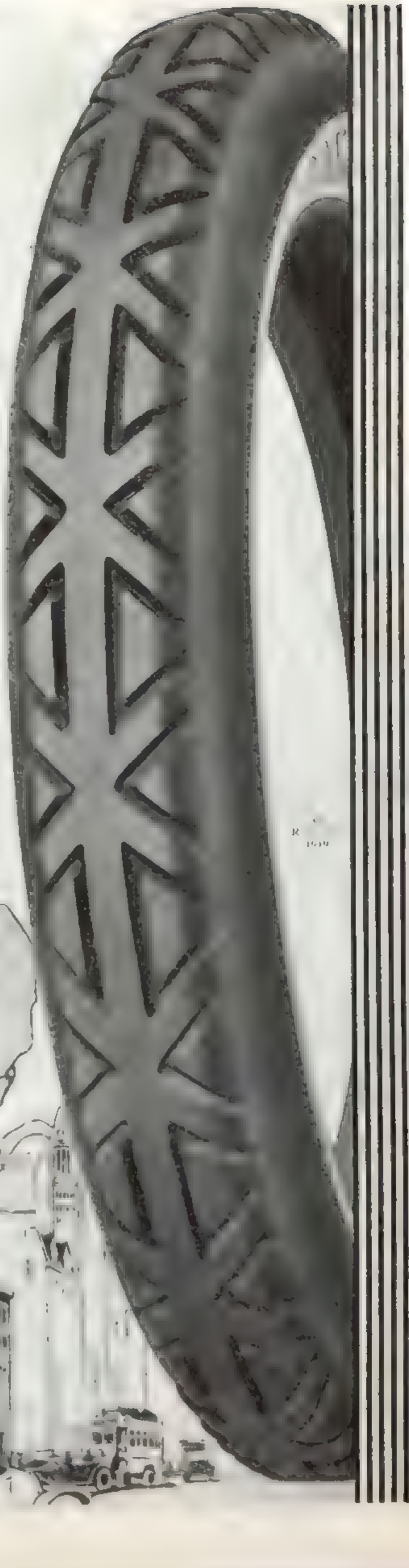

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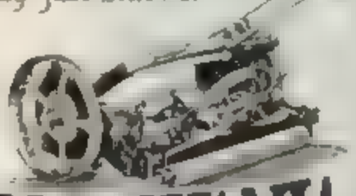

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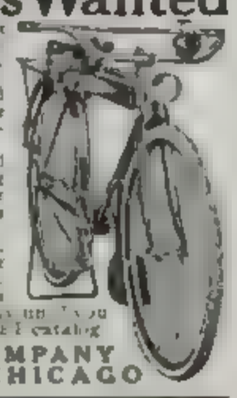

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CONFESSIONS OF A PLATFORM WEEVIL

(Continued from Page 9)

of benches are two venerable gentlemen, both deeply immersed in whiskers. One of them is shaven as to his upper lip and the lip wears that excessively naked look which an upper lip invariably wears when it is almost entirely surrounded by whiskers. The other old gentleman seemingly has never used a razor on his face in his life. It is possible that he is the original Jacksonian Democrat who took an oath never to cut off his beard until Samuel J. Tilden was installed as President. His whiskers foam up out of his shirt collar; they inundate him almost to his eyebrows. He has the appearance of one who is going down for the last time in a wild, raging and fathomless sea of whiskers. At once it is to develop that he is deaf to the point of exceeding great deafness, and likewise that his companion has a voice of fifelike shrillness.

Every time the speaker makes a point the deaf old gentleman cups one hand about an ear and inquires of his friend, "Hey—what's that? What'd the young feller say then?" And then the friend bends his head toward him until the whiskers of both mingle and mesh into an impenetrable copse, and in a compelling far-reaching treble which soars high above the faltering accents of the speaker and even above the chorus of commingled protestations on the part of the twelve babies he tells him what the young feller just said.

The Singing-Bee Master

And when four o'clock comes and the shadows are slowly lengthening along the sun-baked earth and the wilted mullein feebly lifts its furry dust-covered tongues at the roadside and over in the kitchen of the Palace Hotel, hard by, the cook is slicing the fresh pork for supper, the speaker of the day—now a humid wreck, spent, wan, hoarse and, through processes of direct evaporation about nine pounds lighter than he was at noon—concludes his remarks and staggers off the platform. But the two old men and the twelve embattled infants are going stronger than ever.

Another scene and a different one presents itself. After an all-night and an all-day ride on a warm and smelly sleeper I reached a fairish-sized city in one of the Central States, on the eastern bank of the Mississippi River. Picking my way past a maze of rest tents, campers' tents, refreshment booths and concessionaires' establishments I entered through a rear door the huge tin-topped auditorium where I was to speak and halted behind the stage to await the conclusion of the preliminary exercises.

At this moment of my arrival the big audience—it numbered at least four thousand—was engaged in singing familiar religious airs under the direction of a tall long-haired gentleman. In addition to being the platform manager, the announcer of subsequent events and the introducer of present attractions this gentleman was, it seemed, likewise an expert at directing community singing bees. Indeed, choral work was his principal vocation; the other things, as he afterward confided to me, were with him merely side lines. I'll say this for him—he could squeeze more different varieties of vocal juice out of one old-fashioned gospel hymn than any man I ever met.

Take, for example, his method of wringing all the possible by-products from the tune which he had set the crowd to singing just as I arrived. First he required all present to sing the first verse and the chorus. He now made the women sing the second verse and the men sing the third verse; then he had those who sat at the left of the central aisle sing a verse and those who sat at the right of it sing a verse. Then he called upon the boys present to whistle the chorus and the children under ten years of age to pipe the chorus—only he called them "lit-tul-chi-der-rhun"—and he wound up by begging the entire assemblage to hum the last verse of all "with the lips vurra, vurra tighterly closed, please!"

I thought that by now his genius had reached its crest of achievement; that what followed, no matter what it be, must descend to an anticlimax. How little I realized the depths of the man's powers!

For as we marched out from behind the scenes together, he to present me and I to say my little say, he suddenly paused at the side of the stage and raising one arm aloft gave to it a sweeping majestic movement. Instantly obeying the signal several hundred persons in the building rose up in their places; stood for a tense and solemn moment, and then on a cue from their prompter sat down again. Another wave of his arm and again they rose, again sat down. A third sign from him and a third time the ritual was repeated, marked only by the rustling of many bodies, the creaking of wooden furniture, and by that unmistakable rending tearing sound where the seat of a pair of white duck trousers had stickily parted company from the seat of a newly varnished camp chair. Nobody had cheered, nobody had applauded, nobody had spoken.

Now the directing genius of this awesome demonstration was turning to me and with the pride of a great creator shining in his eye and throbbing in his voice he said to me:

"My own idea—the silent salute! I thought it up myself and drilled them to do it!"

Surely—thus I told myself—surely this is the very final touch. The mind that devised the hummed hymn reached the ultimate human limit of possible artistry in the production of the silent salute. But again was I wrong; again had I underestimated this modern Samson's capabilities. For when I was done with what I had to say he brought the program to a close by offering as a solo a song entitled: Those Mothers' Tears Will Bring a Curse on You.

I may be wrong in this but I gathered somehow that he himself was the author of this song. At any rate he sang it with a manner of proprietorship. I was particularly impressed by the chorus. I induced him to give to me a copy of the chorus, and I here present it exactly as written and rendered:

"You made the mothers sigh; you made the mothers cry;
You set the whole world in tears.
You took her only boy, he was her pride and joy
Whom she worshipped for years.
You ruined beautiful France; you never gave her a chance
You preyed on helpless ones, even murdered Nuns.
Hun, your work is done.
For there is One who hears the wail of mothers' tears
Says they shall not cry in vain.
He won't forget you, forget to get you—
Those mothers' tears will bring a curse on you."

In passing, I will state that the air was in every way worthy of the words.

The Wonders of Map-Making

Some of these days when I have more time and the reader has more patience I shall sit me down and write a whole book upon the subjects of the American hotel and the American introducer. Feeling myself qualified as I do to go on and on and on for chapter after chapter dealing with either or both of these topics—the American hotel as I have patronized it, the American introducer as I have known him—it seems almost a shame that one must hold oneself within the confines of a single article and only skirt round the outer edges, as it were.

If you want to know about hotels do not waste precious moments studying the contents of the red-backed volume which is found in every property organized sleeping car along with the standard railroad guide which constitutes the remaining half of the Pullman family's traveling library. It is all very well to while away an idle hour upon the railroad guide, for it is full of condensed time-tables for those who enjoy trying to solve difficult puzzles, and is illustrated at intervals with maps for those who enjoy the fanciful in art. For sheer idealism give me the inspired genius in the employ of the transcontinental trunk system who offers a drawing to show that a heavy straight black line stretched across the country from New York City to San Francisco passes directly through Philadelphia, Washington, Richmond, Cleveland, Chicago, Louisville, Memphis, Minneapolis, Duluth, Kansas City, Denver, Reno and San Bernardino, skirting or touching Niagara Falls, Mammoth Cave, Hot Springs, Yellowstone Park and Yosemite Valley en route.

But those thin wavy crooked horsehairs which snarl and twist and coil over the remote areas of his map are the opposition roads. I enjoy his work—it is so tremendously imaginative, so unhampered by the cheap sordid facts of government surveys, so uncircumscribed by the vulgar circumstance of this or that geographical division. Consult The Official Guide for cartographic romance; but if you want to know about hotels see me.

To be sure I am still a bit vague regarding some of the lesser aspects of our hotel life. Why the very worst hotels should have the most stylish names remains to me a puzzle, and I still wonder sometimes whether the originator of the pink sauce in which the breaded veal cutlet of the American-plan dinner—take it or leave it—is deluged before being served was a house painter or a chemist by trade ere he began dabbling in ostensible foodstuffs. When I gaze upon this compound I think he must have been the former; but when I taste it I am sure he was a chemist. I know though who selects the pictures that hang on the walls of guest rooms in American hotels. It is the same man who picks out the hats worn by the Queen of England.

The Best and the Worst

Of the best two hotels to be found in any medium-sized city in America one is in Spokane and the other is in Salt Lake City. In service, cuisine and appointments these are as good hotels as there are in any American city—small, large or medium sized. The best hotel in any small town in America is in Bend, Oregon, just as the best tourist-resort hotel on this hemisphere is the one conducted by Baron Brant on the rim of the Grand Cañon in Arizona. The worst hotel for its size in this country or any other is one that overlooks the railroad yards in a smallish city on the edge of the Alleghany coal fields not very far from Pittsburgh. It has hot and running cockroaches on every floor and all-night switch-engine service. It is also haunted. The ghost of a red cabbage which was tragically boiled to death some thirty-five years ago, about the time the present carpets in the guest rooms were last cleaned, stalks through the corridors in the still watches of the night and sniffs at the keyholes.

This establishment though is one of the few remaining typical examples of a well-nigh extinct species. There are ten fairly good hotels in this country now for every really bad one. I feel that I have ground to make this statement because during these past few months I have stopped at all the bad ones and at most of the good ones.

As regards introducers—regulars as well as volunteers—I likwise regard myself as being qualified to speak with authority. Within the scope of half a year or thereabouts I have encountered all the standard varieties—the professional introducer and the amateur introducer; the introducer who tries to be humorous—and sometimes is; and the serious introducer; the introducer who believes in being short and snappy in his introduction—may his tribe increase; and the high-geared introducer, who should be shot at sunrise or even earlier than that if there is sufficient light before daybreak to enable the firing squad to be sure of making a complete job of it.

Professional introducers are to smaller communities what professional honorary vice presidents are to larger communities. Between the two breeds there exists a spiritual kinship which is indefinable in words but none the less apparent. When in the big town the official reception committee or the sponsors of the newest reform movement or what not gather together it is the professional honorary vice president who sits upon the stage in a row of his fellow vice presidents, wearing side whiskers. Let me here make my point clear: Not all professional or honorary vice presidents wear visible side whiskers but most of them wear mental side whiskers.

On the other hand the professional introducer presides over the meeting when a visiting notable comes to the smaller town, and presents the speaker to the audience. Sometimes he is charitably brief in his remarks. Sometimes he runs on and on until

(Concluded on Page 83)

GOLDEN AGE Macaroni
GOLDEN AGE MACARONI
Meat from Wheat
AMERICANIZED Macaroni
The Biggest Food Value in America for
10¢
Buy A Bond to help pay for what the boys did Over There
Write for Miss Yackey's Calorie Cook Book—it's free. Gives 52 recipes for preparing macaroni, spaghetti and noodles in delightful ways. Special calorie charts and guide providing proper diet for children, growing youths, invalids, convalescents and athletes.
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"Here comes my 'roni!"

Lucky Boy! He likes what's best for him.

His favorite macaroni is the making of a man—man's strength built from the cradle up, on the foundation of right feeding.

The Cleveland Macaroni Co., Cleveland, O., U. S. A.

Modern Macaroni Makers

All you need for perfect pancakes

Sweet milk ready mixed in it! So rich it needs no eggs! Just add water—and in two minutes you have hot golden-brown pancakes on the table. America's favorite all-year-'round breakfast

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(Concluded from Page 80)

in comparison with him Lord Tennyson's little brook seems an equation in static, not to say stationary hydraulics. And then just when everybody is hoping and praying and trusting that he is through he raises his hand aloft and says: "And now just one word more!" But nobody can figure just which word that one word more was, because he slides it in among two or three thousand other words.

I have learned to beware of the introducer who says "And now just one word more." He is a liar and the truth is not in him. If he had in stock just one word more the word would be "Amen." And likewise I have come to view with alarm the introducer who starts off by saying "The man we have with us to-night is one who needs no introduction," for by this very speech he too betrays himself as a falsifier. If the poor wretch needed no introduction there would be no need of an introducer to introduce him, would there?

On the Chautauquas introductions are conducted whenever possible according to a form which is so ritualistic as practically to be High Church in its character. The platform manager, so-called—a person who works by the week rather than by the job—is the first to mount the platform. He introduces himself and then introduces the head of the bureau that furnished the program, who is likely to be present on the days of the star events. The head of the bureau having been introduced now introduces some local functionary of importance, who in turn introduces the hired celebrity. From the start to the finish of this elaborated ceremonial the joke is on the patient patrons. The platform manager, who as aforesaid opens the proceedings by introducing himself, has been on the job for days past, and by now every wrinkle in his coat is an old story to those who sit out in front. The head of the bureau who comes next is almost equally well known. The local personage who follows him is as familiar a spectacle to most of the members of the audience as the city hall is or the soldiers' monument in the court-house square. Finally, everybody on the spot has been advised weeks in advance regarding the name and fame of the imported performer. They know who and what he is, if not always why he is.

The Cruelties of Introducers

At least once in the opening or introductory stages one or another of the introducers will tell the crowd that the speaker brings a message. No matter what his subject may be it will be stated somewhere in the preliminaries that he brings a message. Planting this idea in the minds of the crowd is not a bad notion. Months later some of them will be wondering just what message it was he brought. This is no reflection upon their intelligence either. The speaker may be doing a little wondering himself. I know I have—frequently.

On the winding lyceum trails there is more play, more elasticity to the introductory phases of platform work, and consequently more of a spirit of novelty enters into the preludes. The visiting fireman never knows exactly what to expect at the hands of the gentleman who has been selected to present him, though after a while he learns how to figure out the probable prospect from the appearance of the introducer. Through practice I began to fancy I could tell just about how long an introducer would talk merely by the look of him. I learned that prolixity of utterance frequently walks hand in hand with a Prince Isaac coat and that more often than not the white waistcoat of commerce is but the marquee in front of a pair of tireless lungs. Even so, my appraisals sometimes were faulty. He who I thought from the cut of his jib might be mercifully brief would prove mercilessly long-winded, and he whom beforehand I had mentally condemned as a born salutatorian with an ell-length speech concealed in his system might surprise me by making a talk of just the proper proportions and type to put the audience in a good humor and so launch my modest bark on a most friendly sea.

The most impressive introducer I encountered did me, unwittingly, a mighty cruel turn. In all my days I have never met a human being more heavily freighted with dignity than he was. And why should he not have been dignified? As he himself told me half a minute after we had met, he had been born in Boston, of old New England stock, and he was a Harvard graduate. There is something about a Back Bay aristocrat who has been through Harvard that—that —— Well, in short there is just something about him, that's all. When you meet such a one it is as though you had met an egg which had been laid twice, and both times successfully.

This gentleman was a lawyer by profession; and, I think, a judge as well. He was wearing for the occasion his trial-by-jury coat and his court-of-appeals high hat. Anchored to his person by a broad silk riband he also wore a pair of nose glasses with lenses so large and round and with black rubber tires so heavy and thick that, viewed head-on, he presented rather the appearance of something that was being forced in a hotbed.

As he removed these detachable rims of his in order that he might gesture with them I could see the rest of his face, and instantly I was filled with forebodings. He had an eye in his head like an undertaker's night bell. Instinctively I sensed that behind that bulging brow lurked a brain apt at coining sonorous sentences and reverberating periods. His very fashion of speech—his way of pronouncing all his final *g*'s and emphasizing all his penultimate *r*'s—was disconcerting to one who had grown up in a section where folks learn the language by ear rather than by note.

As a precautionary measure I sought to impress upon him the need for brevity in the preliminary exercises inasmuch as I must catch an early train, but he plainly was one who could not take a hint. As we emerged from the wings—this affair was being held in a regular theater—he told me he had heard me speak two nights earlier in a neighboring city. At that moment I attached no significance to this statement. I figured he was merely making conversation.

Stolen Thunder

Side by side we came out upon the stage and I sat down in a chair alongside the speaker's table and he stood up to introduce me. Almost his first words sent a profound shock through my being.

"The gentleman whom we have with us this afternoon," he was saying, "will soon be telling you of an interesting incident of his experiences overseas, which runs something like this."

And while I was still gasping he went ahead and quoted almost verbatim the dedicatory passages of my regular talk.

"Well," I said to myself as he poured it forth, "that little yarn goes out of the act right now, even if it is one of the gems of my collection. A kindly audience might stand for hearing it once, but not twice. Besides he's telling it so well that I wouldn't dare repeat it after him."

I was trying to frame a new beginning when he dealt me a second jolt, and a more stunning one than the first. For now he was saying: "And next the speaker of the day will tell you of the following thing which he himself has witnessed on the bloody battlefields of Europe."

With that he proceeded to narrate Installment Two of my set speech. How true it is that a good memory may be one man's meat and another man's poison! Writhing in my chair and bleeding internally I sat there while he gave substantially my whole speech, section by section.

That day an audience got two war talks for the price of one—first the talk I was in the habit of giving, which he gave, and second the more or less extemporaneous and rambling talk which I had to conjure up and piece together while he was giving mine.

Then there was the introducer in a prosperous Northwestern city, who, as I was informed by the man who escorted me to the hall, had been the chief of the four-minute speakers in that county. But lacking this prior warning I should have been able to guess the fact. For the orator went forth upon the rostrum and delivered his full supply of carefully memorized four-minute speeches. There were seven of them in all. He made them one after the other, regardless of the absence of any relationship among them. You could almost see the joints where he hitched them together. One dealt with the flag, and one with the need of supporting the Government, and one with the barbarities of the Hun in Belgium, and one with the Turk, and one with the slackers, and one with the spirit of Americanism, and one—the final one, the one with which he linked me up and on the heels of which he brought me out—was a word picture of a sunset which he claimed to have seen somewhere. He dwelt with emphasis upon the remembered vision of "the great round red orb sinking to rest in the golden west." I am still in doubt as to whether by this reference he meant my figure or my prevalent complexion or both.

At Salt Lake City I spent part of a mighty pleasant afternoon in the company of a scholarly and engaging gentleman who, as another member of the company privily informed me, was a nephew of the late Brigham Young. Thereat I was impressed. I have always thought and still think that there was a tremendous deal of strength and force in the personality of the great Mormon chief. Some people may prefer to recall that his domestic activities and his doctrinal teachings—things which he practiced as heartily as he preached them—finally led to the incorporation into the organic law of a statute legally emphasizing the old proverb "Two's company; three's a crowd." But I prefer to remember that under his leadership a little band of persecuted fugitives founded an inland empire in the trackless wilds and made the desert to blossom as the rose. I like the Mormons I have met too. To me they seem a kindly, honest, thrifty, hospitable breed. You may not agree with all that they believe, but you have to admire their energy and their sincerity and their common fashion of keeping their word in business dealings.

Brigham Young's Plural Nephews

So, as I say, I was properly impressed when I learned that my attractive companion was a nephew of Brigham Young. That night a second gentleman, whose family name was not that of the first gentleman, told me he was a nephew of Brigham Young. Next morning I found out that the conductor of the train which carried me up into the northern part of the state was a nephew of Brigham Young. I found it out because the flagman told me so.

In the course of the ensuing two days I met personally or had pointed out to me three or four more nephews. On the third day I crossed from Montana into Canada. Late in the afternoon I arrived in a small but prosperous-appearing town, where I was to speak that same evening.

As I was registering at the little hotel the proprietor bent across his desk and said to me: "The man who drove you up from the depot is a nephew of Brigham Young."

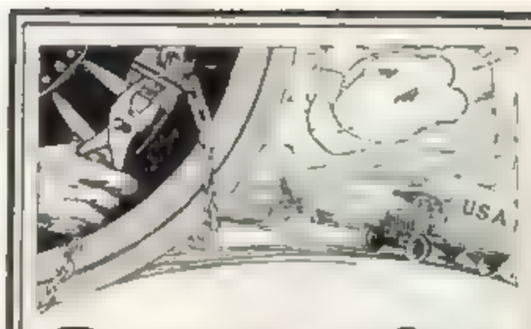
"Oh, is he?" I replied. And then striving in my own poor way to be blithesome I continued: "Well, anyway, he seemed to be a mighty nice unassuming sort of chap and not a bit stuck up over it, either. Up here in Alberta I suppose having such a famous and such an extensively married man for an uncle gives him a lot of prominence too. But where I've been lately, down in Utah, it rather struck me that being the nephew of Brigham Young was a good deal like being the nephew of a Belgian hare—it was a distinction which one nephew had to share with so many other nephews that he ceased to be conspicuous."

The proprietor didn't laugh, he didn't even smile. None of the five or six bystanders within earshot laughed or smiled.

In the midst of a dead and numbing silence I followed the serious-faced bell boy upstairs to my room, and on the way I decided that somebody, someone answering to my general plans and specifications, had made a slip. By diplomatic questioning of the youth after we had reached the room I ascertained the facts. This town was a Mormon settlement. Nearly all the leading citizens in it were Mormons. The hotel keeper was a Mormon. Everybody else down there in the lobby was a Mormon. The bell hop was a Mormon. Fully ninety per cent of the well-dressed and intelligent-looking crowd that came that night to hear me speak at the big handsome Mormon tabernacle in the center of the town was made up of Mormons. And as for me, I never brought up the subject of nephews once during the evening.

The most striking phrase I heard from the lips of any one of my host of introducers was uttered by an elderly man of the type commonly called self-made, in a community down near the border line between West Kentucky and West Tennessee, where for more than a hundred years my forbears lived, multiplied and died.

"Folks," said my sponsor at the conclusion of his remarks, "I want you-all to listen mighty carefully to what this here boy has to say—he was practically born and brought up in this part of the country."



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VAMPING TO "VOGNER"

(Continued from Page 21)

dressing room, where she cried her head off. Pretty soon in bounces McBride, with explanations and apologies; and all at once they began to kiss and make up. So dad took me away from there; but it is pleasant to know that they were happy ever after.

Bessie Flopit, over at the Climax, had an artist's prejudice against glycerine tears. "If I couldn't shed my own weeps I'd think I was a bum actress," she remarked with refined hauteur.

But one day, when Richards had labored with her for an hour and Louis Gottlieb had sat beside her and played his heart out, the emotional barometer still registered fair and sunny.

"Aw," irritably growled Richards, "we've had enough of this bunk; drag in the good old onion!"

And as Ben, his assistant, permitted Bessie to inhale the fumes of this lachrymose herb, the dam burst.

"Well, anyway," sniffed our heroine, "you can't say those tears are not mine!"

The bawling out that ended so clinchingly reminds me of another episode, which has nothing to do with music, but shows what can be done by a little acting on the part of the director.

Madame Zamova, the great Russian actress, is particularly patient to the delays that are so annoyingly necessary in picture making; and, furthermore, she smilingly puts up with Macy's—her director's—irritabilities when things are going wrong. The truth is—and she knows it—that, with all his nervousness and positive personality, her director is a gentle and courteous soul; and as he is one of the big fellows the stars generally respect his judgment.

He was directing Zamova in the last of three pictures of her contract, and was looking forward to a trip East, when word came that he had been chosen by the New York office to put over a new star who was on her way to California.

When the lady arrived she turned out to be the daughter of one of the big bosses; and what she didn't know about making pictures could have been written on a postage stamp. Furthermore, she had power behind her metropolitan opinions. "Father said I didn't have to do this," and "Father said they were all wrong when a director did that." It looked like stormy weather ahead for Macy.

The Plotters' Success

When Madame Zamova heard these things she smiled; and, calling Mr. Macy to her dressing room, she suggested a frame-up that she thought might ease off the lady's ego and make life more fluent for her dear director.

The day before the horrid plot was hatched Macy invited the new movie queen to dine with him so they could talk over their future work together. During the dinner he learned of all the dramatic crimes that are daily being committed by the lowbrows of the movies; but there was some hope, "now that nice people were coming into the profession." Also, the belief was frankly stated that they were "going to get along famously together." The old scout made an awful hit. "He has the ease and culture of a real New Yorker!" she confided to her publicity man.

Next day, when the coming queen, followed by her entourage—and the daughter of a boss can always gather an entourage—swept into the big Arabian set on stage three she seemed nonplused. Surely that stomping maniac could not be the mousy little man she had dined with only last evening! And his voice! And his language!

As the scene progressed the director, quite oblivious to the fact that a lady from New York was present, warmed to his task of making the greatest star in Filmdom do things the way he wished them done, or leave the set. Finally the lady attempted some of her own business; and Macy blew his whistle. The whole works stopped—carpenters, electricians, and even some crap shooters hiding behind the set; and in the ensuing stillness the great Zamova was told, in a reverberating resonance and with a rhetorical punch that could have been heard in Pasadena, exactly where to head in.

In deepest chagrin the greatest star was apparently so overcome that she walked out of the set and flopped into a great chair. In a moment the potential queen was beside her.

"Madame, why do you stand for such a performance? I'm sure my father ——"

"Tut, tut, little one! Mr. Macy was quite right. It was very impertinent of me to attempt to direct an artist as great as he is. As for his temper, it is part of his temperament and we must put up with it. I assure you he is as gentle as a lamb unless one blunders as I did. Don't ever tell a director his business—especially Mr. Macy. He's calm; but a volcano lurks within."

When papa's pet appeared in her first picture under the direction of William Lance Macy she was the tamest and timidest little leading lady on the lot. And the joke of it is, she is not at all bad; in fact, we think she will do notable work in a few years. And another joke is the pride she has in her director. "Why, he directed Zamova in all three of her pictures, my dear!"

Fortunately men are not often called upon to cry; but when they are our wits are taxed to the limit. Of course there are always a few big sentimental slobs who will blubber at any old mother song or a bit of sticky sirup from Hawaii; but the average man does not leak easily.

Unemotional Anglo-Saxons

The Anglo-Saxon is particularly hard-boiled in his deeper emotions and feels that an exhibition of them is shameful and weak. Where a Frenchman will cry in public places and perform acts of charming courtesy in the middle of the Champs-Elysées an American or an Englishman would choke before he would weep on the White House steps, and would duck up a side street to avoid a public act of chivalry. He seems to think such performances are sissy.

Carl McRae, one of our best juvenile stars, has evolved a character of a rube boy who is always coming into contact with the sophisticated world, and the situations thus created are both funny and pathetic. In registering this innocent pathos the boy acts with a repression that is positively delicious; yet his technic is a constant embarrassment to him, for he is often called upon to register the deep emotions of tempestuous youth.

His Anglo-Saxon sense of shame is so strong that he always orders the stage cleared and the set inclosed when he is called upon for tears. Perhaps the reason he registers youthful self-consciousness so well is his natural embarrassment. Furthermore, it was a comment of his that gave me the key to a subtle truth in regard to the use of music, which I shall try to make clear. One day I asked him whether I might play during one of his quiet but difficult scenes.

"Max," said he, "no one loves music better than I, and I nearly always think out my part at home to phonographic accompaniment; but I am afraid of it when I am acting. I may be made to feel the emotion deeply; but to show it to the audience requires an intellectual concentration on my technic that is not easy if my mind is drugged by the sympathetic sensation of music."

So the question arises: When is music a drug and when a stimulant?

Madame Zamova is perfectly indifferent to the playing of music while she is acting; for she does not hear it, anyway. So strong is her mental concentration on her work that even the pounding of hammers and the tumult of the studio annoy her not at all. With the exception of Jerry and one or two others, the big leads think less of direct emotional assistance than do the lesser artists; in fact, one might say that, generally speaking, the need of a musical shot in the arm is in inverse ratio to the actor's talents.

The demands of some of our little pet dolls are most amusing. So intimately are their delicate emotions hooked up with music that only its call will unlatch the strings. They cannot flirt or fight, laugh or cry, except to sweet harmonies; and wherever they hold court, be it atop an Alp or in a storm at sea, the queen must have her fiddlers three. It may sound funny, but it's true that we have a little organ no bigger than a suitcase which we pack along to the most remote locations, in case our Hazardous Hanna requires a stimulant.

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wicked snows of Alaska just think of Gene Trumbell, sitting knee-deep in the frozen slush of Big Bear, playing away on his stingy little melodeon while Hanna emotes her shame in a close-up. I assure you the artist of the keyboard is most entitled to your sympathies; for his sufferings are real, while Hanna's are only make-believe.

Once when Mickey Nolan was out on location up in the Tejunga Cañon he failed to take along a musician; and when Violet Dawn was asked to do a bit of sad emoting she tried and tried and tried; but the spirit simply wasn't there. At last she looked up plaintively at her director and said.

"Mickey, won't you whistle The End of a Perfect Day? Perhaps I could do it then."

"I'll try," said Nolan, as a curious convulsion passed over his face.

Then, standing behind the struggling queen, he endeavored to whistle; but his Irish sense of humor was stronger than his facial muscles and he was entirely unable to pucker his lips. Waving frantically to Kono, the Japanese camera man, he pantomimed his command; and so, in the stillness of that huge box cañon, Violet Dawn, the Sappho of the Movies, leaked salt tears into the Great Tejunga to an Oriental rendering of A Perfick Day.

So dependent on Euterpe's help have the little sob sisters of the cinema become that, when real musicians are denied, the director packs along some sort of instrument, if it is only an accordion. It is amazing, but true, that some of the sublimest photo-dramatic heights have been reached by milk-fed vamps with no other stimulant than a mouth organ; while one of our home-wreckingest vamps—a French woman, by the way—insists that her diabolic technic is enhanced by Wagner, at his worst.

One of Bessie Flopit's finest moments was imperishably recorded while Lew Gatz stood behind the camera zuzz-zuzzing on a jew's-harp! And they tell a story—perhaps with some exaggeration—that one director, finding himself marooned from music, reverted to the primitive human comb, so his pet should not bring discredit to the studio.

The Theories of Blowitz

We have one fellow named Blowitz who has gone so far in his musical accompaniments he insists that actors, like bric-a-brac, will vibrate in sympathy with a certain pitch. If a mummer asks for a sob song and doesn't respond he tries it in another key; and finally—he insists—he can get his harmonic number and make him perform

"Why, Max," said he one day when he had made a particularly hard-boiled leading man emote all over the set, "why, there's nothing to it if you study your man scientifically! I've got this bird all doped out to cry in the key of G major; he gets mad in D flat, and he can lick a barrel o' wild cats if I hand it to him in F minor. The reason he couldn't act with Ernie playing for him was because Ernie is one of these ear players; and those fish can never improvise outside the key of C."

We are constantly receiving letters from musicians all over the country who wish to play in the movies; and they can't understand why they are turned down because of their advanced age and pulchritude. They seem to think we loll round in morris chairs and hammocks while rousing the actors' torpid hearts.

The fact is, we rarely sit down, but wander round and sneak into a set just where we think our music will be most effective. Out on the lot we are likely to be fiddling astride a scaffolding fifty feet from the ground, perched aboard an elephant, or up a tree in a lion's cage. Imagine a fat oboe player climbing a giant redwood—as I did last summer—so as to be near his film favorite!

These distant aspirants would lose some of their enthusiasm for the pictures if they could have seen the big French war drama, with Jerry as the star carrying a full orchestra into battle. When I recall how we accompanied raiding parties over drawbridges, and were dragged through gooey moats, I wonder that one musician survived that classic slaughter. In one scene four of us were concealed behind the battlements while Jerry led her hosts through the hole that was battered in, nearly burying us in the débris of rocks and mortar.

I have seen musicians funk when asked to risk their skins or instruments in some dare-devil stunt; but Jerry could have commanded us to jump into the Grand Cañon and every man on the lot would have followed, for she would have been the first to go. Here was one of our greatest song birds, supposed to nurse those wonderful pipes of hers from colds and drafts, plunging through rough battle scenes with the abandon of a Cossack.

In another scene, a fearfully tumultuous fight in a moat, she had been sloshing about in heavy armor and up to her waist in muck and cold for two hours.

"Wouldn't you like to get out and rest in some dry clothes for a while?" called the director through his megaphone.

"I guess I can stand it if these boys can. Let's finish!" she called back.

Think of a mere fiddler funking after that! The real Joan had nothing on Jerry when it came to inspiring her followers. Every man on the lot would have committed murder for that woman—and—alas!—some of them nearly did.

If all the fat applicants for musical movie jobs could have seen dad, last week, standing knee-deep in the muck of Nigger Slough, playing Darling, I Am Growing Older, they would have looked twice before leaving their nice safe orchestra pits, which are so far from battering rams and plunging horses. You remember the snowstorms of the old melodrama that used to follow the wronged lady and her baby about the stage? Well, I have actually had to follow an actor on horseback, so he could have his musical atmosphere wherever he went.

Chopin on the Roof

We have a bully stunt we work on persistent fiddlers who insist that they can fulfill any position on the lot. We send them all to Charlie Fuhr, assistant director for Don Fairfax.

"Yes," says Charlie; "we'll be glad to give you a trial in the morning. Mr. Fairfax likes to have music with him; but it is difficult to find anybody to follow him, his technic is so peculiar."

The candidate is always sure he can accommodate himself to genius, however eccentric.

When Fairfax arrives the lot becomes as animated as a rodeo, for our hero makes pictures in which life's fullness is expressed to the limit. If he isn't busting broncos he is climbing skyscrapers or jumping out of balloons. Incidentally he has no need—or time—for music in his pictures; but he is a great kidder and loves to pull his perennial joke on a musical applicant. Slapping him on the back in front of everybody, he says:

"Glad to know you, old top! I've been looking for a musician who will be right beside me all the time."

Ludwig smiles and begins to tune up. When everything is set Fairfax says:

"I think we'll shoot that scene where I jump off the roof. Are you ready, old top?" And with one bound, Don swings on to an awning and then shins up the side of the building, while poor Ludwig stands frozen in bewilderment. "Come on up! I want a little quiet Chopin stuff to steady my nerves," calls the grinning Don.

By this time the crowd is howling and the poor fiddler knows he is being spoofed. Fairfax's camp is a bad place to wander into for anyone shy of a sense of humor; for, with Don's bounding spirits as an inspiration, Charlie Fuhr as an impresario, and with a hundred cowboys, wrestlers and professional dare-devils as the most practical jokers extant, the most sublime ego is likely to be kidded.

All these apparently flippant anecdotes lead up to a very serious problem, subtle and complex. Stated bluntly, it is this: Just how far may music be used in filming the photoplay in order to create atmosphere and yet not stir the emotions of the actors so deeply that they will neglect their technic?

For instance, when Jerry led her armored hosts in battle array a full band blared out the Marseillaise with tremendous stirring effect and the soldiers of France plunged into conflict with wild and reckless abandon. On the other hand, I have seen a bit of action wherein everybody in the set, including the director and camera man, was dissolved in tears because the situation, plus the music, was so highly emotional, with the result that the projected picture was utterly ruined, because the actors looked like a lot of milk-sick calves.

(Concluded on Page 89)

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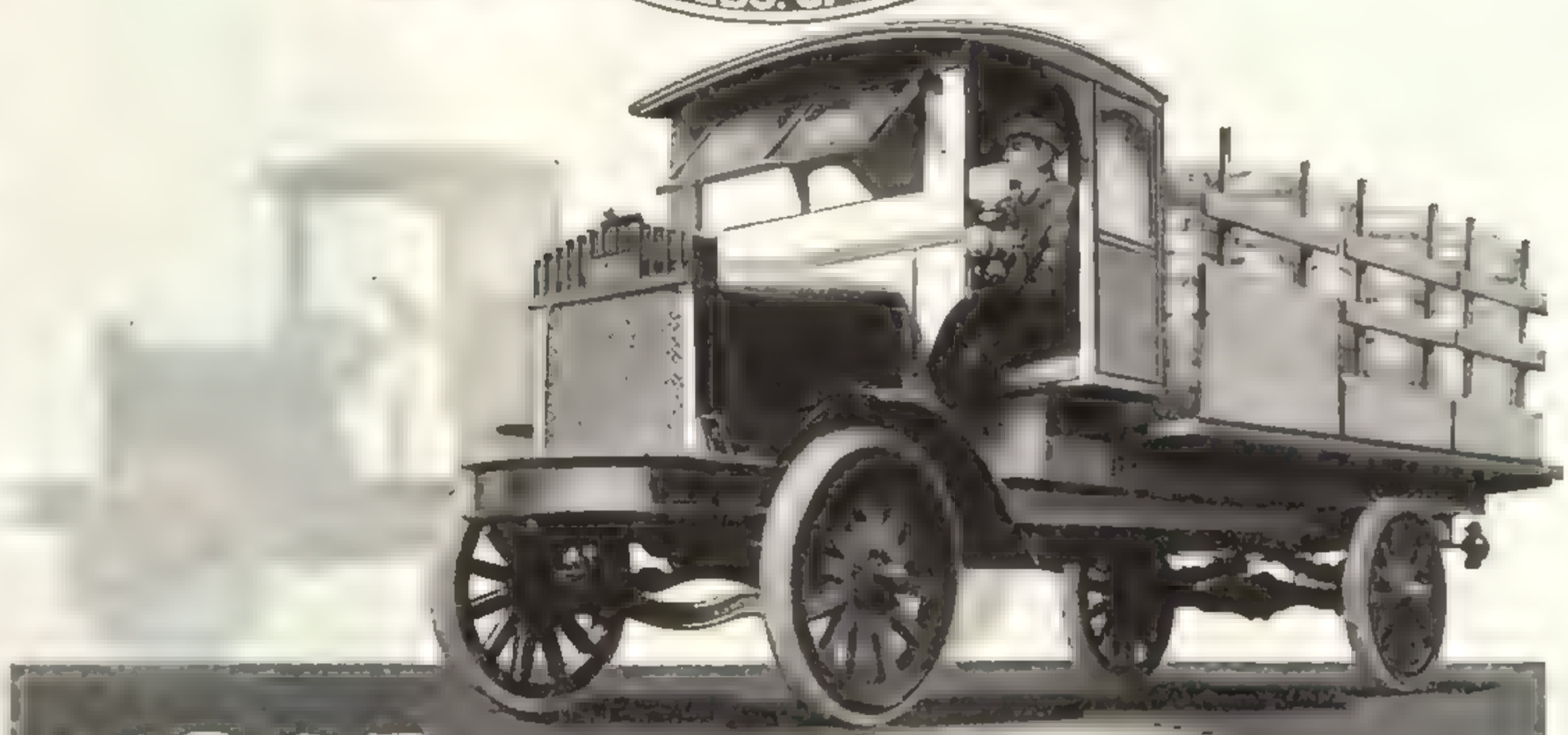

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It is Traffic policy to make direct connections in every city, town and village in the United States.

Wire for the territory you want and, if open, come to the factory and see the Traffic produced and perform.

"Horse Sense"

It is just as important to figure to what end a horse can serve a business in hauling, as it is to know which is the business end of a mule.

It is no longer a question of how far can a horse travel on a bushel of oats—it is "how many miles on a gallon of gasoline."

The value received for the money you pay for a motor truck and the money you spend for its maintenance is the answer, whether or not you have made an investment or incurred an expense.

Economy in hauling depends on a motor truck of a given capacity capable of carrying the greatest variety of loads of diversified weights.

Startling Figures

The following figures are from correspondents of the Bureau of Crop Estimates of the Department of Agriculture. On the farm, where it costs the least to maintain horses, hauling with teams to shipping points averaged in 1918 about 30 cents a mile per ton to haul wheat, 33 cents for corn and 48 cents for cotton. For hauling these same products in motor trucks the cost per mile per ton was 15 cents for wheat and corn and 18 cents for cotton.

A Traffic Truck hauls, on average roads, a 4,000-lb. load 14 miles in one hour for 30 cents' worth of gasoline!

Those who figure in dollars and cents
Need no reminders from day to day
That the use of a little plain "Horse Sense"
Is all that makes motor truck haulage pay.
Let "Horse Sense" guide to the truck to use
Instead of supplanting your teams at a loss,
Because there's a reason and not an excuse
To haul with Traffics instead of "Old Hoss."

A horse walks at 4 miles an hour—the Traffic Truck walks at 14 miles an hour. Your time is worth money and Traffic Trucks will save it. A Traffic will deliver in one or two hours all that a team of horses can haul in a half a day.

It is estimated that it takes the yield of ten acres of land to feed a team of horses for one year—and only three acres for a man. Ten acres will feed more than three men.

Men sometimes let their love of horses get the better of their business judgment. It's all right to keep on hauling with horses if it is clearly understood that it is an expensive luxury—but where economy is a greater incentive than sentiment, "Horse Sense" calls for Traffic Trucks.

(Concluded from Page 86)

Old actors will tell you that the people in the audience are the ones to feel the emotion, not the one who is registering it. Our greatest comedian is constantly stressing this point. When he sees one of his actors clowning he stops him instantly. "Remember, Ben, the thing you are doing is funny; do not be funny while you are doing it." The fatality of the big scene I told of was due to the fact that the director had become emotional and was unable to view the picture objectively, as it would appear upon the screen.

Thus, it will be seen that the problem is one of intelligent directing. Above all, the painter of the picture must maintain an emotional detachment and constantly remember that music does not register, his only thought being that of pantomimic visualization.

Some directors go so far as to plug up their ears rather than tempt the musical drug; and one of them, who has a tremendous belief in its atmospheric value, is about to experiment with a glass booth in which he may exclude the emotion of music, and the camera man its annoying rhythm, while viewing the silent scene as the spectators will see it on the screen.

Strangely enough, while some actors are sitting round like sick cats, thinking they are registering their soul's torment, others are affected in quite the opposite way and are inclined to unctuousness and overacting. So, in the more thoughtful studios, the playing to actors for the purpose of individual emoting is becoming less and less fashionable, while the use of music for atmosphere is increasing.

When we start a new picture at the Filmart dad is immediately given a copy of the script, and straightway he arranges a whole musical score, with a basic theme to characterize the period and place, and motifs for the principal characters and events. These scores are printed and sent out with the releases, so the theaters may be properly guided in playing the picture.

For heavy dramatic situations we use such works as Madama Butterfly and the Prelude by Rachmaninof. Sad scenes are accompanied by Tosti's Good-by, Ase's Death, Valse Triste, Träumerei, plaintive Irish numbers like Mother Machree, and minor-key stuff. Personally dad and I find the greatest tear-getters to be The Rosary, and Sweet Summer Breeze, by Victor Herbert. In homely rural and domestic scenes the old favorites are played—Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?—Home, Sweet Home; and even Sweet Rosey O'Grady.

Real Old-Timers

Naturally love songs are legion; but for scenes of parting we have found the most effective to be Lead, Kindly Light and I Hear You Calling Me. The patriotic stuff is confined almost exclusively to The Star-Spangled Banner, the Marseillaise, and Over There. For costume plays we break out real old-timers like Ben Bolt and Under the Mistletoe Bough. And, as might be expected, bright scenes are shot to dance music, lively waltzes and snappy fox trots predominating.

There is another and very important reason for music in the movies: On the stage the characters begin in the first act to get into the spirit of their parts, and gradually work up during the play to their emotional climaxes in perfectly normal continuity, each scene being built upon the sum total of those preceding it; but we do not build our pictures that way. In the mechanical necessity of making our scenes out of strict continuity there is no chance to work gradually up to dramatic heights, for the big scene may be shot days before many that will precede it on the screen.

It is because of these violent breaks, and in consequence of having to jump from one emotional scene to another at a moment's notice that music is invoked to create a temporary atmosphere, which would have been spiritually developed in the characters had they gone continuously up to the point, as they do in a public stage performance.

Costini, one of our big directors, believes that this is the greatest use to which music can be put. Disdaining it entirely during the action, except in the case of dancing, where tempo is necessary, all the playing is done between acts.

Suppose we have just been shooting a lively scene and the next one demands tense tragedy or pathos. He will not let the cast wander about during the change, but orders the actors to seat themselves in the set; and while the camera man is setting up, and the assistant director and the light hounds are quarreling, he orders the orchestra to play appropriate music for the next scene.

Perhaps for fifteen minutes the actors sit round listening and relaxing; and then, when all the mechanical noises have settled down and they are in the proper mood, he orders the action to begin. But at the moment he calls "Camera!" the orchestra ceases playing and the scene is made in the most impressive and eloquent silence.

Furthermore, Costini succeeds in registering deep emotions better than any other director, for he uses a most intelligent discrimination in the use of the close-up.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he exclaims. "A colossal view of a soul in pain is an artistic crime! One should never show more than a flash; for when tortures like a twitching mouth are held for a long time the audience itself blushes in shame at such intimacy."

The Codfish and the Kangaroo

The most savage assistant director or extra man is softened by good music; and the wandering minstrelsy one meets in a moving-picture studio does much to soothe the nerve-racking discordances, for it is like introducing the carnival spirit into a noisy factory. And just as tired soldiers will step right out when the band plays, so we are often called upon to buck up the tired spirits of the mummers.

In a big scene using many extras we may be shooting half the night; so about eleven o'clock, when everybody's spirit is at its lowest ebb, the assistant director will order up sandwiches and hot coffee; then, clearing the stage, we break into some lively jazz music. In a moment everybody, the director included, will be dancing away in the happiest manner.

After that the whole bunch will be good for two hours more.

My! How our efficiency hounds growl while silly dollars are piling up the cost during such a recess! But efficiency hounds would be human beings if they knew anything about music.

I hope I have shown that, though the photodrama may be emotionally and atmospherically assisted by music, the sister art must always remain collateral and can never become a major factor in the pictures. Yet every day thoughtless people clamor for this union. Just as low-browed artists daub up statuary and achieve naught but the æsthetic degradation of a waxworks show, and realistic painters, feeling the limitations of their palettes, stick on real sand and wisps of straw in the hope of deceiving a half-wit, we have seen what happened to the movie when we tried to marry her to music and steam whistles.

The joke of it is that even the so-called boneheads, who are not supposed to know æsthetic niceties, gave this mesalliance thumbs down, just as they did the synchronized voice.

It is a wise artist who recognizes the limits of his own medium. Lord knows each has stupendous-enough possibilities without encroaching upon the others! It takes dad to state this truism with the most delicious finality. The other day one of these everlasting touts of doubtful progress said to him:

"Mr. Bergman, in a few years you won't be playing second fiddle to the movies, for we'll be able to register them both together."

"My dear sir," replied dad, "cinema's sins are committed in the eye, while mine are entirely confined to the ear. Wedlock is no more possible between them than between a codfish and a kangaroo; they exist in different media."

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Health is the greatest of all human assets

WITHOUT good health we cannot enjoy life, nor can we earn a livelihood.

Dyspepsia, and other mild forms of indigestion, may be the stepping stones to undermining the health of a man or woman.

I have never found anything so generally effective in maintaining good digestion as does my original pepsin chewing gum.

D. E. Beeman

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THE PILGRIM—By Lowell Otus Reese

IT TOOK a war to educate the United States of America up to the point where it saw the wickedness and general undesirability of old Johnny Barleycorn. But we men of Sandstorm got a sad hint of it years ago, and the hint was given us by a Chinaman; a cheerful, innocent Chinaman with a long queue and shiny black eyes, and a grin that cut across his yellow features like a rip in a pair of tights.

Hop Yick, Sandstorm's restaurant keeper, was a creature of ten thousand anomalies. He was a quaint child, and at the same time he was a citizen of the world who had been reincarnated out of those strange years when men and women lived in playhouses, apparently, and did nothing whatever but twirl umbrellas and fan themselves and look out of drawing. Hop was a regular Yankee in business, getting every penny that was coming; he was a complete spendthrift when it came to a matter of helping out his less fortunate fellow men. He was simple as a teeter snipe and wise as an owl.

In his own land I think Hop Yick would have been accounted a musician. When he was happy he allowed his voice to start away down in his embroidered shoes and rollick upward, missing every known note on the civilized scale and soaring finally into a high falsetto as shrill and keen as the shriek of a female mosquito dying of appendicitis. In his simple soul Hop called this singing; but we men of Sandstorm called it hell.

Hop had one weakness which Sandstorm never could understand. Under no circumstances would he allow himself to drink the brew of the alien land where his destiny had planted him. This fact alone was enough to establish him as a phenomenon in the minds of many average Americans of that time. Whenever the Chinese New Year came round, Hop never failed to drink to the occasion in tremendous bowls of samshu, swallowing without a tear or a cough while all Sandstorm stood by and marveled at the feat. For to be able to drink the fiery rice whisky of the Oriental, the white man must first betake himself to the nearest foundry and have his throat and stomach copper-lined throughout.

Even then it is an even break between the hospital and the morgue after about the third drink.

However, when you come right down to the tail end of the very last analysis, it is entirely a matter of what you have been taught to consider fit and good. Hop Yick could pour that sizzling stuff into his vitals and it seemed merely to arouse within him a benevolent glow. But he cast a distrustful eye upon the white man's Johnny Barleycorn and shook his head.

"Melican whisky no good!" he affirmed solemnly. "White man dlink 'em—ketch 'em headache; maybe so see 'em snake. But Chinaboy dlink 'em—heap die!"

And that settled it. Hop Yick never seemed to grasp the sacredness of the white man's rite which demanded that you drink something you perhaps abominated, merely to be a good fellow. Moreover, when Chinese New Year was past, Hop put aside his samshu bowl and thought no more about it until the next year's celebration time rolled round. Think how this looked to an old whiskyfish like Sam McCall!

"He ain't human!" declared Sam, shaking his head sadly above his glass. "It ain't human for a man to drink for a couple of weeks and then lay off it for a whole year!"

"Maybe he drinks enough in them two weeks to last him," ventured old Crawdad. "You got to allow that a drink that comes as close to bein' pure hell-fire as this here samahu does must shorely have some lastin' qualities."

"I ain't sayin' a thing against samshu," replied Sam. "I'm free to admit that a drink of samshu does make you think you've swallowed a string of bob wire. But what I'm aimin' at is this: It's like lovin' a woman, drinkin' is. No man can love a woman for a couple of weeks and then forget her for a whole year! No, sir, it ain't human!"

Old Crawdad considered this for several minutes.

"You're right, Sam," he said at length with bibulous gravity. "But you got to forgive pore Hop. He don't know any better. You got to remember that pore ole Hop's a heathen."

And there, I think, Crawdad crystallized the popular thought of civilization in its attitude toward the heathen. Any human being who thinks or acts differently from you is a heathen.

If he worships God in a way strange to your peculiar brain processes, he's a heathen. If he fails to get drunk when he drinks, or if he fails to understand and reverence Johnny Barleycorn, that ancient god of the old civilization before whom men have spilled more libations than ever were poured upon the altar of common sense and the thrifty bank account, why he's ——

Oh, what's the use! A heathen's a heathen. But, as I said in beginning, it took a heathen to give us a hint that Johnny Barleycorn was putting the bee on us. Maybe it took us a long while to see it; but when we did see it, why we certainly saw it good.

II

HE LOOKED exactly as though he had strayed out of the Old Testament and wandered into Fightin' Jake Bauer's place by mistake. The long, silvery-white hair fell upon his shoulders; from his face and chin a long, white, venerable beard flowed over his sunken chest. He was stooped and tremulous, and wax-white of countenance. He walked on crutches and he coughed as he tap-tapped his painful way up to the bar and peered over at old cross-eyed Fightin' Jake through big smoked glasses.

"A little something mild, brother," he gasped asthmatically. "Something mild and soothing for my cough." The spasms racked his aged frame as he waited while Fightin' Jake performed his mysterious rites with bottle and brew behind the altar sacred to Johnny Barleycorn aforesaid.

I was playing solo with Cahuenga Bill Penny and Doc Seaver and Aleck Kline. Old Cahuenga Bill cocked a wise ear and listened.

"Hear the graveyard cough!" he said. "We'll be plantin' that pore old Pilgrim soon."

"Maybe the desert ozone will cure the son of a gun," suggested Aleck Kline. "Hey, doc?"

Doc Seaver had more faith in the desert air than he had in his own medicines and I always will think that doc was one honest doctor. But he shook his head at Aleck's suggestion.

"Too late!" he said.

"You're right, doc," agreed Cahuenga Bill. "I've seen a million lungers and I know."

Meanwhile the patriarch swallowed his drink and suffered another season of hoarse barking. Followed then a short colloquy with the bartender, after which Fightin' Jake beckoned us over.

"Boys," said Jake, "this here Pilgrim is lookin' for a place to hole up for a while. You know—some sort of a humble cot where he can dwell in quiet and breathe all the air he wants until he gets ready to hit the trail for a better land. He's plannin' to stampede across the Great Divide pretty soon, and he wants to live as easy as he can till then.

"I told him Sandstorm was noted from Neenach to Death Valley for its sympathy and that you boys would whirl in and fix him up."

The Pilgrim smiled weakly and his attitude was the attitude of an old patriarch blessing his flock of sons.

"It won't be long, brothers," he said.

"Aw, hell, ole-timer!" said Sam McCall with rough encouragement. "You ain't goin' to die none. Buck up, and inside of a couple months you'll be gettin' drunk and raisin' hell just as natural as any other normal human bein'! Why, I've seen sick folks come out here into the desert—folks so low that when they came they could actually look across and holler back and forth and josh with the dear departed that had went on before; but after breathin' this here desert ozone for a year or so, we'd have to ship 'em away so that they wouldn't hurt none of us, they was that healthy and exuberant!"

The Pilgrim smiled sadly, but he shook his head:

"I know it's your sympathy speaking, brother," he quavered. "But unfortunately I have a premonition and I feel that I shall leave you before the year ends. What a joy if I could stay with you and watch your destiny unfold! But when I get Up Yonder and they ask me from what spot upon earth I hail, I'll point down and say: 'From Sandstorm, the place where sympathy and brotherly kindness and the warm, compassionate tear have watered the hot desert until it blossoms as the rose!'" He was seized with another spasm of coughing and we felt tremendously sorry.

For after a few years in the wilderness men get sort of childish in their apprehension of life. Moreover, theirs is an existence which induces sympathy. In the rough heart of the desert is no compassion; therefore, men feel the necessity of deriving it from one another. Besides, the Pilgrim's patriarchal hair and beard appealed to us. They reminded every individual of a half forgotten father or grandfather; and when anything touches the memory and leads it back to your joyous first years it wakens something which never dies, not even in the roughest soul. Somewhere within us all dwells forever a homesickness for our childhood.

Of course we all enlisted cordially, inviting the old man to go with us to Eddie Brown's hardware store to select such things as might be needed. But first he wanted to deposit his money.

"It isn't much," he apologized, "but when a man has but little and is sick besides that little means more than a million does to a well man. I figure that I'll have just about enough to last me through. I'd like to put it in the bank, so that I can draw on it as I need it."

Old Fightin' Jake Bauer threw open the door of his safe. Jake was proud of his safe, for it was the only one in our part of the desert. "It's the Sandstorm bank," he grinned, "and it's safer than any city bank at that, for I sleep right in front of it every night; and you can listen good but you won't hear of anybody that ever woke old Jake Bauer up at night in order to pick a quarrel with him!"

The Pilgrim was much gratified. Jake took the worn, shabby pocketbook and put it away in the safe, clanging the door shut and twirling the combination. "There she is!" he said proudly, slapping the cold iron with real affection. "Safe as a church! You'd be surprised," he continued, "if you knew the piles of money that have passed through that old lump of iron. Why, about the end of every month there's a fortune in that safe. Several mines scattered round over the desert, you know, and the San Francisco and Los Angeles offices always send me the cash to meet the pay roll the first of every month. You bet! And what ain't in this old bank of mine is carried in money belts, strapped round the stomachs of these lazy old desert rats!" He grinned again and indicated the men of Sandstorm, scattered about the place.

The Pilgrim was very grateful and he said so freely.

"I certainly appreciate what you boys are doing for me," he said. "I tell you I'm mighty glad I chose this town! I—I came out here to die, expecting to pass out in the midst of cold-hearted, indifferent strangers, and here I am, only three hours in Sandstorm and already surrounded by warm, generous hearts!"

Who does not feel his heart grow warm at hearing himself appreciated? All people love to do good; all people love to bestow charity. It is owing to the fact that people have been stung so many times that they are cold and indifferent to appeals from strangers. Give the world a chance, free from parasites that work upon the sympathies, and the world will open the doors of its heart—wide. We took our Pilgrim across to Eddie Brown's hardware store and bought a lot of canvas and nails and things. Lumber is scarce on the desert, but somebody dug up some two-by-fours for the framework, and out in the edge of the greasewood brush we started to put up a canvas house for the stranger. He wanted to help, but we made him sit in the shade of a yucca and smoke while we labored in the hot sun of that long Sunday afternoon.

Before the sun went down we had the Pilgrim comfortably settled, with a fine house, a bed, cookstove, chairs—all rude, of course, but comfortable. Dwellers in the wilderness are not at all fussy. The Pilgrim wanted to pay us but we laughed at him.

"Just get well," we told him, "and maybe sometime or other you'll get a chance to lend a hand to some other poor sick old gander."

The Pilgrim started to say something else; but he choked up and so he held out his trembling hand instead. Our own eyes misted; for when to sympathy is added the consciousness of one's own virtue, nearly always the result is tears of honest emotion. Back in Fightin' Jake Bauer's saloon we talked it over. Old Sam McCall was the town drunk and a constant disgrace to Sandstorm; nevertheless, he expressed the sentiments of the community when, after we had discussed the matter at some length, he summed up:

"This here Pilgrim has come to us like a stricken creature that runs to another creature for sympathy. It's up to us Sandstormers to give him said sympathy—plumb through to the end, when his pore old soul shucks itself finally and goes teeterin' away through the clouds."

III

WE CERTAINLY did our best to make the Pilgrim's last days happy. He had touched the mysterious spring that opened our wells of sympathy; and once opened, there seemed to be no limit to their flow. Nor had he needed to calculate the distance his meager finances might go, for we did not allow him to spend anything. Everybody carried something daily to the humble little canvas house standing out in the edge of the brush. Grub, smoking tobacco, wine and daily papers which were fresh when old Tinker Mellody took them aboard his stage at the nearest railroad station of El Tanko—for this was in the old days, remember, before Sandstorm had a railroad of its own. From dear old Aunt Keziah Pepple down to old Sam McCall, Sandstorm lavished upon its ancient invalid sympathy and friendship and the milk of human kindness.

But in spite of all we could do, the Pilgrim did not mend. Instead, he seemed to be growing worse as the days went into weeks, and our sympathy grew stronger with the passing of the time. Gradually it was borne in upon us

(Continued on Page 95)

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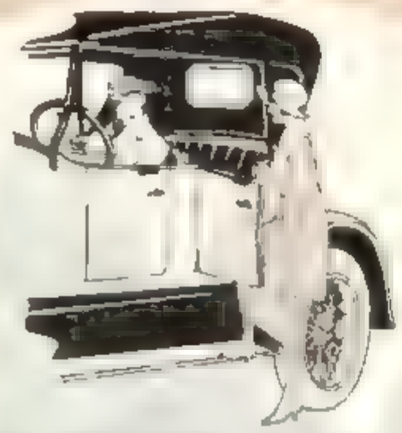

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Real character cannot exist if one factor must be sacrificed to secure another. Haynes engineers and designers have held this principle through all the 26 years of Haynes history—and the new series Haynes exemplifies the worthiness of their skill.

This spirit imbues the entire Haynes organization. The *character* of the Haynes must not only be built into it at the factory; it is furthermore expressed in the service rendered by Haynes representatives.

The new series Haynes four-door roadster, with its full aluminum body, its roomy seating arrangement, its hand-buffed leather upholstery, its pleasant lines, its powerful, dependable motor—signally shows the character-value of these four factors which distinguish the Haynes—beauty, strength, power and comfort.

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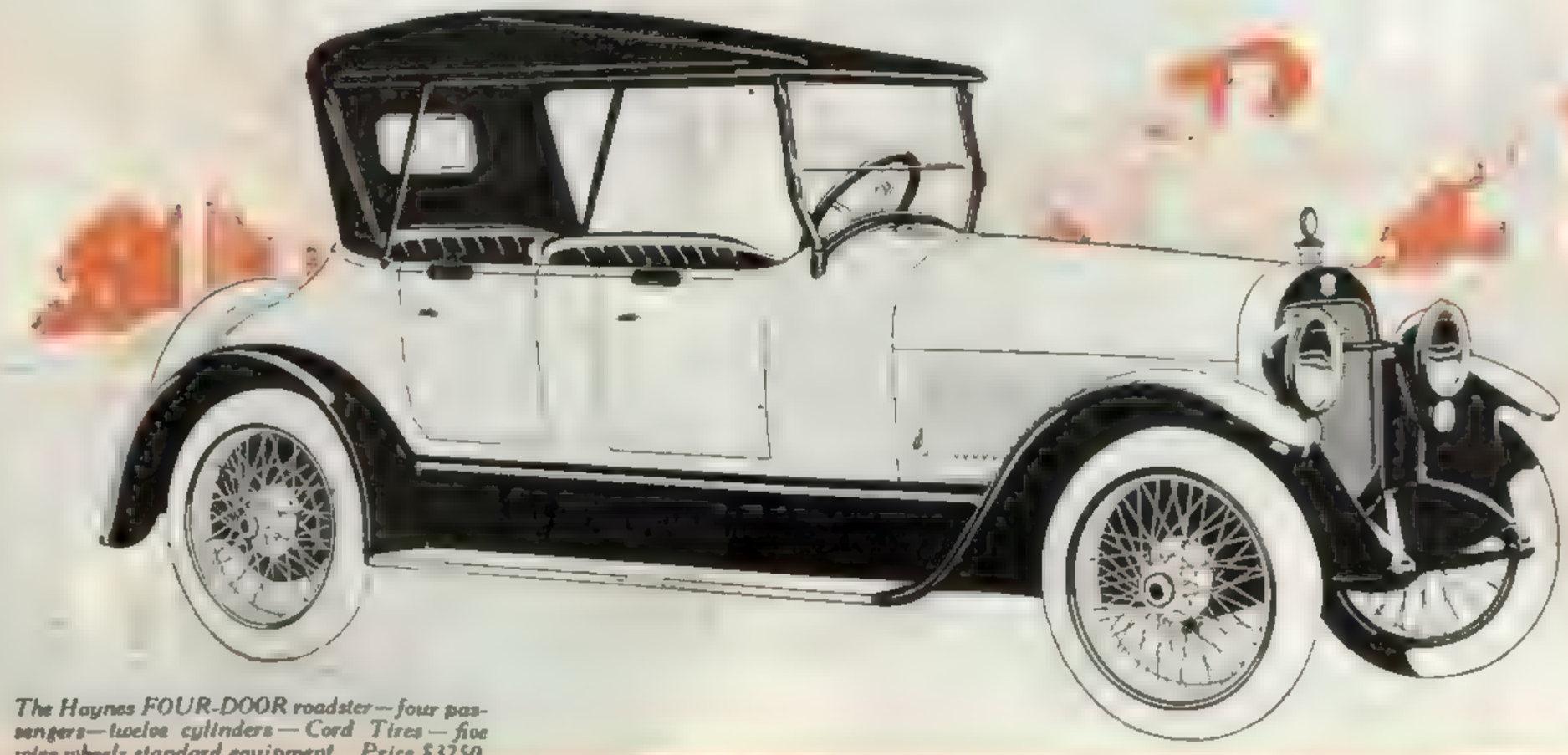

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1893—THE HAYNES IS AMERICA'S FIRST CAR—1919

(Continued from Page 90)

that the patriarch's dismal prophecy would be fulfilled. For a long time he had battled bravely, coming over on his crutches every evening to sit and drink a glass of wine and chat with the boys in Fightin' Jake's place; but now he did not come any more; and when this happened and word went round that he had taken to his bed, our spirits sank to zero. It was most discouraging, truly. What with our sympathy and our grub and our far-famed desert air, we had hoped to see him rally and struggle back to health. When he failed to do this we felt that the desert had someway played us badly.

"I reckon he's too old," sighed Cahuenga Bill Penny one evening. "When a man gets as old as this here Pilgrim is, why, Death seems to think it ain't good for its reputation to let him get away. Take a young feller, now, and Death might say: 'Oh, well, have it your own way for a spell. After awhile I'll sneak up and wham you on the roof when you think you're well and strong and got the world by the tail!' When a man's young and frisky and feelin' as though he was goin' to live forever, then's when Death likes to jolly him along, watchin' him swagger and lettin' him live—just to gloat over him, I reckon. But Death hasn't any patience with an old man somehow."

"Me, I think it's his whiskers," said old Crawdad gloomily. "I believe he'd have more chance if his strength hadn't all run to whiskers! No man can grow a crop of vines like that and have any pep left in his innards."

Down the street arose the furious clanging of Hop Yick's gong. So we all got up and went down to the restaurant for supper, following our daily custom. We heard Hop's voice while we were yet half a block away.

"Ole Hop's singin' like a pickled Injun to-night," said Cahuenga Bill. "I reckon he's happy about something."

"Maybe he's dyin'," said Crawdad. "That sounds to me like shrieks of mortal agony!"

"No," said Cahuenga Bill, "it's singin'; I've heard it before. He always sings when he's happy about something."

"Maybe you're right," said Crawdad reluctantly, "though she does shorely sound to me like somebody was dyin' horrible. But if it's singin', why it's a good thing Hop came out here in the wide desert to dwell. Music like that needs lots of room."

Inside the restaurant we discovered the cause of Hop Yick's happiness. He had a new ice box! It was a huge affair, built into one corner of the room, behind the long short-order counter up by the range. It was fully eight feet long by six wide and one end was already packed full of ice, laid up in sawdust. The walls were made of heavy boards, a double wall with a space between of six inches packed with sawdust.

The door was simply sawed out of the end of the great box, hung on massive hinges and fastened by a hasp and padlock heavy enough to have withstood the first grand assault on the Bastile.

"Heap good, hey?" grinned Hop delightedly. "Ketch 'em plenty cool now! No spoil 'em egg. Flesh meat no spoil too. Dam' blowfly come—no can do! Bimeby ketch 'em wattamelon—maybe so ice cleam! Can do!" He began to sing again, trotting about his range like a little old woman, his weird voice running up and down the gamut in a happy squeal.

"Well," said Aleck Kline, scrutinizing Hop's innovation with a careful eye, "judgin' by the look of the place, I'd say that Hop's ice won't ever get out of there! But if he happens to lose the key to that door he'll have to use dynamite to open it!"

"Why ain't Fightin' Jake here?" asked Cahuenga Bill. "Ain't he hungry this evening?"

"The money just came in for the mines over at Missionary Wells," said Doc Seaver. "Jake always stays close to the safe until the messenger comes and takes the money away, you know."

"I saw the Pilgrim as I came by this evening," said Pete King, who had just come in from the butte. "He was looking pretty bad."

Pete started us off on the subject of the Pilgrim again. For half an hour we discussed him and his probable chances of surviving until Christmas. Hop Yick listened from time to time as he scurried up and down behind the lunch counter.

"Whashee mallah Pilglim?" he asked once.

"He's a lunger," Pete King told him. Hop considered this gravely, his inscrutable black eyes studying ours with the blank expression so baffling to our race. "What foh he no go home?" he wanted to know.

"He ain't got any home," Pete explained. "He's come out here to die and he wants to breathe our salubrious air until he shakes off this clingin' flesh and busts away toward the jasper walls."

Hop considered this also, his grave, terribly solemn expression never changing. "Heap savey!" he said at last; but we could not judge from his face whether he really savied or not.

While we were still discussing the Pilgrim, Aunt Keziah Pepple came in. The good-hearted little old maid's eyes were red and evidently she had been weeping.

"Boys," she said tremulously, "the poor Pilgrim wants to see you. I was just over there taking his supper to him. He says he doesn't expect to last much longer than his birthday and he wants to do something for the men of Sandstorm before he goes. He—he wants to give a last birthday party! Boys, it's the most pitiful thing I ever—I—I ——"

Poor Aunt Keziah choked up and turned away and went home, her apron at her eyes. A queer, husky feeling came into our throats and we lost all further interest in our supper. It was unfortunate, too, for the supper was a good one. Doc Seaver got up from the table.

"Let's go then!" he muttered, and blew his nose.

Only once did anyone speak during the sad journey.

"When is his birthday, I wonder?" asked Andy Gregg.

"I don't know," replied Doc Seaver gloomily. "But judging by his appearance when I saw him yesterday I'd say it'll have to be pretty soon or he won't be there to celebrate it."

The sun had gone down and it was that hushed, mysterious time between the passing of the day and the coming of night. The full moon was rolling up over the eastern mountains and already it was making ghostly the white walls of the pathetic little canvas house out in the edge of the brush. We were still thirty or forty yards away when Doc Seaver stopped suddenly and held up his hand.

"Listen!" he said.

From the interior of the tent-house came the sound of singing. I don't think I shall ever forget that moment, nor the moon rising above the eastern rim of the desert, white as a dead face and just as void of expression. It looked like a dream moon, so white and still, like a dead face seen in a dream. For the matter of that, a dead face is indeed a dream; the very end of a long dream which we poor, deluded creatures call life. From the inside of the lonesome little canvas house came the quavering of a cracked, weak voice, crooning a wistful old song that our forefathers loved to sing:

"We're going home, no more to roam;
No more to sin and sorrow;
No more to wear the brow of care—
We're going home to-morrow!"

Perhaps not on this earth will the psychology of music be explained entirely. A lively air will set the feet to dancing along with the happy soul. But let the stage be set for sadness and then sing a sad song, and immediately your spirit turns to water and leaks out of your miserable eyes. The passing invalid beyond the white canvas embarked upon the wailing chorus of the dear, old-fashioned hymn:

"We're go-o-ing ho-o-ome,
We're go-ing home to-morro-o-o-ow;
We're go-ing ho-o-ome,
We're go-ing ho-o-ome to-morrow!"

It is impossible to put into words the unutterable pathos that wailed through the homely old hymn, sung by the cracked voice of our dying Pilgrim.

I looked at Cahuenga Bill Penny, and the hardened old sinner's eyes were raining tears, perhaps for the first time in fifty years.

"My dad used to sing that song!" he muttered huskily. "Whenever there was a revival meetin', dad would always sing We're Goin' Home To-morrow—and then he'd pray. And when dad prayed, I want to tell you that he made the devil's whiskers curl, and don't you forget it!"

Doc Seaver furtively wiped his own eyes. "Come on!" he growled.

The Pilgrim greeted our entrance with his sad smile that we had learned to know so well.

"I didn't mean to ask you out here for longer than a minute, boys," he whispered, panting. "I just wanted to see you and tell you . . . to-morrow's my birthday. Last birthday I'll celebrate on this earth. . . . Going fast. I wondered if you'd let me join you. . . . Fightin' Jake Bauer's place. To-morrow night. Help me celebrate my last birthday. Spend the rest of my money. Won't need it . . . any more."

We did not stay long, for it is terribly depressing to stand round a sick bed and try to find something natural to talk about. The thing cannot be done. You don't want to whisper or talk of mournful things; and if you attempt cheerful conversation it shocks the ear like sacrilege. We left as soon as we might. The Pilgrim seemed to have fallen asleep.

"It ain't right to leave him alone like that!" said Cahuenga Bill, looking back. "He ought to have somebody with him, night and day—him bein' sick as all that!"

"He won't have anybody," said Doc Seaver dejectedly. "I tried to reason with him, but he was obstinate, in a sweet, resigned sort of way. 'No use to worry anyone else with my troubles,' he told me. 'I can die just as easy alone as I would with a crowd of devoted friends clustered about!' he told me." Doc cleared his throat with difficulty. Suddenly he stopped and looked back.

"Listen!" he said again.

And once more, from the interior of the pathetic little tent-house, ghostlier than ever now as the dusk deepened and the moon rose higher, came that quavering voice struggling to lift itself in song:

"We're go-o-o-ing ho-o-o-ome,
We're go-ing ho-o-ome to-morrow!"

"Life is shore hell!" gulped old Cahuenga Bill Penny and then we stumbled away from the sorrowful place. But for a long time our ears strained back and listened against our wills as that haunting voice followed us, crooning over and over: . . .

"We're going ho-o-ome to-morrow!"

IV

"HERE?" Doc Seaver asked in a low voice.

"Here!" agreed the Pilgrim weakly. "Before the bar! Makes me feel as though I . . . young again. . . . Good!"

We set the cot carefully upon the rough floor of the saloon and backed awkwardly away, seating ourselves about the battered card tables. Old Fightin' Jake Bauer leaned over the bar and struggled to smile down at the invalid; but the effort merely made his cross-eyed countenance hideous.

"The place is yours, Pilgrim," he said. "Go ahead with your party!"

"Get my money . . . out of the safe, brother," whispered the Pilgrim. "I want the boys to drink it up. . . . Wish me . . . safe journey!"

Jake opened the safe with trembling fingers, took out the pitiful, shabby pocketbook and emptied its contents beside the bottles. There was no conversation when Jake began filling the glasses, but we all arose and gathered at the bar, with the sick man lying in the middle of the gathering.

"Here's how!" said Fightin' Jake, lifting his glass to the Pilgrim.

"Heaven or hell!" responded the Pilgrim. "Who knows?" He touched his bloodless lips with the edge of his glass and then it slipped from his nerveless fingers and crashed to the floor beside the cot. We all started nervously at the sound.

"Once more, boys!" invited the Pilgrim. We accepted. It was the easiest thing we did in those wild old days. "Is everybody here?" he asked wistfully. "I want every Sandstorm man to drink at my last birthday party!"

"We—we're all here, ole-timer!" said Aleck Kline with a catch in his woolly throat.

"All set?" panted the Pilgrim.

"Here's how!" we called in unison—a part of the sacred ritual used in the worship of John Barleycorn.

"Happy days!"

And this time the Pilgrim drank a little. For several minutes thereafter he lay panting, resting after the unusual exertion. Then the drink seemed to react and he struggled suddenly to a sitting posture.

"Lift me behind the bar, boys!" he begged, his voice stronger in an access of failing energy. "Jake, I used to be a wild, joyous boy myself, far back in my earthly pilgrimage. I want—I want to pour a drink for the men of Sandstorm before I go—with my own hands!"

We humored him. Who would have refused him anything under the distressing circumstances? Tenderly we carried him behind the bar and propped him upright, with bottles and glasses before him. Fightin' Jake came out and took his place in the crowd. The Pilgrim reached a bottle with his palsied hand and began to fill.

It was a solemn moment. I glanced at the window and I thought I saw Hop Yick's yellow features glued to the dusty pane, watching the extraordinary ceremony from the sidewalk. Hop's ridiculous saying shot through my excited mind: "White man dlink 'em—ketch 'em headache; maybe so see 'em snake. But Chinaboy dlink 'em—heap die!"

But Hop Yick did not come in; and in the next instant I forgot him; for as the Pilgrim filled the glasses he began again that low, funereal croon that lifted the hair along my scalp:

"We're go-o-o-ing ho-o-o-ome,
We're going ho-o-o-ome to-morrow!"

In silence we took the brimming glasses from the bar. "Is everybody served?" asked the old man.

"All set, Pilgrim!" we responded.

"A toast!" panted the Pilgrim, sagging in his chair as though nearing the end of his strength. "A toast to the dear old boys of Sandstorm!"

"Here's how!" we chorused, out of our ritual, and waited.

"Drink ——" A paroxysm of coughing interrupted the Pilgrim. We made a tentative effort to help him but he stopped us with a gesture, struggled with his affliction and went on:

"Drink! for ye know not whence ye came, nor why!
Drink! for ye know not why ye go, nor where!"

The age-old sophistry of Johnny Barleycorn! The one bright and shiny platitude with which the ancient god dug the graves of his myriad worshipers!

(Concluded on Page 99)

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GOODYEAR
AKRON

Gaining 6,300 Miles By Proper Inflation

LONG before they had delivered the mileages everyone expects from Goodyears, two tires on a heavy eight-cylinder car blew out. The car-owner, Mr. Ralph Booth, took them to a Goodyear Service Station near his office, on West 27th Street, New York. The Service Station Dealer examined them, asked Mr. Booth to what pressures they had been inflated, and then proved that according to the inflation charts the tires should have carried at least fifteen pounds more air. Mr. Booth wasn't quite convinced, but he put on two new Goodyears and kept them properly inflated. These tires have already given 6,300 MORE miles than the under-inflated ones and look good for as many more. Ask your Goodyear Service Station, or write to Akron, for Lesson 3 of the Goodyear Conservation Course—telling how to gain mileage by proper inflation.

MAINTAINING proper inflation can increase even the high mileages that users of Goodyears have come to take for granted.

Under-inflation shortens by thousands of miles the life of the best of tires.

Without proper air support the tire walls have to bend and flex sharply and constantly.

The consequences to the tire are very similar to those observed when a piece of wire is sharply and repeatedly bent.

Just as the wire becomes hot and breaks, so the tire body heats and breaks.

The extreme bending and flexing of sidewalls without sufficient air-support generates excessive heat at the flexing points.

This heat acts on the rubber in and between the plies, making it lifeless and brittle.

The plies separate on the shoulder of the tire, and from chafing against each other soon lose their strength.

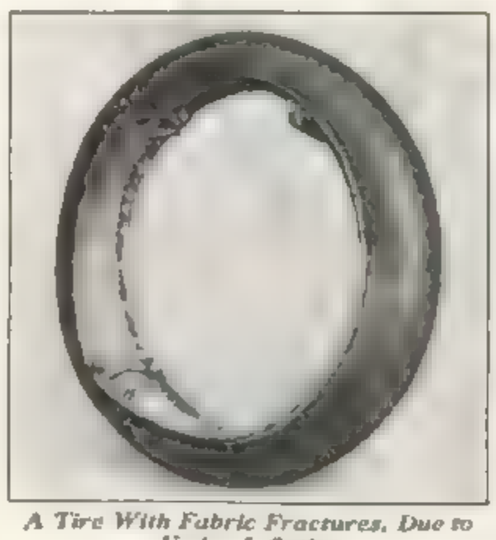
Then the inner plies, which are most quickly affected, are fractured—the tube is pinched between the rough edges of the break, and a blow-out follows.

Often the tire is then beyond all hope of repair.

IN certain cases, however, where the damage is not too great and the weakened fabric carcass has not actually broken, Goodyear Service Station Dealers find that by applying a Goodyear Reliner the tire can be made to deliver a thousand and more additional miles.

But consistent attention to proper inflation would save many thousands—at no expense whatever.

Find out just what pressures your tires should carry by asking your Goodyear Service Station—or by sending to Akron—for Lesson 3 of the Goodyear Conservation Course.



A Tire With Fabric Fractures, Due to Under-Inflation

Goodyear Inside Tire Protector and Goodyear Patching Cement for Restoring Tires Weakened by Being Under-Inflated

Ask your Goodyear Service Station, or us, for Lesson 3 of the Goodyear Conservation Course—dealing with tire inflation

Proper inflation is one of a half-dozen little things that save big tire bills.

Others are the care of tread cuts—described in Lesson 2 of the Goodyear Conservation Course—and "truing up" wheels, described in Lesson 1.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

TIRE SAVERS

Sandy says—

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And these features, combined with perfect balance, permanently maintained, make it an easy ball to control.

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Start the ball straight, and it will continue going straight whether you are driving, putting or playing through the fairway. You'll find your game wonderfully improved when you play the 'Nobby' Golf Ball.

Floaters and sinkers. $1.00 each, $12.00 the dozen (tax paid). At your club or dealer's.

United States Rubber Company

(Concluded from Page 95)

But we did not know this then. In silence we drank the Pilgrim's offering. It was like drinking a toast with the dead! And presently I felt myself slipping away into immeasurable depths of sleepiness, slipping away on the surface of a great sorrow, through which I continued to hear the Pilgrim's pathetic crooning:

"Drink! for ye know not whence ye came, nor why!
Drink! for ye know not why ye go, nor where!"

And then I toppled over the edge into oblivion.

Mine was no peaceful awakening. When I became conscious, Doc Seaver was alternately slapping my face and jabbing a brutal toe into my ribs.

"Lay off!" I wailed weakly, and struggled to sit up.

"This one's all right," I heard doc say. Whereupon he left me; and almost immediately he went across and began to manhandle poor Perley Moore.

"Cahuenga Bill is coming out of it too!" I heard Fightin' Jake call across the room.

"Good work!" said doc. His was a weak, sick voice. "You might tackle Aleck Kline next. Aleck's pretty deep in it, I think."

I got unsteadily to my feet and stood swaying. Presently my eyes cleared somewhat and the dizziness passed. I looked about me. The floor was covered with prostrate men, and sown thickly among them were ripped money belts. Mechanically my hand went to my own middle and I found that my money belt also was among the missing. No, there it lay, upon the floor at my feet, ripped to shreds! And a few hours ago it had held nearly a thousand dollars—all my worldly possessions!

I looked behind the bar. The safe door stood wide open and the safe was empty! Before the bar the cot still stood, empty as the safe!

"What does it mean, doc?" I asked, bewildered.

"It means that Sandstorm's busted—flat!" said doc, not ceasing from his labors. "And if you don't stop geeking about like a fool and sail in and help, we're going to have a flock of dead men on our hands! Grab old Crawdad by the ears and bat his head against the floor! Hear me?" Heaven knows I did not feel like working. But I was a desert man, and desert men know how to sacrifice themselves in times of stress. I lit into poor old Crawdad and made his teeth rattle.

"What's the matter with everybody, doc?" I asked as I worked.

"Chloral, I think," said doc. "My glass tasted funny, I remember; so I didn't drink it all. Good thing, too; for if I hadn't come awake early the chances are that everybody would have died!"

"But—but where's the Pilgrim?" I asked.

"Old-timer," begged doc, "I'm too busy and too sick to swap conundrums with you! We've lost our money and we've lost our Pilgrim and I don't know whether two and two make four or not, but I have suspicions! The main thing right now is to save lives."

For a solid hour we worked, and eventually we brought them all out. But they were a sorry looking bunch. It would be better to say we were a sorry looking bunch; for there wasn't one of us, including the doctor himself, but looked as though he had been in a hospital for six months.

"Come on," said doc when all were able to stand and walk a little. "We'll go down and wake old Hop Yick and have him make us some black coffee."

But Hop was already up. We heard his voice piercing the still night air directly we stepped out of the wrecked saloon. As we drew nearer we could discern the words of his song. They were a weird, oriental version of a song familiar to us all. In a high, joyous falsetto Hop was singing:

"We going home —
We going home to-mollah!"

Hop ceased singing and grinned a wide grin when he saw us.

"Hello!" he cackled. "You ketch 'em plenty sleep?"

"We're poisoned, Hop!" said Doc Seaver. "Give us some coffee—quick!"

"Sure Mike!" said Hop cordially. "You likee Pilgum, too?"

"Do you know where the Pilgrim is?" demanded Deputy Sheriff Tingley.

"Sure Mike!" grinned Hop again. "Me ketch 'em!"

"Where is he?" demanded the incredulous officer.

"On icee!" giggled Hop. "Him Pilgum on icee! Me lock 'em up! No can spoil! He-he-he!"

Hop gave Tingley the huge key. Grimly Lew unlocked the mammoth ice box and went inside. A moment later he came out, bringing our Pilgrim with him. The old man seemed nearly frozen and he shook like a man in a hard chill.

"The money is in there too," said Tingley. "Somebody bring a rope!"

And while we waited Hop Yick told us. He had looked through the window and seen us drinking the Pilgrim's toast. He had been puzzled when he saw us go to the floor, drunk, as he thought. He could not understand how whisky could get such quick action; but he knew there was a vast potentiality in the white man's drink and he was ready to accept the phenomenon as entirely legitimate. But when the Pilgrim got up from his chair like a two-year-old and began opening the safe, Hop's suspicions were aroused and he ran down to his restaurant and got his revolver. It was a tremendous weapon; he showed it to us proudly. When he came back to the saloon the Pilgrim had finished his work and was coming out of the place, staggering under the weight of his loot. Whereupon Hop shoved the heavy gun into the aged malefactor's stomach and captured him.

Somebody came in with the rope as Hop finished his recital. Still working in grim silence, the deputy sheriff threw a loop into one end of it and stepped up to the Pilgrim. But as he moved to place the loop about the prisoner's neck, the old man hit him under the chin and Lew went head over heels with a mighty clatter among Hop Yick's pots and pans.

The thing was so unexpected that assuredly the man would have escaped; but as he cleared the edge of our crowd of sick and weak citizens Hop Yick flung at the aged berserk and brought him to the floor with a low tackle. With Hop's skinny arms wrapped about his legs we managed to hog-tie him. But not before many of us gathered bruises and bleeding noses. Lew crawled out of the pots and pans and arranged the noose to his satisfaction, while the crowd again fell silent. The deputy sheriff flung the rope over a beam and the end dangled to the floor.

"Dear old boys!" quavered the trembling wretch. "It was all a joke! Boys——"

"Haul away!" said Lew, still speaking in a deadly quiet voice. But no one moved. Neither did Lew himself reach a hand for the swinging rope. Instead, the silence grew and grew until at last it became painful. "He-he-he!" snickered Hop Yick. "No can do! He-he-he!"

And it was true! Not one of us could pull that rope! The man had cheated and robbed and poisoned us; he had abused our generous hospitality and made a mock of sympathy and brotherly kindness. He had flailed us with his fists and surely he deserved a hanging. But we could not kill him! We had sympathized with him too long! It was impossible for us to change our mental attitude to the opposite point of the compass in a moment. We were sick too, and our nerves shaken.

Besides, the sight of those venerable whiskers unmanned us. Not a man there but felt that he was about to hang his own grandfather!

Lew Tingley handcuffed the old desperado and shoved him back into the ice box, locking him in with the giant padlock. The old man protested tearfully.

"I'll freeze in there!" he wailed.

"You ought to be glad!" said Lew brutally. "You'd be in a hot enough place right now if Sandstorm wasn't a collection of tender-hearted old women!"

After breakfast next day, old Tinker Mellody brought his stage round and we loaded our Pilgrim into the vehicle. He was still handcuffed and his feet were tied together. "But you better watch him, Lew," warned Cahuenga Bill Penny. "You better keep an eye on that old hellion. Don't you take yore eyes off him till you get him inside the jail at the county seat! He's thinkin' up something right now. Look at him! I don't know what it is, but it's something hellish!"

"I guess I'd better put leg irons on him, after all!" said Lew. And he did.

But as the stage rolled out into the road that wound through the greasewood toward El Tanko, forty miles away across the desert, our hearts smote us. As true as I live we felt sorry! For the sight of those pathetic white whiskers floating back over the Pilgrim's shoulders recalled the poor, dying old man whom we had pitied so long. But as we turned away we heard Hop Yick singing. And it was Hop Yick's song that brought us back to the realization of our wrongs:

"We going home,
We going home to-mollah!"

"And that reminds me that if it hadn't been for Hop Yick," said Doc Seaver, "we'd be a community of beggars right now; we'd have lost all our own wealth, besides the money for the pay roll out at Missionary Wells! And maybe we'd all have lost our lives too. But Hop saved us. Hop Yick, the only sober man in all Sandstorm—a heathen!" he ended bitterly.

"Anyway," quavered Cahuenga Bill Penny, "our hearts was all right! We did right, even though it was a devil instead of an angel we entertained. We shore showed we could be depended on when some pore stricken sufferer came to us seekin' sympathy. Yes, sir, Sandstorm's plumb bustin' with the milk of human kindness—but Goddamighty, how we did waste it on that Pilgrim!"

Deputy Sheriff Lew Tingley was much subdued when he climbed down from Tinker Mellody's stage a few days later and went into Fightin' Jake's place to wash the alkali dust out of his throat.

"Did you get the Pilgrim down to the county seat all right, Lew?" asked Perley Moore.

"Sure!" said Lew, and ordered another.

"Get him in the jail without any casualties?"

"Sure!" said Lew again. But he didn't open up much.

"I thought maybe an old man like that would be all in after the rough way we treated him," went on Perley, still fishing.

Lew turned about and looked at Perley Moore.

"What d'ye mean—old?" he demanded. "I'll tell you what I found out down there at the county seat. I found out that Sandstorm's a bunch of little honkin' geese. I found out that our Pilgrim was Kid Luttrell. He used to be a prizefighter. After that he was an actor, a good one, too, until he did some crooked stuff and had to take to the underworld. Did you get that—an actor? And I guess you'll admit he did some mighty good acting up here in Sandstorm. Of late years he's been working the sympathy graft and getting away with it big. They were mighty glad to see him down at the county seat. They had a present for him. I gathered that they were going to present him with about twenty years!

"And there was a reward up for him too. Somebody down in Los Angeles had a standing offer of two thousand dollars for anybody that would show Kid Luttrell to them. The sheriff asked me if I wanted to cash my prisoner in. I told him no. 'You take him and collect if you want to,' I says. 'Take him with my blessing! More than that,' I says, 'I'll buy a little drink for you into the bargain—just so you take him off my hands before he does anything else to me!'

"But as for being old—hell! That bird is only about forty! Just in the prime of life!"

"But—but his white hair and whiskers?" faltered Doc Seaver. Lew grinned in doc's face and snorted with his disgust.

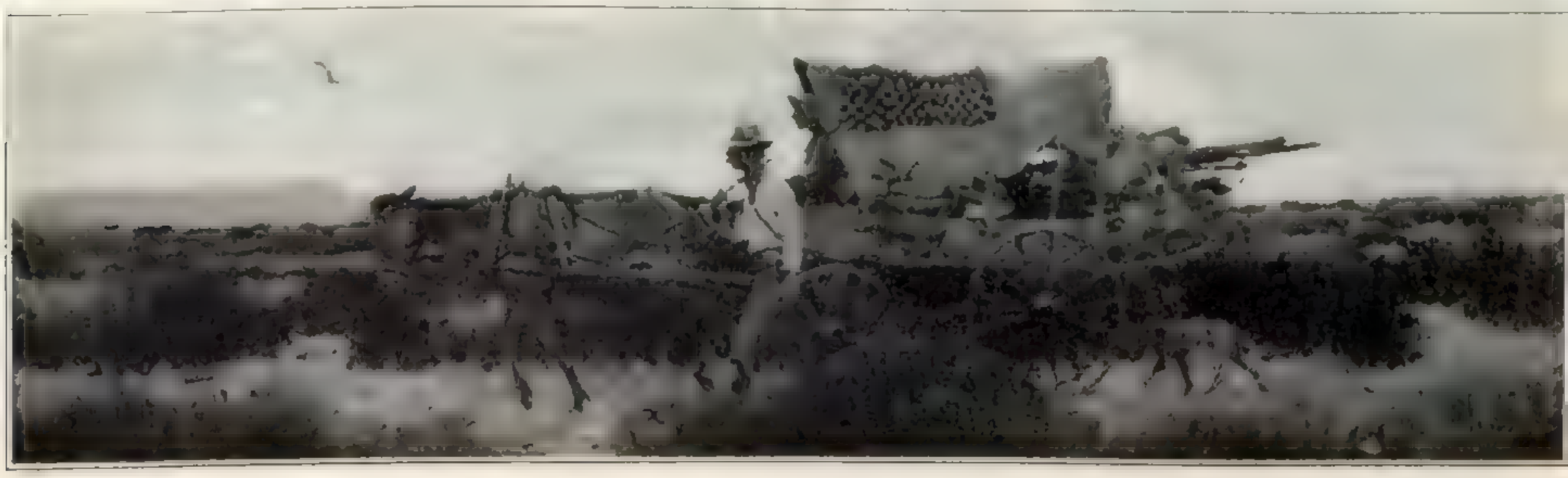
"White's their natural color!" Lew said and dipped his nose in his glass to soothe his spirit. "That jasper's an albino!"

There was a long, long, sad silence. It was old Fightin' Jake Bauer who took our bruised souls by the hand and led them back where they belonged, before the altar of Johnny Barleycorn.

"Drink!" Jake grinned.

"Drink! for ye know not whence ye came, nor why!
Drink! for ye know not why ye go, nor where!"

We all drank dutifully, for such was the duty prescribed in our ritual. And it was not until years later that we awoke, opening our eyes at last and seeing how our good had tricked us. How that he would have ruined us, but for the efforts of the one sober man in camp—a heathen; a cheerful, innocent Chinaman with a long queue and shiny black eyes and a grin which cut across his yellow features like a rip in a pair of tights!



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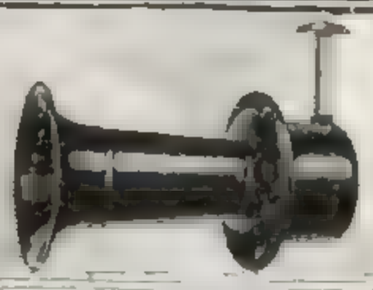

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THE FURNITURE OF THE MIND

By Alfred J. Lotka

WITH a brain half as big as that of a sixty-ton whale, or one-third as big as that of a three-ton elephant, man lords it over creation. Here is the miracle of miracles: Into two pounds of brain tissue, about eighty-eight cubic inches, are crowded all the records of a human life—memories, desires, yearnings, ambitions, purposes, plans, designs, accomplishments. Familiarity has bred, if not contempt, at least indifference. We carry this marvel about with us wherever we go, are absolutely dependent on it for every detail of our existence, yet hardly ever give it even a passing thought.

Have you ever tried to make inventory of your mental stock in trade? The attempt is worth making, even if you presently realize that you can never carry it to conclusion.

There is, first of all, your native tongue. The number of different words, exclusive of proper names, found in some of the great classics of our language is given as follows: The Bible, 7200 words; Milton, 8000; Tennyson, 10,570; Shakspere, 15,000.

The complications of modern life have undoubtedly much increased the working vocabulary of the average man. Such words as telephone, wireless, aëroplane and camouflage are constantly in the mouths of all. It is, therefore, no particular achievement to-day if a man's total vocabulary equals or exceeds that of Shakspere's written words.

In point of fact it has been estimated that the average New York business man actually uses about thirty-five hundred words; he knows many more, of course—probably not less than fourteen thousand. According to Professor Lewis M. Terman, of Stanford University, the vocabulary increases with age about as follows:

	WORDS
Child 18 to 19 months old	60 to 230
Child 2 years old	115 to 1,250
Child 5 years old	3,600
Child 10 years old	5,400
Child 12 years old	7,200
Child 14 years old	9,100
Adult of ordinary attainments	11,700
Adult of superior attainments	13,500

These estimates, especially those for adults, are probably many times too low. Much higher figures were obtained in an extensive series of tests carried out upon the students of Speyer School, the demonstration school of Teachers' College, Columbia University. As the reader may be interested to make a test of his own vocabulary, the method employed may be briefly indicated. It is as follows: From a dictionary containing a known number of words—say fifty thousand—a list is made of one hundred words selected at random; for instance, by taking the last word of every fifth page.

How Many Words Do You Know?

THE person tested then notes how many of these words he is able to define correctly. If the word has several meanings, one definition may be taken as satisfying the test. Suppose he thus finds that he knows seventy of the hundred words. Then he may conclude that his vocabulary includes about seventy per cent of the fifty thousand words in the dictionary employed, or about thirty-five thousand words.

It is assumed that a dictionary of fifty thousand words includes most of the words in common use; so little error is introduced by omitting from consideration any words outside its scope. This assumption is, of course, not strictly true; so the estimate obtained will err somewhat on the low side of the true figures. Professor Terman's estimates were made on the basis of a dictionary of eighteen thousand words, and for this reason are undoubtedly too low.

So much for the first item in our stock taking—words, mere words—say fifteen thousand of them as a minimum. No trifle, to be sure; yet utterly insignificant as compared with the wealth of associations linked up with each of them. Think only, for example, of the word flag and all it suggests to the mind—its starred field of blue; its stripes of red and white; the history of its origin; the sentiments that cling about it; the symbolism of the flag flying in the breeze over land and sea; the flag at half-mast; the flag unfurled to celebrate the national holiday, the world victory. If we have fifteen thousand words how can be estimated the number of associated ideas and ideals?

Another item: Did it ever occur to you to make a list of all your acquaintances? Those whom you could pick out in a crowd and call by name? Even for a very ordinary individual, the list surely runs into several hundreds. Those who by their vocations are brought into much personal contact—teachers, politicians, clergymen, and so on—undoubtedly have mental catalogues with entries running into the thousands. It has been claimed for a certain hotel clerk that he could name one hundred thousand people at sight. Somewhat similar reports have been made of various persons prominent in politics.

Such claims, though founded upon truth, may be somewhat "glorified." The politician, in this matter, no doubt feels that he has to live up to a reputation, and perhaps sometimes utters the silent prayer put into his mouth by Victor Murdock: "O Lord, name him quick! He looks like a bunch of votes."

Be that as it may, even if we consider only the ordinary average individual, the second item in our inventory—the recollection of persons, each with name label attached—is not to be lightly regarded. Add to this the fact that in many cases you carry in your memory, in addition to name and face, also gait, manner, voice, and a thousand and one facts and fancies about your friends and acquaintances—does not your respect for the storehouse of your mind grow as you reflect upon these things?

Then again, there is your memory of places. It goes back to scenes of early childhood. Guillon, the noted French alienist, quotes a case of clear recognition in adult life of a spot previously visited but once by the person in question, at the age of sixteen months.

Earliest Recollections

ANOTHER dramatic instance is cited by the same writer: As a child of six, a certain Frenchwoman had gone through the horrible experience of waiting, the last in a long line of victims, her turn to bow to the guillotine of the French Revolution. Liberated at the eleventh hour by a happy chance and the aid of a friend, she fled, and found refuge in the country. In later life, led by haphazard to visit the scene of the tragedy, and passing the very spot where the machine had stood, she was seized with such a vivid recollection of the ghastly thing that she fell to the ground in a swoon.

But, leaving aside exceptional recollections of such highly dramatic character, each of us carries with him a far-reaching directory of streets, houses, country roads; of field, forest and stream; of minute features of the inner topography of buildings, such as no cartographer will ever aspire to record in any chart, even though drawn on the boldest scale. And here, again, the individual recollections of places and scenes are merely the skeleton supports, the latticework, about which interlace and entwine the most varied associations of thoughts and feelings.

Strange, too, how sometimes a trifling chance, a mere nothing, may cause to flash before the mind's eye a half-forgotten scene of the distant past, with all its associations. Odors, in particular, seem to have a magic potency to recall images of the past. Thus, wafted on the breeze with the fragrance of spring flowers, come thoughts of bygone days, of lost romance and of the sunny hours of youth.

At other times recollections arise in the mind seemingly without any provocation at all; without, indeed, any connection whatever with the present contents of one's mind. This experience, perhaps, is most common in half-conscious states, as on first waking in the morning; and the explanation may be that a connection does exist, but resides in a forgotten dream. Not infrequently such spontaneous recollections relate to the remote past; often to childhood scenes.

There is a peculiar interest attached to childhood recollections. How far back do they extend? Search your own memory to answer the question. There is a fascination in the quest. As you dwell on it, gradually more and more of a remote past comes to your mind. You will probably be surprised by the number of scenes, with a little perseverance, you can resuscitate. And if you observe you will find that they have certain peculiarities.

In the first place, they are almost always markedly visual in character—that is to say, you seem actually to see in your mind's eye a picture of the episode. Some people—a minority—retain a visual type of memory all through life. They memorize a poem or a piece of music, for example, by retaining an actual mental image of the printed page. Most of us, however, possess the faculty only in limited measure. But in childhood the visual type of memory seems to be universal.

Another peculiarity of such early recollections is that in most cases you can see your own childish figure as a part of the picture.

That there should be a certain detachment, a seeing of yourself from outside, is perhaps not so surprising when you consider what fundamental changes have taken place in you in the process of growing up, so that you are really looking, as it were, at another self when you contemplate your childhood personality.

Then, again, the earliest recollections are entirely disconnected. There is no thread running through them; they lack entirely the character of a continuous story. Moreover, you are quite unable even to indicate which of them preceded the other. In locating any of them in time, if you are able to do it at all, you have to rely entirely on external evidence, such as a change in your domicile, the date of which is known, or the birth or death of some relative who perhaps figures in the recollection in question, and so on.

Several systematic investigations have been made of this subject. It is found that, on an average, the first recollection dates from about the third year of life. But in individual cases the date of the first memory may fall anywhere from the sixth month to the eighth year. Careful examination of a large number of cases, from which a hundred and nineteen were finally sifted out as based on reliable information, showed that the dates of the earliest recollections were distributed as follows: One person, six months; two persons, eight months; four persons, one year; nine persons, one year and a half; twenty-three persons, two years; twenty persons, two years and a half; nineteen persons, three years; fourteen persons, three years and a half; twelve persons, four years; six persons, five years; six persons, six years; two persons, seven years; one person, eight years.

These figures show that the most common epoch for the first recollection is about the second or third year, though occasionally it dates back as far as the sixth month, or is as late as the eighth year.

A continuous recollection of the thread of life is usually found to date from about the sixth year, though it will be seen from the figures given above that in isolated cases even a first memory is not recorded until the eighth year.

If we turn aside for a moment from the consideration of the memory in its ordinary manifestations in the average normal man, and make a little excursion into the land of freaks of the memory, we run into a new set of wonders.

Freaks of Memory

EXAMPLES of exceptional memory are not uncommon among men of great genius. After attending two performances, Mozart wrote down from memory the score of the Miserere of the Sistine Chapel, of which it was forbidden to distribute copies. Donizetti similarly recorded the entire score of an opera after two hearings. A certain painter reproduced from memory Rubens' Martyrdom of Saint Peter with such accuracy that the copy, when placed side by side with the original, could be distinguished therefrom only with some effort.

Doctor Leyden was able to quote with great accuracy a long Act of Parliament after perusing it once. Being, on one occasion, congratulated on this remarkable gift, he remarked that, so far from being a convenience, it was, on the contrary, rather a nuisance; that if he wanted to recall any particular point in anything he had read he could summon it up only by starting at the beginning and going over in his mind the entire passage memorized until he came to the point desired.

Such cases of exceptionally developed memory in persons of otherwise high attainments may perhaps be regarded as normal. At any rate, they are fortunate accidents. There are, on the other hand, instances of one-sided development of the memory in persons otherwise distinctly below the average.

In the little French town of Gérardmer there lived, about the middle of last century, a certain Jean Baptiste Doridand, whose general mental attainments never rose above a state of abject illiteracy. It was as much as he could do to sign his name. Yet this man was a living chronicle of the detailed history of his native town. If he heard the church bells ringing for a wedding, baptism or burial, he would inquire whose it was.

"Oh, young Mr. X., is it? I remember the day he was born, in 18—, on the fourth of May. It was Sunday, a bright spring day. His father married Jeanne L—— on the fifteenth of April, 18—, in a dismal drizzling rain. He is the third of his family to be married. The eldest was killed in Africa on Christmas Day of 18—. Between the two there was a daughter, who married and went to America on the third of August, 18—." And so on.

It was immaterial whether an event had taken place in 1820 or 1870; the accuracy of his information was always the same. He had a particularly keen recollection of weather conditions. He knew the family history of each of the seven thousand inhabitants of Gérardmer, including the date of purchase or sale of houses, land, and so on. His statements were frequently checked up by consultation of records and were invariably found correct.

(Concluded on Page 105)

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(Concluded from Page 102)

Whether in such cases memory is developed at the expense of other faculties, or whether its excessive development is merely a symptom of an innate lack of balance, may be left an open question. At any rate, we must view with disquietude any extreme precocious development of the memory in children—as in the case of a boy twenty-seven months old who could name all the department capitals of France and the national capitals of all European countries. The same child was able to identify some sixty visiting cards of friends calling at the home of his parents, and name their owners, though he had not learned to read, but merely held in memory the general appearance of the printed characters.

One-sided development of memory has also been a common characteristic of mental calculators, several of whom showed very mediocre mentality, except in their own narrow field. A story is told of one of them, Jedediah Buxton, who was taken to see Richard the Third at the Drury Lane Theater. Asked, after the performance, how it had impressed him, he remarked that he had counted the steps of the dancers—5202; and the words of actors—12,445. His figures were checked and found correct. Of course he might have done worse.

Arnold Bennett tells us of a man whose only comment after hearing Lohengrin was: "The swan's neck was rather stiff." After all, one-sided development of the mind is better than no development at all, a fact that seems at times to be overlooked.

A temporary exaltation of the memory may occur from various causes in persons not ordinarily gifted with any unusual faculty in this direction. Certain drugs have such an effect, and addiction to their use is, no doubt, due in part at least to the lure of this fact. In the delirium of fever or other diseased conditions the mind is at times remarkably fertile of reminiscences.

A classical example of this is the case cited by Coleridge of an uneducated servant girl who, in her delirium, recited portions of Greek and Hebrew authors. It was discovered, on investigation, that she had at one time been in service at the house of a theological scholar who was in the habit of repeating such passages aloud to himself. She was, of course, quite ignorant of their meaning. Instances of this kind, though perhaps not quite so striking, are not uncommon.

It seems, by the way, that when the memory begins to fail through illness or age, the most recent impressions are the first to go; it is as if the store of the memory were arranged in layers, and as if wiping off the surface brought to view the underlying layers of earlier origin. Both in sickness and in dreams the mind seems to have a tendency to revert to recollections of the more remote past.

The Poetry and Music of Dreams

SLEEP is one of the agencies competent to resuscitate latent memories and, for the matter of that, to exalt other faculties of the mind also. This is true of both normal sleep and the sleep of somnambulists and of hypnotized persons. Incidentally a peculiar feature of the memory of hypnotized persons is that they recall in their trance their previous trance experiences, but are ordinarily ignorant of their waking life, and vice versa. It is as if they led two lives separated by thought-tight partitions.

It is probable that in ordinary life dreams are usually or always forgotten, unless they occur near the waking state, either at the moment of falling asleep or just before waking. This has not prevented the production during sleep of some works of exceptional merit. In this class belong Coleridge's Kubla Khan and Tartini's Sonate du Diable, which were written down as the waking recollections of dreams.

The uncanny power of the memory in persons in imminent danger of death—as in drowning, for example—is familiar to all by hearsay, and needs no special mention beyond noting that seemingly it is well authenticated.

The exaltation of the memory and of certain other mental faculties, which may pay a passing visit to the normal individual under the stress of singular conditions, is often a constant companion with certain deranged minds. Allusion is sometimes made to the great physical strength insane patients may develop, to the peril of their warders. Less obvious is a similar development often observed to take place in certain of their mental faculties that have not been impaired by the disease.

A young tailor interned in a French asylum on account of his delusions of persecution, a man of very imperfect education, spent much of his time writing a history of the siege of Paris. Almost wholly from memory, with the scant aid of the very humble library of the asylum, he produced a most remarkable document, replete with dates and fine detail of fact.

Another inmate of a French asylum, a hopeless megalomaniac, a simple peasant of little learning, is the author of many lines of verse. These are written, it is true, in the language of the people and are somewhat halting in meter at times; but, for all that, they breathe a fine poetic spirit and display a native talent of no mean order.

As the memory is remarkable in its achievements, it is almost equally wonderful in its lapses. Those which occur in everyday life may be of deeper significance than the casual observer would suspect. It has been pointed out that forgetting is not merely a passive accident—the negative of remembering; but that it is an active design of Nature. We forget those things which are painful or at least irksome to remember. The analysis of our lapses of memory may thus at times be used to unearth secrets from our subconscious life that we ourselves had little suspected.

Many instances of this are given by Freud in his Psychopathology of Everyday Life. It is true that much of Freud's evidence is far from convincing to the unbiased reader; nevertheless, there is undoubtedly an important element of truth in his contentions. Unfortunately his theory is not the whole truth. Many things we would forget, we cannot; and things we very much wanted to remember, we have forgotten.

If the memory plays its little tricks on the man who is perfectly sane and well, its vagaries are more striking and more spectacular in cases of actual lesion of the brain. The man who suddenly forgets all his past, including his identity and name, is familiar to all from news items, and has been made a figure in fiction and the drama.

Things That Happened Before

PERHAPS even more remarkable are various defects of speech that may arise through an injury to the brain, though some of these should perhaps not be classed strictly among derangements of the memory. A man may completely lose his power of speech though retaining his mental faculties practically unimpaired. He may or may not be able to write. Musicians have been known suddenly to lose their sense of melody, so that music was henceforth to them nothing but a noise.

In the condition known as paraphasia a man is able to utter articulate sounds; these sounds, however, are either pure gibberish or they may be definite words, but not the words intended. So, for example, a patient thus affected remarked: "I have had my umbrella washed." After much trouble it was finally established that what he meant to say was that he had had his hair cut. Another patient, asked to name the organs of sense, correctly named eyes and nose, but instead of ear he said hairpin.

Perhaps a mild form of paraphasia is responsible for such slips of the tongue as tradition credits to a certain university professor who, having left his baggage in the train, sent the porter after it with the request to get him his things: "Just a rag and a bug"—meaning a bag and a rug. The fable also has it that, under the stress of an impending boat race, a college student, reading the lesson from the Bible in chapel, delivered himself of this elegant example of paraphasia: "And Peter coxed; and immediately the crew went out and wept bitterly." Evidently the humorous side of this ailment has appealed to some ingenious wit.

A singular case of partial loss of word memory is reported by Graves. The man was a farmer who had suffered from a paralytic attack. His memory was good for all parts of speech except nouns and proper names. This defect was accompanied by the following peculiarity: He perfectly recollected the initial letter of every substantive or proper name for which he had occasion in conversation, though he could not recall to his memory the word itself.

Accordingly, with the assistance of his friends, he made an alphabetical list, a little pocket dictionary, of the things he was in the habit of calling for or speaking about, including the proper names of his children, servants and acquaintances. If he wished to ask anything about a cow, for example, he would turn to the letter C, look up the word cow, and keep his finger and eye fixed upon the word until he had finished his sentence. He could not even recollect his own name unless he looked it up in his list.

We often forget things that have happened. Do we ever remember things that have not happened? The reader can probably supply the answer from his own experience. Have you never had the weird feeling that some little trivial incident you were passing through had happened before? And yet you knew, somehow, that it had not; that this was all an illusion. There is nothing to worry about in this experience, though somehow it gives one an unpleasant feeling that there is something wrong. Ordinarily it may be taken merely as a species of mental indigestion.

It is true that in some cases the symptom becomes serious; but in these cases the patient insists that the event actually did happen before, and his entire mental attitude is very different from that of a sane person momentarily under the influence of a mental illusion.

No satisfactory explanation has ever been offered for this strange phenomenon of false recollection, though some more or less fanciful theories have been suggested to account for it. One such theory is that each half of the brain is separately active in the perception of an external object or sound; that ordinarily the two halves act simultaneously, but that occasionally, for reasons unknown, there is a slight interval between the two acts of perception, and this then gives rise to the feeling that the thing was seen or heard at some previous time.

It is to be noted that, whereas there is this feeling of the thing's having happened before, it is always quite impossible to locate the previous occurrence among one's normal recollections; to assign it a proper time within ordinary reckoning. It is almost as if it had been during some previous existence. Perhaps the belief in reincarnation, or metempsychosis, is based on this phenomenon of false recollection.

Perhaps, too, a morbid phenomenon of this kind lies at the root of Nietzsche's doctrine of eternal recurrence, according to which the world forever and ever repeats the same cycle, and each of us lives again and again eternally the same life. In this, as in other teachings of Nietzsche, we seem to hear the ravings of a diseased mind.

Strange are the byways of the mind. Its tricks, its somersaults, its accidents and its disasters arrest the attention through the very circumstance of their unusual and bizarre character; while the normal working of the well-ordered brain passes for the most part unnoticed, though fundamentally by far the greater miracle. But the trained eye sees the miraculous in the commonplace; the awakened understanding gilds the gray monotony of every day with the warm glow of romance. Life becomes "one long ecstasy of denying that the world is a dull place."

Do I carry in my brain the imprint of thousands of words, of hundreds of faces and names, of unnumbered familiar places, of associations of thoughts and feelings that baffle all estimates? What then? So does the untutored savage or the illiterate tramp.

We have but scratched the surface of our mental stock taking. Of music, poetry, art, of science and technical knowledge, of history, we have said practically nothing. We have not even counted reading, writing and arithmetic. We have, in fact, virtually omitted from our reckoning all that entered the mind at second hand—by tradition or through the written word or printed page. And in modern life in a civilized community that means we have ignored by far the greater part of the contents of the mind. The furniture of the mind? The phrase seems utterly inadequate. Not to a dwelling, not to a mansion, not to a royal palace, with all its rich appointments, can we compare that mental assemblage of data which we gather from life and from history and carry with us wherever we go.

What our eyes have photographed, what our ears have received, what our minds have understood, what our hearts have felt—all is laid down in that repository, until memory becomes a living thing, a miniature replica of the universe. Like Atlas of old, we carry, each of us, upon our shoulders a world.

Taxes and Incomes

AN ANALYSIS of income-tax returns classified according to the size of the income and the sources from which the income is derived shows that in every class, from three thousand dollars up to two million dollars and more, about eight per cent of the total income is derived from interest on investments. As to incomes in the three-to-four-thousand-dollar class, seven and six-tenths per cent comes from interest. As to those between five hundred thousand dollars and one million the proportion is seven and five-tenths. In every intermediate class about eight per cent of the income is derived from interest. That is a good showing for American thrift, and valuable as an indication of the importance of investments in the smaller taxable incomes.

Nor does the percentage of income derived from business gains and profits, trade and partnerships differ very greatly among the several classes. It is a little more than twenty-nine per cent in the four-to-five-thousand-dollar class, and a little more than thirty per cent in the five-hundred-thousand-to-a-million class rising to thirty-three per cent in the million-to-a-million-and-a-half class, but dropping to twenty-eight per cent in the two-million-and-more class. Throughout the table—prepared by David Friday, and published in the Journal of Political Economy—the proportion of taxable income derived from trade, profits, and so on, sticks close to thirty per cent.

Two other main sources of income, however, appear in inverse order. Of incomes between three and four thousand dollars nearly forty-eight per cent is derived from salaries, personal services or professions. But that proportion sinks steadily as income rises, until in the million-to-a-million-and-a-half class it is only four per cent, and in the two-million-and-more class only half of one per cent. On the other hand, dividends constitute less than three per cent of the four-to-five-thousand-dollar incomes and rise steadily with the size of the income until in the two-million-and-more class they account for more than fifty-nine per cent of the total income. The great difference between small taxable incomes and large ones—considered with regard to the relative importance of source—falls under these two headings. The dividends come from taxed corporations and are themselves, of course, subject to steeply graded income taxes.

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ROMANCE

(Concluded from Page 12)

humming a song when he saw a belated pedestrian unexpectedly emerge from the dark.

Before he went to bed that night he wrote Sue a letter:

"Oh, Sue; if you only knew how I love you and how happy I am now! I can't seem to tell you when I am with you, but I love you more than anything in the world!"

He posted the letter as he went to work the next morning, still walking on air, as if he had pneumatic feet—though he was going to see Sue that evening. By the most mysterious of chances she happened to pass the watchmaker's and tapped on the window, and they had ice-cream sodas together at Groll's, holding hands under the small round table.

For a week or two this high peak of happiness glowed under Billy's feet. His head was among the reverberating stars and the sun and moon were his playthings. He had battled with the world and had wrested Sue from it in triumph. He had laid siege to Sue's heart and had torn her from the dread heights of intended celibacy, in which she had sought to hide herself. He was a heroic conqueror!

It made no difference to Billy that the world had not lifted a little finger to battle back. Romance camouflaged that. It made no difference that Sue was so humanly ready and willing to descend from the dread heights of a celibacy she meant to be only temporary that when Billy smiled she couldn't have been kept on the dread heights with a brick wall and a barbed-wire entanglement. That had nothing to do with it. Romance came in and brought a new set of scenery.

As illustrations for Billy's calm and sedate courtship, romance brought pictures of all the immortal lovers and threw them on the screen of his brain. For a while Billy was a completely unbalanced lunatic. He went as crazy as a bug. Romance simply drove him loco for a while. It is the way romance affects the young male along about then.

One of the first things that attacked Billy was a deep, an unutterably deep and dire sadness. Sue did not truly love him!

Of course there was not the slightest basis in fact for this. Sue did love him. Sue never changed. She liked Billy and she meant to marry him. Sue never changed at all. It would have been with the greatest possible difficulty that any human being could have seen in Sue anything but the most whole-souled faithful love for Billy. Her father said several times:

"For Heaven's sake, Mary, let me know when that fellow is coming to the house! The way Sue behaves when he is round makes me teetotally sick. What's got into the girl?"

Her love was so entire and complete that it was almost like New Orleans molasses or glue—it was so clingingly sweet and sticky.

"The way she slobbers all over that big rawboned nuisance!" her father complained. "Worst case I ever saw!"

The deep melancholy that came upon Billy overnight in the full career of his triumphant joyousness puzzled Sue at first. She was frightened when he hid his face in his hands and really wept. She coaxed him to tell her what was the matter; and that made him worse. Anything would have made him worse, because the time had come for it and he had to be melancholy. He told her, with no little agony, spurning her a little, that he did not believe she really, truly loved him.

"Why, Billy Bell!" she exclaimed.

"I can see it now," he said. "I did not see it before. You don't love me the way I love you. I can't help it. I can't make you love me! I can't help it if you don't."

"Well, the idea!" she cried. "Billy, what's the matter? What did I do? Well—I don't know how else I can make you think I love you."

"Make! That's just it. You want to make me think you love me; but you don't love. You don't love me the way I love you."

He had called that night at eight-thirty and this sort of thing kept up until eleven o'clock—two hours and a half of it. He was all right when he went home. He sang as he walked home. He had forgotten entirely that he had ever been sad. He was riotously joyous.

Sue went up to her room rather thoughtfully. She could not understand it at all. She knew she had given him no reason to feel that way; and if he had felt that way when he came there was no reason for his changing so suddenly. She stood before the mirror a long while, trying to imagine what had been the matter with Billy; but it only puzzled her. She gave it up. She supposed men were that way. They probably had worse trouble in their insides when they ate things that did not agree with them—such as mince pie or cheese.

When she spoke of it to her girl friends they agreed that all the young men—nearly all—had funny fits like that.

"When they have them you've just got to let them have them," Laura told her. "It don't mean anything. They get over them. Has Billy got mad at you yet?"

"At me! What for?"

"Well, not for anything. Just at you. Just because."

"No. Goodness! Do you think he will?"

"Yes; he's pretty sure to, I guess. They all do. He hasn't said he guessed he'd kill himself, has he—yet?"

"You mean Billy would say that? Why should he ——"

"Oh, there isn't any why. They just say it. I thought maybe Billy had said that when he had the weepy fit; but some say it when they have the jealous fits."

"Well, that's one thing Billy won't have," Sue said. "He won't have a jealous fit, because I won't give him anything to be jealous about."

Laura laughed.

"That don't have anything to do with it," she said. "You wait and see!"

Sue did not have to wait long. It came that very evening. Billy had been a regular evening visitor now for some weeks and he had not missed a Sunday afternoon. He had gone to church with Sue every Sunday morning. One or two week-day afternoons he had taken her rowing on the river.

This evening, when approaching the house, he saw the shadow of a male on the parlor window shade; and he knew the profile. It was the silhouette of Sam Oberwitzel, who had come to ask Mrs. Berkow whether she wanted the ice cream for the next day's Sunday-school picnic in bricks or in bulk.

It made no difference to Billy why Sam was there. He was there, and that was enough. If he had not been there it would have been just the same. The time had come in his romance for him to be jealous; so he was jealous.

He turned away from the house and went home and up to his room. He threw himself on his bed and bit the pillow, while his finger nails clawed the counterpane. He exhausted himself in jealous anger.

About half past nine he got up, brushed his hair, changed his collar and tie, and walked to Sue's home. He rang the bell angrily and faced the door with a hard look.

"Well!" he exclaimed when Sue had opened the door.

Sue had been ready to scold him affectionately for being so tardy; but the moment she saw his face she knew something was the matter. He was white and haggard. The most intensely bitter hatred gleamed in his eyes—gleamed coldly. She half expected he would strike her across the face and then go away forever. Instead of that, he went in and stayed until a quarter after eleven.

It was an awful time! He accused her of unfaithfulness, deceit, fickleness, infidelity, betrayal, light-mindedness, pettiness, treason, disloyalty, aiding and abetting the enemy, being in love with Sam Oberwitzel, caring nothing for her sworn promises, hard-heartedness, and general depravity. Toward the end of the evening—about the time her father began to rap on the floor above with his shoe—Sue wept. She protested. She asked to be forgiven. She begged.

It was of no use. Billy went away, just after her father called down to know when that "young fool" was going—if he was ever going—without kissing her and without saying good night.

The next morning before breakfast a small boy brought her a note. It began: "*Dearest, dearest Sue:* Please—please forgive me!" About three o'clock in the afternoon one of the drivers from Dorman's Livery arrived at the picnic grounds with a two-pound box of chocolates. Inside was a note. It said: "I love you more than anything in the world!—BILLY."

That evening when Billy went to the house he did not say a word about Sam or jealousy or unfaithfulness. It was an entirely blissful evening.

After two or three months of this sort of thing Sue should have been acclimated, so to speak; but she was only dazed. She had never imagined that a courtship was anything like this. She had thought it would be a calm happy period, a little quieter than anything she had known.

Instead of that, Billy, who had been known as "such a steady young fellow," was like a surprise package. She never knew whether he would be a dynamite bomb, a chunk of maple sugar or a tear fountain. She might get a honeyed love note on the six-o'clock mail delivery; and at eight-thirty Billy would show up and, after a whole torrent of denunciation, swear he should never see her again. And the next morning, on his way to work, he would stop to invite her to the Elks' entertainment that evening.

From eight-thirty in the morning, when Billy was pretty sure to be safe at work at the watchmaker's, until eight-thirty in the evening, when he was pretty sure to call, Sue was happy and placid.

A few minutes before eight-thirty in the evening she would begin to wonder how Billy would be that evening. She always hoped he would be "nice"; but she never knew. Even after months of this sort of thing, she always went to the door smiling. She never knew, when the bell rang, what sort of Billy would face her when she opened the door. She never got so she expected the angry Billy, or the jealous Billy, or the coldly sarcastic Billy.

Once or twice, when he was "mad at her"—as she called it—but when—as he said—he had "given her up forever," she ventured to wash her hair, thinking he would stay away a couple of evenings at least; but she quit that. She could not depend on his "mads." He came back the following night after a mad and he came back the next night when he wasn't mad. He always came. Her father said he was the worst he had ever heard of or seen.

If the girls had not told her that the other boys behaved in the same weird way Sue would have thought she had hooked on to some sort of lunatic. She could not understand why Billy acted in such a crazy way. How could she know that in Billy, fated to live in an unromantic town, to choose a mate unromantically and to court her unromantically, all the romance of the ages was struggling for a brief life before Billy married and settled down into an unromantic married life?

In Potsville there are no giants to slay, no dragons from whose claws the fair one must be rescued, no wily villains seeking to steal the ladyloves of others; no romance! I do not blame the young chaps for taking their one mad whirl of it, building it out of their own brains; imagining vain things; going crazy over rivals that do not exist; going melancholy over infidelities that are as impossible as a blue moon; creating heartaches and angers and terrible tempests in teacups.

Billy Bell endured every pang and agony and hope and fear and ecstasy that the greatest lovers of history endured, and never missed a day's work at the shop! He renounced, renewed, cast off, and went from the urge of suicide to the heights of bliss; and no one but Sue ever suspected it in the least. And Sue thought he was only "sort of funny."

It was fortunate that Sue was not equally furnished for romance. If she had been there would have been some terrible scenes; but she bore it patiently, like a mother who is patient with a naughty child. She did hope Billy would not keep on being funny after they were married.

The actual engagement was short. As soon as it was announced Billy changed. The announcement was a notification to the world that he had destroyed all rivals, won—by his gallantry—the entire love of his beloved, and conquered all obstacles. Romance was satisfied.

The night before the wedding day Sue would not let him stay late; but they sat together in the hammock in the side yard until ten. Sue was very happy. Billy was very happy too, but just a little disturbed, because he had had to figure pretty close to cover the wedding journey with his meager funds; and he did hope he had enough to last until they got home.

He was a little worried, too, about his salary—whether they could really keep house on it, as he had bragged they could. He did think a great deal about love that evening, but nothing about romance. Not a thought!

Only one thing troubled Sue: She wondered whether she had not better speak to Billy, before it was too late, about his jealous fits, and his angry fits, and the various fits he had permitted to rule him during their courtship. This was about the last chance, she felt, and the best chance to get him to promise to try to "not be that way" after they were married. She felt that they had had, because of him, a very tempestuous courtship.

"Billy!" she said.

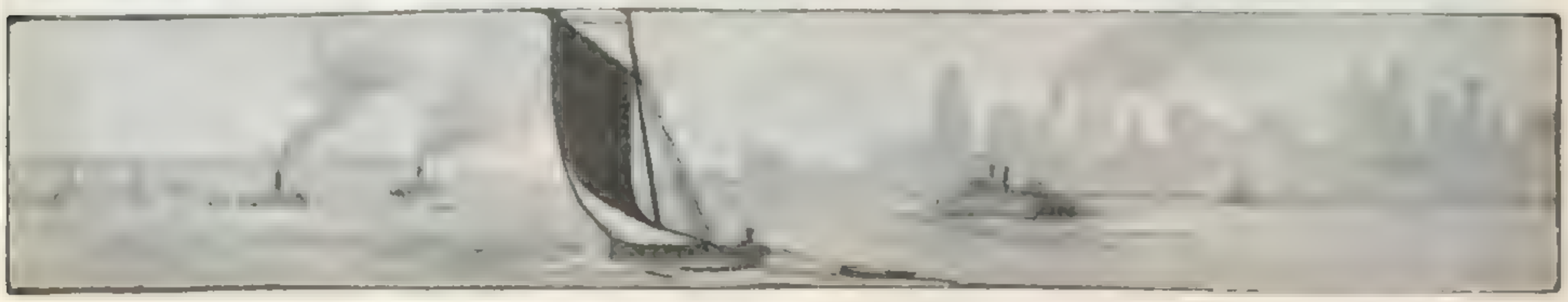
"Yes, Sue!"

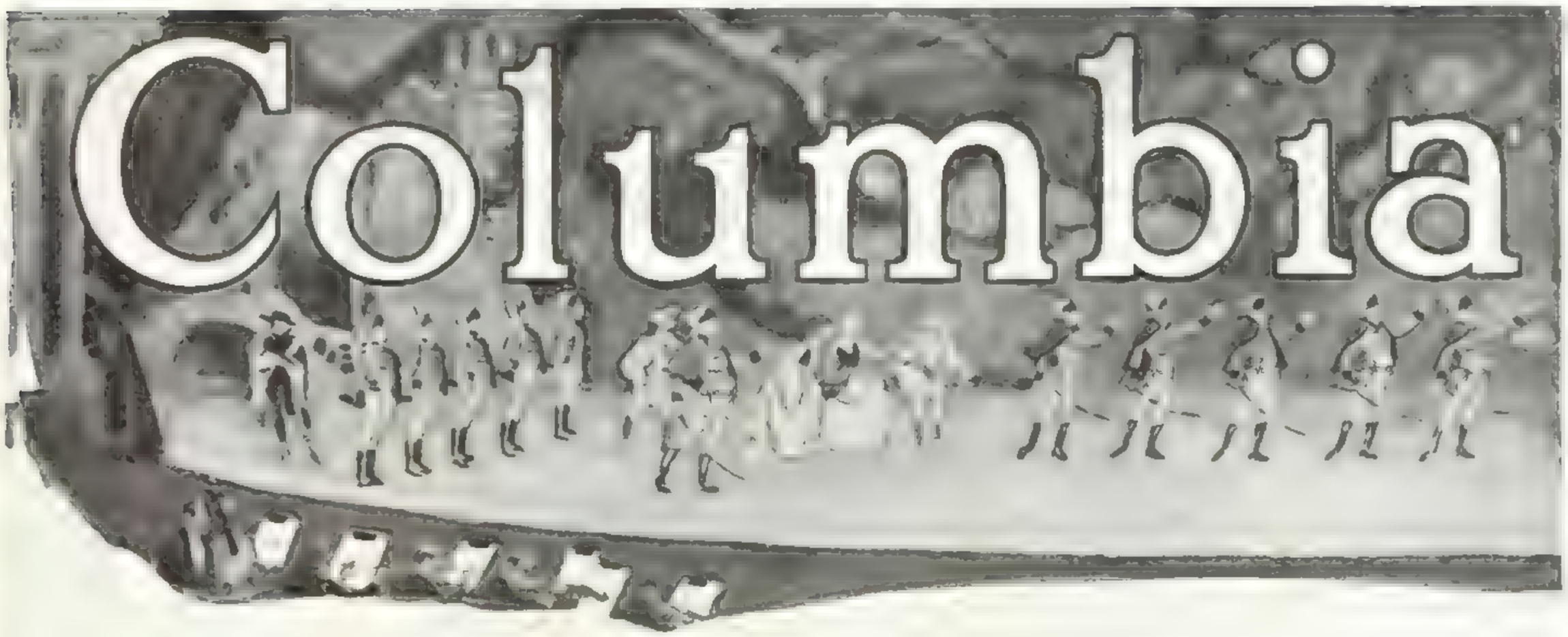
"You know, all this time—since you picked me out for sure—you remember all the evenings you've come to the house ——"

"Indeed I do!" he exclaimed. "I'll bet no two were ever so happy as we were, Sue. Never! It seems just wonderful! Why, we never had a cross word or a quarrel or anything! We were both just happy all the time."

For a long moment Sue was silent; and romance, satisfied that the brief day of her sway was over, departed gently.

"You may kiss me once more, and then you've got to go, Billy," Sue said. "If we're going to be married to-morrow we ought not to stay up so late to-night."





The Song their Hearts Carried Home

A wonderful love song, ringing out in the tones of a famous singer, held them spellbound at the opera. All the way home the glorious melody sang itself over and over in their hearts. They longed to hear it again—now their wish is granted, as easily as though an Aladdin with his magic lamp had met them at their threshold.

For in their home is that veritable Aladdin of music, the Columbia Grafonola. Just the placing of a Columbia Record, the touching of a lever, and the same tender air greets their ears, in the tones of the same sweet singer.

And the real, heartfelt satisfaction of the listeners is even greater than when they sat among the throng in the opera house, striving to catch each golden note that floated over the footlights. Now the Grafonola gives them the singer's liquid tones in all their sparkling purity; they catch every delicate inflection that marks the individual genius of the artist.

There's a world of wonderful happiness in the Columbia Grafonola and Columbia Records. The clear, sweet tone of the Grafonola is a delight to every musical ear; Columbia Records enable you to enjoy the newest popular songs and the newest dance hits while they're still new, and to hear the gems of opera and musical comedy sung by stars upon whom fame's spotlight is brilliantly playing.

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Columbia Grafonola

How often have you sat under the spell of a beautiful song, wished you might hear it again and again—then let it drift out of memory? Columbia Records make lifelong companions of the songs you love best.

COAST TO COAST AND RETURN BY AIR

(Continued from Page 17)

is usually so clear than any conditions that affect visibility are startling in contrast.

Shortly after three o'clock we had entered New Mexico and were headed for Deming. The sun's rays were rather effective and had started a certain number of vertical currents, which made the air rather bumpy. My mechanic complained of this the next day. He had been spending his time reading one of Ralph Connor's stories—I think it was The Man From Glengarry—and said he had to give up his reading in a very interesting chapter. I didn't mind the bumps, but I did mind the glare as I had discarded my amber-tinted goggles for plain colorless glass on account of the start at night, and I had forgotten to change. Flying over the desert, with its glaring patches of white sand and its alkali flats, during this afternoon caused me such discomfort that it was with relief that I greeted the sight of Tucson and its familiar landmarks. We landed at five-thirty, Central Time.

In less than thirty minutes the ship was ready for the last leg of the journey to the coast, and at five o'clock I taxied to the end of the field preparatory to taking to the air. I knew it was only four o'clock at San Diego, and hoped to be able to land there soon after dark. In my anxiety to get away I did a thing that I never before had done and will never do again. All of Tucson had arrived at the field to see the plane off and had lined up along one side of the field, parallel to the course I should follow in getting away. Everything being clear immediately ahead I put on all the throttle and started.

The machine for the third time on this day started its swerve to the right, directly toward the crowd lined up to witness the get-away, and as it had acquired considerable momentum I instinctively realized that if I cut the throttle it would crash into the line of people and automobiles anyway. Leaving the power on full and using rudder and aileron in the opposite direction I managed to hold away from the line until safely past the last machine, which happened to be the gas truck which had provided our ship with fuel; and then throttled down and cut the ignition. The machine resumed its course to the right and ran beyond the confines of the field, striking a ditch and a clump of sagebrush and coming to a stop with both tires blown out.

Laid Up for Repairs

Realizing that it would take several hours to effect the necessary repairs I decided to give up the attempt to reach San Diego that evening and to remain at Tucson. A guard was promptly provided for the machine, all water was drained from the radiator, the motor was covered carefully with a large piece of canvas, and my mechanic and I were bundled into a waiting car to be taken down to the hotel for the first meal since leaving Fort Worth. We had been in the air twelve hours and fifteen minutes and had covered eight hundred and eighty-one miles actual air line from town to town, not including the trip along the Colorado River to Colorado and back to Sweetwater. Neither of us felt particularly tired, and the most disagreeable feature of our first day's trip was the two or three hours of unnecessary flying caused by our getting too far north of our route. I had neglected to stuff cotton in my ears and in consequence could hardly hear a thing, and my eyes had become very much bloodshot from the desert glare, but otherwise I felt splendid.

We left a call at the desk for five A. M., as it was the intention to get away for San Diego as early as possible. I had looked the machine over carefully and failed to find any reason for its swerving to the right, but decided to reduce my load of gasoline by twenty gallons before trying it again. The local garage had repaired the tires and completed the job very nicely.

Within forty minutes of our arrival at the Tucson field we were ready for the trip. At seven-fifteen we took to the air without any trouble, though there was still the tendency to swing on the ground, and twenty-five minutes later passed to the right of Picacho Peak and headed for Casa Grande.

This portion of the desert, from Casa Grande to Yuma, has always possessed a fascination for me in spite of the fact that it is the worst stretch of country for an airplane on the entire route from Fort Worth to the Pacific. It should be called the Land of Magnificent Vistas, for the clear dry desert air permits seeing tremendous distances ahead. The wonderful coloring of the distant mountains, the very rare splashes of vivid green near some small oasis fortunate enough to have an excess of water for irrigation, the snaky thread of the Gila River flowing through mile after mile of desert to join the Colorado—these things and a hundred others add to the enjoyment of this part of the trip. From the window of a Pullman this portion of Arizona never appealed to me, but from the air it is wonderful.

We were flying low—that is, at about fifteen hundred feet above the surface of the ground—as we were bucking a west wind. It is always the rule in flying cross-country to fly low if heading into a wind and high if flying with it. Wind increases with altitude, and of course the prevalent winds in almost any section above a few thousand feet are invariably from the west. In flying west I usually fly as low as is possible, consistent with a reasonable degree of safety, and in flying east usually fly between eight and ten thousand feet over a country that I am familiar with, in order to take advantage of the prevailing westerlies.

Over the Mohawks

Soon after leaving Sentinel, a station on the Southern Pacific about midway between Maricopa and Yuma, I commenced to climb gradually in order to attain sufficient altitude to pass over the Mohawk Mountains. This mountain range had caused me some of the worst air conditions that I had ever encountered in an airplane on a previous flight to the coast, made in December, 1918. I had left Tucson in the early morning and after a brief stop at Maricopa for gas I had continued the flight in an endeavor to reach Yuma. After passing Gila Bend the air became very rough, causing considerable exertion to keep the plane on a fairly even keel. The wind had set in strongly from the southeast and beyond the Mohawk Range great clouds of dust were being carried north of the Gila River by the wind. Flying at about four thousand feet progress was so slow that I was afraid my supply of fuel would not carry me into Yuma. I dropped to about two thousand, and all went well until I got within about ten miles of the Mohawks. The Southern Pacific goes through a pass, but the air had become so very bad that I decided it would be taking an undue risk to attempt to cross the range so I would turn north to the Gila River and go round it, expecting to follow the Gila down to Yuma.

I had no sooner started north than I began to experience the worst buffeting—excepting one similar experience in a mountainous section of Mexico—that I had ever encountered. The southeast winds pouring over the Mohawks were whirling, twisting and eddying in an alarming manner. For several minutes at a time I felt that I had no control at all of the machine, and worst of all in the endeavor to gain control by diving I was constantly losing altitude. After what seemed to be an hour, but in reality was about fifteen minutes, I rounded the northernmost peak of this range and found that the wind, though still coming in violent gusts, was smooth in comparison with the air to the leeward of the mountain barrier. It soon shifted suddenly to the west and was almost immediately followed by a torrential rain which forced me to land about fifty miles east of Yuma, fifteen miles from the nearest house.

After this experience in December I was very glad to get safely over the Mohawks and to leave them behind. Though there was comparatively little surface wind the air was bumpy, even though I flew fully three thousand feet above the highest peak. The Gila Mountains were looming up about forty miles farther to the west, so I maintained a comfortable elevation in order to get over them, crossing the Colorado into California about six miles from Yuma. Between Yuma and El Centro, the metropolis of the Imperial Valley, there is a fifty-mile stretch of desert sand dunes without the sign of a habitation. It is the most desolate-looking stretch of country imaginable, mile after mile of rolling sand, the nearest water being the Alamo Canal, far to the south across the Mexican border.

Even before reaching the Colorado River, Signal Mountain, the detached peak acting as a northern outpost of the Sierra de los Cocopas in Lower California, was readily distinguished and acted as a wonderful guidepost to check directions. We passed about ten miles north of this peak, heading directly for the coast range of mountains, which rising precipitously from the floor of the Imperial Valley, many parts of which are below sea level, forms the last mountain barrier to the orange and lemon groves of southern California and the Pacific. These mountains are usually at this time of year heavily veiled in cloud and this day was no exception. The last place we were able to recognize was a little settlement on the edge of the Imperial Valley, Coyote Wells. Taking a compass course at an elevation of eighty-five hundred feet it was decided to fly almost due west for a period of forty-five minutes and then come down through the clouds that veiled all the coast country.

Speed Hard to Judge

Now flying for forty-five minutes above the clouds and then coming down through them means very little to a flyer along the Gulf in southern Texas, Louisiana or Mississippi, but has all the earmarks of a real adventure down in southern California. A number of fairly high peaks are within twenty miles of the coast, and if one descends too soon he is very apt to hit a mountain peak in the fog, as there is no instrument invented as yet which gives the altitude above the nearest ground; the aneroid gives the altitude above sea level only. On the other hand, if the descent is delayed too long and the flight continued above the clouds one is apt to find himself out over the Pacific upon coming through, and if the motor fails or fuel becomes exhausted a landing in the Pacific would be the result; and putting a land machine in the water usually results disastrously for both machine and pilot.

It is a very difficult matter to judge the speed of the wind or the drift when flying above clouds and it gives the pilot some very uneasy moments flying over this country, where you are between the devil and the deep blue sea. I attempted to hold as straight a compass course as possible and I knew that in all probability the wind was blowing directly from the west. At the end of forty-five minutes I throttled the motor and put the machine in a glide, hoping that I had guessed correctly, as with my limited gas supply a slight error might prove very costly.

We entered the layer of cloud and for possibly thirty seconds the vapor enveloped us and blotted out almost all parts of the machine save the instrument board. It seemed very much longer than thirty seconds, more in fact like thirty minutes, before we came through at about fifteen hundred feet, and much to our delight saw the beautiful city of San Diego spread out below us, with our destination, North Island, only two miles away.

Homeward Bound

Circling the island we found that the surface wind was from the east, and so landed in that direction. Just as the wheels touched the ground the propeller stopped; our gas tanks were dry. It is true that we had an emergency tank that contained about ten gallons of gas, which would have carried us for about twenty minutes longer, but the margin of safety was quite close enough to suit me as it was.

It is a real problem when flying above clouds to know with certainty the location of one's ship. General Sykes, chief of Air Staff, Royal Air Force, advocates the use of kite balloons of medium size for the marking of airdromes, both by day and night in foggy and misty weather. These balloons can be run up four thousand feet and will be visible for many miles to aircraft flying above the fog, and of course will be of great aid under these conditions.

We landed at North Island, Rockwell Field, at ten-forty-five A. M. Pacific Time, having taken four and one-half hours for the flight from Tucson, a distance of four hundred and three miles, which trip by train requires just twenty-four hours.

A large crew of men were put to work getting the ship ready for the return trip and they very promptly discovered the reason for our trouble the day before in the swerve of the machine on the ground. In less than an hour everything was in readiness, but it was raining slightly and upon getting into communication with the local weather bureau it was learned that a storm was sweeping down the coast from the Puget Sound country and that in all probability the weather over the route we were to follow on the return trip would be decidedly unfavorable for the next thirty-six hours. As landing fields in southern California and western Arizona are approximately one hundred and fifty miles apart it was considered poor policy to set out under unfavorable conditions, so the start was postponed until the weather cleared up.

The next morning conditions looked very favorable, but as no preparations had been made for an early start we did not take to the air until nine o'clock and in fifteen minutes were above the clouds, headed for Imperial Valley. Over the mountains the wind was blowing strongly from the north and upon getting opposite our old friend, Signal Mountain, I decided to drop down several thousand feet in order to get better air conditions and make better speed, as the surface indications showed that very little if any wind was blowing at a few hundred feet above the ground. Dropping down gradually from nine thousand feet to fifteen hundred the flight was continued on from Calexico to the Gila Mountains at this altitude, passing several miles south of Yuma. Just before reaching the Gila Mountains I climbed to five thousand feet, in order to cross them safely, and found that we had again struck one of the prevailing westerly winds and were making very good speed. Upon reaching Gila Bend I headed a little south of east to Casa Grande Mountain, passing just south of Santa Cruz and heading for another of our unmistakable landmarks, Picacho Peak.

Tucson soon came into view and as usual we were very glad to see the place. There is the greatest difference in towns from the viewpoint of the airman. Some radiate efficiency, helpfulness and goodwill, while others, of the blasé type, seem to take deliberate delight in causing the pilot who is unfortunate enough to have to land within

The Tractor Used to Pull the Machine Out of the Everglades

(Continued on Page 114)

A Great Pie

Made for You by Bakers everywhere

IT'S a raisin pie—California Raisin Pie—made with delicious Sun-Maid Raisins. And as raisins are 76 per cent. fruit-sugar, this pie requires no grocery-sugar to make it sweet. Yet it is deliciously sweet, luscious, juicy and nourishing. Each bite is a delight.

And this pie saves home baking, because it is being baked *for* you in the modern ovens of your finest local bakeries.

You can buy it at almost any first-class grocery or "round-the-corner" bake shop.

Take advantage of it. Serve it tonight, and see how pleased everybody is.

Rich in Nutriment

No other dessert that we know is as nourishing as this sweet raisin pie.

Raisins supply 1,560 calories of energizing-nutriment per pound. That is 840 more calories than eggs furnish, and 470 more than steak.

So raisin pie, measured by energy food-units, is one of the most valuable foods

Give it often to men who work hard, and to children who are strenuous in play.

Raisins Vastly Improve All Breads

Bakers everywhere are fast finding out that raisins make all breads more attractive. The raisin flavor permeates the bread and gives it a new zest. They know also that raisins add to the food value of these breads. So you are seeing more and more raisin foods each day.

Ask for these good foods as well as raisin pie at your grocer's and baker's.

Go now and order California Raisin Pie, California Raisin Bread, or Victory Penny-Buns. Have one of them one day and another the next. See what luscious foods Sun-Maid Raisins make.

All dealers sell this brand. Don't ask for merely "raisins." Always say "Sun-Maid"

copy "100 Sun-

This book is needed in every kitchen. It will help you

California Raisin Bread

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CALIFORNIA RAISIN PIE

Made with Sun-Maid Raisins

Also California Raisin Bread and Victory Penny-Buns

Sun-Maid Raisins—plump and luscious—are made from California's sweetest, tenderest thin-skinned grapes. They are packed in a great new plant, which is flooded, through more than a thousand windows, with California's famous sunshine.

Goods could hardly be put up in a more cleanly condition. As we seed the raisins we sterilize them. Three varieties—Sun-Maid Seeded (seeds removed), Sun-Maid Seedless (grown without seeds) and Sun-Maid Clusters (on the stem) to serve as dessert alone or with nuts. All first-class dealers sell them. Get your package now.

Send a post card for free book "Sun-Maid Raisin Recipes," and learn the many ways to use these raisins.

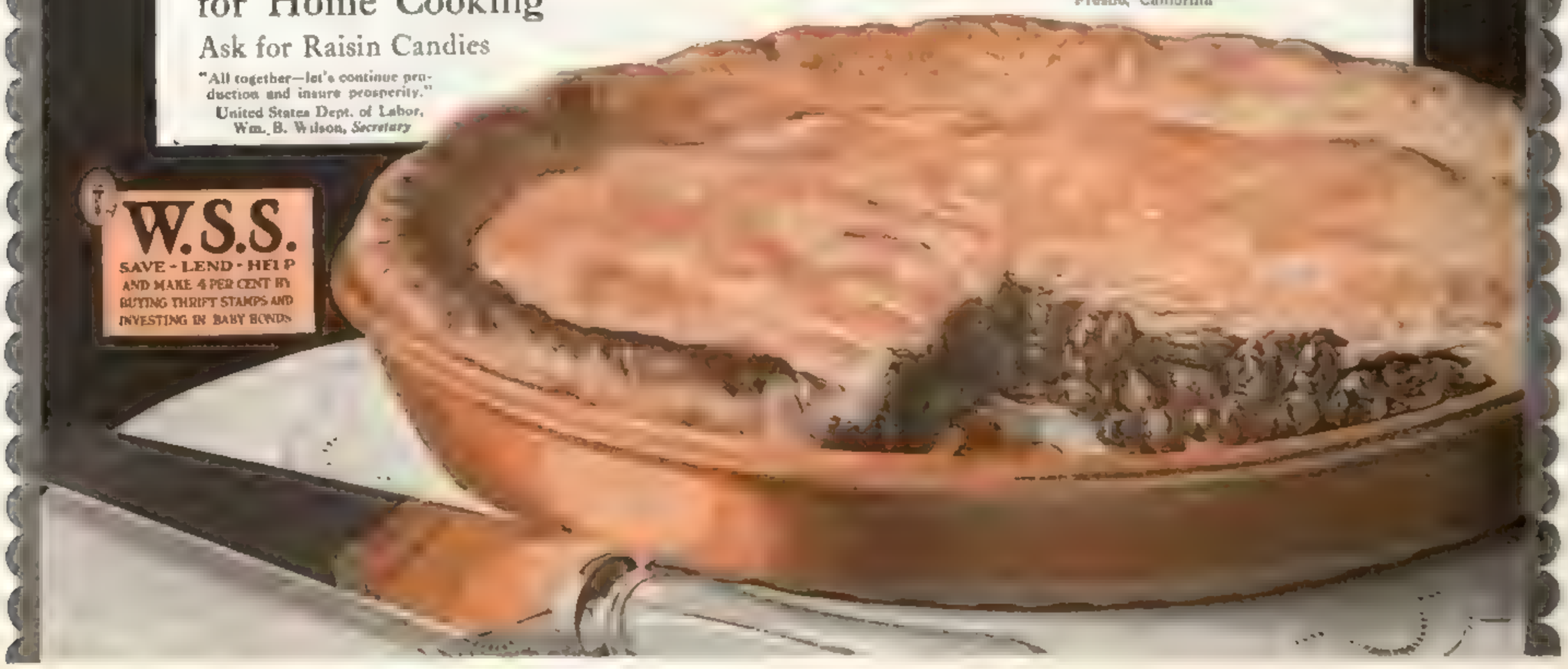
Use Sun-Maid Raisins for Home Cooking

Ask for Raisin Candies

"All together—let's continue production and insure prosperity."
United States Dept. of Labor,
Wm. B. Wilson, *Secretary*

California Associated Raisin Co.
Membership 9,000 Growers
Fresno, California

W.S.S.
SAVE - LEND - HELP
AND MAKE 4 PER CENT BY BUYING THRIFT STAMPS AND INVESTING IN BABY BONDS



(Continued from Page 112)

their confines all the delay and trouble possible. There are several towns in Louisiana that I shall always take particular pains to give a wide berth, but of course these are the exception. The majority of cities and towns are eager and willing to do anything in the world for the cross-country pilot, and suggestions for the care and maintenance of landing fields and supply stations are carefully followed. Tucson has provided a wonderful landing field, and in a few minutes we dropped in for our supply of gas and oil, and in thirty minutes were again upon our way eastward.

The country between Tucson and Benson is not particularly good for flying. The air is bumpy and bad, due to the high peaks on the north of the course followed. Places where one could land in an emergency are rarely seen, and it is a fifty-mile stretch that the pilot likes to get over quickly. Our official time for the fifty miles as checked by the railway telegraphers was twenty minutes, so it is quite evident that no time was lost as far as our ship was concerned. Before reaching Benson the sky in the northeast had begun to grow dark and great dust clouds were beginning to fill the air south of Willcox. These clouds of dust were being carried rapidly along from northeast to southwest, a number of them in the form of whirlwinds with one end on the ground and the top several thousand feet above.

It looked very stormy and it didn't impress me as very practicable to attempt to get above the storm as we were then flying at seven thousand feet and the black wind clouds were very much higher than that. There were two courses open if we desired to avoid the storm. The first was to return to Tucson and wait there for it to blow over; the second, which we chose, was to fly down to Douglas, sixty-five miles to the southeast and on one of the air routes to El Paso, and land there. The trip to Douglas proved to be pretty rough and upon passing over Tombstone we encountered some fairly bad bumps. We were making splendid speed, however, and just one hour after leaving Tucson we landed on the parade ground at Douglas, having covered one hundred and fifteen miles.

Generator Trouble

The dust storm was now plainly visible from the ground and appeared to be approaching very rapidly. We hauled the machine to the near-by corrals of the First Cavalry and tied it down securely with ropes. We then attempted to get canvas to put round the motor to keep the sand and dust out of it but before we could get the canvas the storm hit us. The air was filled with dust and small particles of sand, and standing only ten feet away from the ship I could not see it—everything was blotted out. The storm lasted about twenty minutes, and then though the wind still came in vicious gusts it had stopped carrying so much dust and sand with it. As it was after four o'clock it was decided not to attempt to go on to El Paso that afternoon but to get everything in readiness for an early start the next morning. Due to the altitude of Douglas and the northeast wind it was becoming quite cold and it was necessary to drain the radiator and make arrangements for the heating of water for an early-morning start.

The start was made at dawn the next morning, and an uneventful flight of several hours' duration brought us once more over El Paso, but soon after passing it we noticed by the dial on the instrument board that the generator had failed to work. This did not seem to warrant landing at El Paso as a wire had been sent ahead stating that a landing would not be made there but that the machine would make the flight from Douglas to Pecos without a stop. We knew that the battery would carry on the ignition for five or six hours under normal conditions, and when, only an hour out of El Paso and still one hundred miles from Pecos, the motor failed altogether it came as a surprise.

A forced landing with a small light machine even over pretty rough country does not worry flyers these days, but a forced landing in western Texas with a big heavy machine is more or less of a gamble. It is a case of picking a good field from a considerable height, shutting off the gas valves and hoping that your choice of fields has been the correct one. It is very hard to tell exactly what sort of ground you are landing on and a ditch concealed by long grass the color of the surrounding field will be sufficient to wreck a plane. We had turned southward toward the Southern Pacific Railway and decided to land in what appeared to be a very good field about two miles southeast of a small way station which appeared as Hot Wells on the map. When the wheels touched and the machine came to a stop without any harm being done we found that the field was anything but good for landing but that less than a hundred yards away was a hard, firm runway of almost a half mile, which we decided to utilize for the take-off.

Upon looking over the motor it was found that the generator had developed a short and was burnt out and that the battery had absolutely no juice left in it. We tested the electric-light battery and found it to be in fairly good shape and we quickly connected it up. We carried blocks to block the wheels and permit the trying out of the motor, and it was lucky in this instance that we did, for there was absolutely nothing within miles of us that would have served to hold the machine and permit of a tryout of the motor. We found that the motor ran fairly well so we taxied the machine under its own power to the smooth field and started.

At the Home Field

The delay had cost us about an hour and a half and the mountain air between Hot Wells and Pecos was then decidedly bumpy. In crossing the Wiley Mountains a gust struck the ship that threw it well up on end. I was holding a map mounted upon cardboard in my right hand, studying it carefully and checking up on my compass directions, and I inadvertently threw my arm up into the air beyond the protection of the cowling. The stiff cardboard was broken off cleanly, leaving only a stub containing a very small portion of the map of Texas. Fortunately I was within forty miles of Pecos and the loss of the map did not matter a great deal.

Arriving at Pecos we encountered considerable delay in getting another battery to carry us on to Fort Worth, and when at last we had found a six-volt battery that would answer the purpose it was necessary to solder the connections and do quite a little work before we could start. It was about four o'clock before we were ready, and it was decided to get as far as possible before darkness fell, even though it appeared impractical to attempt to reach Fort Worth that evening. At about six o'clock, after we had been in the air only one hour, the sun was dipping down below the horizon, and we began to look about for a landing place.

We had reached the little town of Stanton, Texas, and upon circling this place saw what looked to be a good field north of the town, but upon getting lower it did not look so good and an adjoining pasturage appeared to be better.

Just a few minutes before dark we landed safely and taxied the machine to a near-by ranch house and tied it down securely for the night. Every precaution to tie the plane down securely was taken each evening that it was necessary to leave it out in the open, as a strong wind would play havoc with a plane left untied. The hospitable owner of the ranch offered to guard the machine during the night and to have hot water in readiness for the next morning so that we would not experience any delay in getting the motor started for the last leg of our trip into Fort Worth.

The next morning we got an early start and landed once more at our home field in Fort Worth at about ten o'clock, having covered the two hundred and sixty-five miles from Stanton in about three hours. We had started without breakfast, so the sight of Taliaferro Field was very welcome, and we stopped long enough to bathe, eat, and permit the mechanic to replenish his supply of Ralph Connor's stories. Since leaving Fort Worth, four days before, we had gone to the Pacific Coast and back, and flown nearly three thousand miles.

Another big De Haviland was in readiness, and we left just at noon for the flight to the Atlantic Coast. The weather report had not been favorable and when, near Shreveport, Louisiana, we found the clouds hanging within a few hundred feet of the ground we concluded to remain above them as it looked as if it might be raining underneath. The surface wind appeared to be from the southwest and I thought that no difficulty would be encountered in holding a compass course above them.

After having been in the air about four hours I started down to have a look at the ground and check up on the bearings. Our aneroid barometer had been set for the height of Taliaferro Field, or about six hundred feet above sea level. As we glided down we felt considerable uneasiness as the needle slowly moved back to five, four, three and two hundred feet elevation without any sign that the clouds were ending, but at last at about one hundred feet above the ground we came out with what appeared at first glance to be a hill of considerable height looming up directly in front of us. I pulled back on the elevators promptly and took to the clouds again, changing the direction of the machine about forty-five degrees at the same time. Another glide out of the clouds and the same hill appeared still to be directly in our path but this time I kept out of the mist for a second look and discovered that the hill was merely an optical illusion caused by a road winding through a forest that was as flat and level and as nearly endless as any that I had seen on the trip. Upon discussing this incident with the mechanic that evening I found that he also had thought he had clearly seen a hill.

We didn't have the slightest idea where we were but we knew that in another hour two things were inevitable: First, we should be completely out of gasoline; and second, it would be so dark that a landing would be difficult even if we found a place to land, which at that moment in that country did not appear to be likely. There were several streams, which appeared to be flowing east. I was not at all sure that they were flowing east but they seemed to get wider in that direction. Following one for some distance we got out of the more densely forested country and began to get over some cultivated fields the major portion of which appeared to be flooded. We saw a fair sized town ahead, which we afterward identified as Plaquemine, Louisiana; and a river which we knew must be the Mississippi.

A Delayed Start

There seemed to be no place in the vicinity of Plaquemine where a landing could be made with any degree of safety, so turning north we followed the river up to Baton Rouge.

I felt that we must pick out something here and immediately started to circle the outlying portions of the town in the endeavor to locate a landing place. One small pasturage where cattle were grazing I found to be far too small when attempting to land there, but another field within the city limits seemed possible. Landing very carefully the machine skimmed over the soft field and finally came to a stop within about ten feet of a high fence, sinking almost up to the axle in the soft ground. Upon getting out it was a matter of some surprise to both of us that we had not turned up on end upon coming to such a sudden stop. We were almost instantly surrounded by a good share of the population of the town, which we now learned for the first time was Baton Rouge, but our first concern was as to whether we would be able to get out of such a soft field. We were told that there was a regular landing field within a mile or two of where we were, and I rode over to take a look at it. It was fairly hard ground, much harder than where we were but far too small for machines of the size we were flying. However, as it would be impossible to fly out of the field we were in with a full load of gas and oil I concluded to fly over to this field, put in gas and oil, and start on the next leg of the flight from there.

A very early start the next morning was planned and the Chamber of Commerce was requested to have a fence removed at the lower end of the field we had first landed in, as with the limited amount of space it was very much in the way. A taxi had been ordered for five-thirty A. M., but I believe the taxi company or the hotel clerk or someone had thought that we must be joking and that it was not a proper hour to order taxicabs. At any rate we got the taxi about six o'clock and started for our landing field.

Our colored jehu seemed to be very hazy in his sense of direction, and fortunately for us the machine after running for about two miles on one cylinder came to a stop and refused to go any farther. An investigation made by the light of an oil lantern, which, hanging on the radiator cap, was in use in lieu of the front lights, disclosed the fact that the batteries were dead. Upon rousing another darky in a near-by shack we discovered that we had been going in the wrong direction and were about two miles away from our machine. There was nothing to do but hike back, and after getting tangled up in one of the numerous cemeteries in that section of the town we finally arrived at the machine.

Several hours of hard work were required to get the machine out of the mud and up to the upper end of the field. No one had come out to assist in taking the fence down and as getting out of the field at all depended altogether on having the wind hold from the northeast no time was wasted in awaiting the promised aid. By leaving the mechanic out of the rear seat the machine was made as light as possible and the get-away was made safely in spite of the softness of the ground. It seemed to me that the fence was cleared by inches but at any rate it was cleared and the next problem was to get into the other field. I killed as much speed as possible in the air, stalled down over the trees at one end of this field, and just before coming to a stop kicked on some left rudder to avoid a puddle of water. The wheels dug into the soft ground and the machine went slowly up on its nose leaving the tail high in the air. Fortunately no harm was done and we succeeded in righting it and taking it to a harder portion of the field, where it was filled with the necessary gas and oil.

We left Baton Rouge at eleven-thirty that morning, and it was with relief that we got away from a town where we had experienced so much trouble. It was a cloudy day and we knew that we had about a hundred miles of forests to fly over at a low elevation with no possible landing places, but the joy of getting away overbalanced anything that the day might hold of an unpleasant nature. At Hammond, Louisiana, the fog was hanging so low that I turned the machine north, with the expectation of finding better weather conditions in Mississippi. This turned out to be the case, so the flight was continued via Magnolia and Jackson.

At Jackson I turned east again and making splendid time flew over Meridian, Mississippi, and Montgomery, Alabama, and at four-thirty that afternoon landed on the aviation field at Americus, Georgia, having covered five hundred and eighteen miles without a stop in five hours flat.

I knew that it would be about five-fifteen before we could be ready to continue the trip and I decided that it would not be worth while attempting to make Jacksonville that night. I did not know the location of the Jacksonville field and did not know whether it would be suitable for the type of machine we were flying, so we remained at Americus overnight.

Travel Over Southern Forests

Early the next morning we started on a flight that was destined to be one of the most thrilling of any. We started at six-fifteen, just as dawn was breaking. The morning was cloudy and a few drops of rain were falling, but after passing over Albany, thirty-five miles south of Americus, it was light enough to see well. The clouds were very low, however, and as we flew southward we found them getting lower and lower until at Monticello, Florida, it became necessary to fly at an altitude of about one hundred and fifty feet, just skimming over the tops of the trees.

Anyone who has traveled over the Atlantic Coast Line from Perry to Inverness, Florida, knows how heavily timbered that portion of the country is. It seemed to me that I had never seen more trees in my life and as far as I could see the forests appeared unending. There were no places where a landing could have been made with any degree of safety, and for a distance of two hundred miles we flew steadily southward hoping that nothing would happen to our motor or plane which would necessitate a landing. We had decided to go to Arcadia, Florida, instead of to Jacksonville, due to the uncertainty of there being a suitable field at Jacksonville, but long before we arrived at Arcadia I had come to the conclusion that I would much rather have taken a chance at almost any field than fly over that section of Florida at an elevation of one hundred and fifty feet.

After passing over Inverness the trees began to thin out, and better still the low-hanging clouds began to disappear, permitting us to fly at a higher level, which made us feel easier. The character of the country began to change too, and as on the first part

(Continued on Page 117)

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This picture meant so much to us that maybe you will study it and read the verse—and fill your pipe with Velvet—the friendly tobacco—aged in Nature's way—the right way.

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True, the music of his organ ain't the best that could be played,
And it's full of sounds that oughtn't to be in it—I'm afraid.
But the kiddies here enjoy it from the time its first note starts
'Cause they've got the joy of livin' sunk 'way deep into their hearts.

Now, us grown folks, too, can learn the way to stand for life's discord
If we'll only keep the joyousness of livin' in us stored.
An' our pipes will taste the sweeter an' the world will seem true blue
If we live our lives like Velvet, natural, friendly, pure—all through.

Velvet Joe

15c

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10 to 1

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No two strands touch or rub
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Make a car "ride differently"
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OKLA., [illegible] Tire Co.
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of our flight that morning I had thought I had never seen so many trees in my life, now on the latter part I thought I had never seen so many lakes, especially from Lakeland south to Arcadia. At ten-thirty we landed at Arcadia and I know that I speak for my mechanic also when I say that we were very glad that this leg of the journey was behind us and not before us.

It is always a real pleasure on a cross-country flight to land at one of the big aviation fields of the Air Service. Old friends are sure to be found, skilled aviation mechanicians are always in evidence, and almost before your machine stops rolling it is being carefully inspected and made ready for another flight. This procedure was carried out at Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, and at one-twenty-five that afternoon we again took to the air.

It was my intention to take a northeast course from Arcadia and return to Americus by way of Jacksonville, landing at Jacksonville only in case it was found that it would be impossible to reach Americus without replenishing the fuel supply; but upon leaving we soon ran into dense clouds of smoke which made the visibility so poor that I decided to head more toward the east. We soon passed to the south of Lake Istokpoga and on account of the smoke, which it was now evident was coming from numerous grass fires, we were almost over the north end of Florida's great Lake Okeechobee before we noticed it some fifteen hundred feet below us.

At this place I made the rather startling discovery that the oil pressure had dropped below what was considered safe for flying. I afterward discovered that this was due to atmospheric conditions and would not have caused any harm. I did not know this at the time, however, and my first impulse was to head south for Miami, where I knew there was a marine flying field. After flying for about fifteen minutes with the pressure gradually working lower I decided that it would be much better to find a landing place and discover what was wrong, and with this end in view I descended to within about twenty feet of the ground, as all of the country looked splendid for landing. There was little wind and the smoke from the grass fires, now plainly visible, hung like a pall over the country, making it very difficult to judge with any surety the nature of the ground for landing.

An Unhappy Landing

Flying along at about twenty feet it appeared very good to me and cutting the motor for a second I shouted to the mechanic in the rear seat to know how it looked to him. "Looks fine," he shouted back, and getting a little lower I began preparations to land. When about ten feet above the surface of the ground I discovered that what appeared to be a short growth of sun-browned grass was a tangled morass of grasses and weeds six to eight feet in height, and very much startled I threw on the throttle, planning to continue the flight. It was too late, however; the wheels and chassis of the big plane had touched the tops of the rank tropical grasses and in less time than it takes to tell it the plane turned completely over on its back and lay bottom side up in the Everglades.

I experienced some little difficulty in getting out from beneath the wings but finally made it and found my mechanic safe and sound but very much concerned over snakes, as he had heard that the moccasin flourished in Southern Florida. The place that we had inadvertently landed in looked like a most likely place for them and I thought he was acting very wisely in climbing up on the fuselage of the overturned plane while I endeavored to ascertain the amount of damage. This fortunately I soon discovered was almost negligible and consisted of a fractured upper front spar and one strut. How an airplane weighing more than three thousand pounds and carrying two full drums of gasoline at the time could land bottom side up without doing more damage will always remain a mystery to me. Of course the ground was soft and boggy and the dense growth of weeds and grass acted as a cushion, but even at that it would seem that the propeller would have broken or the motor have been damaged to some extent.

Ready for the Start for Florida

It was quite evident that we should never get the plane righted without assistance and even if turned over it would be entirely out of the question to get off from the soft ground. Leaving the mechanic—too fearful of moccasins to read any more of Ralph Connor—with the plane, I started through the morass toward the Hillsboro Canal, about one mile north.

It was hard going and by the time I reached the banks of the canal I was pretty tired. I had flown five hundred and twelve miles since morning, and more than four thousand miles since leaving Fort Worth less than a week before, and this discouraging mishap was the cause of a physical reaction. Success is always a stimulant and speeding by air from coast to coast in slightly more than four days, averaging almost six hundred miles each day, had made me feel insensible to fatigue. Now I realized, however, that I was tired, hot and very thirsty. The water of the canal didn't look fit to drink but I would gladly have risked proximity to both alligators and crocodiles if I could have figured out any way to get a drink. The loose earth along the bank started to cave whenever I approached too closely, so I had to give up all thoughts of water and start down the canal toward a houseboat that I remembered seeing from aloft.

When about half a mile from the houseboat I found the land along the side of the canal I was on had been cleared, and upon coming out into the cleared space I saw a gasoline launch tied up to the bank and near by, very much startled by my sudden appearance, a pretty girl and a negress. We stared at each other a moment or two without speaking, and then recovering myself from the shock of finding a white woman in that locality I explained that I had just landed in a plane and was seeking assistance to get the plane hauled out to the bank of the canal.

I found that I had landed on a portion of the twelve-thousand-acre plantation of a Chicago man and that the major portion of it was of the same general character as that portion I had been unfortunate enough to land upon. The nearest telephone was seventy-five miles away, at Fort Lauderdale, and the only way of getting there was by boat down the Hillsboro Canal to the south end of Lake Okeechobee and then through the New River Canal and the New River. I also learned that it would take take about twelve hours to get to Fort Lauderdale by this route even if I could start immediately, which was entirely out of the question.. I did not care to take any chances leaving the plane out in the Everglades any longer than absolutely necessary, as so many fires were burning in various sections near by and a change of wind would imperil the plane. Even if we succeeded in getting the machine to the banks of the canal I failed to find any place where it would be possible to take to the air, and it seemed a case of dismantling it and taking it on a barge to some place where it would be possible to take off.

Before I had gathered this information the manager of the plantation, a very capable and efficient Hoosier, returned from the scene of our disaster with several of his men. He had gone straight to the plane and had missed me, as I had taken the longer route by the canal. He very courteously placed the entire equipment of the plantation at my disposal and we soon had a lumber wagon loaded up with ropes, chain falls and a varied assortment of lumber which was considered necessary to get the plane turned over and hauled out to the canal. When we had everything in readiness a big farm tractor was hooked to the wagon and we started back to the plane.

Fastening two ropes to the tailskid of the machine, one to pull it over and the other to prevent it from going over too fast, the other end of the first rope was made fast to the tractor, and starting it slowly the plane was gradually pulled up until it was standing on its nose. Then four of us on the hold-back line gradually lowered the tail until once more the plane was standing on its wheels, though the wheels promptly sank almost out of sight in the mire. We felt very well satisfied over the accomplishment of the first part of our task, though we realized that in comparison with what we had ahead of us it was a mere nothing. It seemed something to see the plane in its normal position again, and it made the prospects look brighter at any rate.

Darkness had fallen just as we accomplished this part of our task, and we started back to the houseboat for supper. The houseboat proved to be a veritable floating palace with large comfortable rooms, screened porches, and with what appealed to us more than anything else—a delicious hot supper awaiting us in the dining room. It seemed very quiet out in the glades and the stillness along the canal was broken only by the occasional splash of inquisitive mullet. Under other conditions I should have thoroughly enjoyed the novelty of being on a houseboat in the Florida Everglades miles away from railways, roads, telephones and all other paraphernalia of civilization, the only reminder being a Liberty-motored De Haviland airplane a mile or two away. I knew, however, that the commanding officer of Carlstrom Field would be worried at my failure to arrive at Jacksonville or Americus, and that considerable uneasiness would be felt at Taliaferro Field when the usual telegram was not received that evening.

The next morning, Sunday, one week to the day from the time we started on our trip from Fort Worth, found us toiling away in the Everglades, attempting to get the machine to solid ground near the canal. We had soon found that the tractor could not pull it as the wheels promptly buried themselves in the boggy ground, and it became necessary to build a sort of sled arrangement to carry the greater part of the machine's weight, and at the same time to keep the wheels out of the soft ground. This worked successfully and at noon Sunday we had the plane at the canal bank. The afternoon was spent in getting the plane in readiness to load on a barge.

On the Barge

At four the next morning I started for Fort Lauderdale to find a barge that would hold the plane, and a launch of sufficient size to do the towing. I had hoped that we might find something suitable round Lake Okeechobee but practically all the barges round the southern end of the lake were open, and we needed a decked-over one for our purpose. The trip down the canal would have been rather monotonous had it not been for the numerous alligators sunning themselves along its banks and taking to the water with a splash as our little craft came along. Several locks delayed us to some extent and it was late in the afternoon before we entered the beautiful New River. We had passed one Seminole village and caught a fairly close-up glimpse of some of the picturesque males of the tribe with their picturesque canoes, which somehow reminded me of the Alaskan bi-darka.

Upon arriving at Ford Lauderdale I was directed to a shipyard near the town, where I found a boatman who agreed to make the trip providing we found a suitable barge and a deck hand. We soon located the barge, and the deck hand not being in evidence I volunteered for the job as I was very anxious to get back to the machine. At eight o'clock that evening we pushed out into the stream and started our journey. It was a very dark night and the New River twists and turns about at a great rate below the first locks. Several times in the darkness we ran into the bank but did not do any harm as we had the barge forward of the boat. It was slow work going upstream and we averaged less than four miles an hour, but upon getting above the locks into the canal we found it was very much easier to keep on our course. By dawn we had covered about thirty-five of the seventy-five miles, and at six o'clock Tuesday evening tied up opposite the De Haviland on the bank of the canal.

It was quite an undertaking to load the machine and we found that the stabilizer plane, which had been left on, would have to be removed before it would go on the barge. It was also necessary to cut the supports of the roof of the barge in order to raise one end of the roof to permit loading the forward part of the plane. All this took considerable time and it was midnight before we were ready to start downstream. Finally getting started we made very excellent progress and at seven o'clock Wednesday evening were again at Fort Lauderdale.

I had requested permission of the commanding officer of the marine flying base at Miami to have the machine taken over there and reassembled for flight, and at nine Thursday morning a

(Concluded on Page 121)

Houseboat on the Hillsboro Canal, Florida, Where We Stayed

The Truth About

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Old-fashioned preserving known as the "hot pack" method

The Old-Fashioned Open Kettle Method

In the early days of canning in glass jars the old-fashioned "open-kettle" method was used exclusively with the fruit packed thoroughly cooked and boiling hot into jars. The ring served only as a cushion to prevent the passage of air between the top and shoulder of the jar. There was no strain on the rubber, no pressure.

Then, as now, we were the largest jar ring makers in the world. Home canning was increasing principally because people wanted to can fresh vegetables as well as fruits, but only the most skillful were successful. Better methods of sterilization and sealing were needed. We could do little to reform methods, but we could provide a ring strong and elastic enough to make a perfect seal.

Composition rubbers swell and "blow out" during long boiling

So, eleven years ago we produced the Good Luck red rubber and offered it to the housewives of America. For several years it was not widely appreciated. It was higher in quality and therefore higher in price than most people were willing to pay. It was considered better than necessary, but gradually housewives found that this ring could be trusted and the circle of Good Luck users widened from year to year. They found it paid to buy a reliable rubber.

Modern Methods Require Live Elastic Rubbers

Then came "cold pack" canning. The new gospel spread rapidly. In homes where the amount of canning was large or for community work, steam pressure canning was introduced to save time, BUT ORDINARY RUBBERS WOULD NOT DO:—they "blew out." The long boiling in the water bath and the high temperature of the steam pressure softened the rings, made them swell and "bulge." This meant broken seals and necessitated re-sterilizing, with loss of time and fuel

GOOD LUCK rubbers are elastic and spring back readily

Demonstrators and teachers found the answer to their problem in Good Luck jar rubbers, already widely distributed and known to progressive housewives. Then the real growth of Good Luck began. Today the Good Luck jar rubber is the largest selling brand in the world. Millions of packages are used annually to conserve the country's food supply, fruits, vegetables, meats and jams—whatever is plentiful at one season and scarce at another. Home canning has become practically universal since danger of spoilage has disappeared. The Good Luck Rubber is recommended wherever canning demonstrations are given, because it is known by name as the one reliable ring for hot pack, cold pack or steam pressure canning.

Over one hundred million GOOD LUCK rubbers were used during 1918

Don't Pay too Little—Don't Pay too Much

With modern canning methods established, the rubber ring question becomes of utmost importance. As is always the case, the market is flooded with competitive rubbers—some cheaper and some more expensive. Home canning is done in the interest of economy. Good Luck rubbers cost 15c a dozen, about 1¼ cents to insure the safety of each jar of food. To pay less is to take an unnecessary risk. To pay more is to incur an unnecessary expenditure. Good Luck Rubbers are thick, strong and pure elastic, with plenty of live rubber in them—a standard rubber at a standard price, tried and tested for any method of canning.

GOOD LUCK RUBBERS are sold throughout the country by grocers, hardware dealers, department and general stores, and are furnished as standard equipment with Atlas E. Z. Seal jars. Buy your supply of Good Luck Rings early this year. If you cannot find them in your locality send 15c for sample dozen, and a 3c stamp for our new booklet on cold pack canning containing many new and delicious recipes.

BOSTON WOVEN HOSE & RUBBER CO. Hampshire and Portland Streets **Cambridge, Mass.**

The Largest and Oldest Manufacturers of Jar Rubbers in the World

It's not the power it's the traction

The above illustration was suggested by a well known business man who was standing on the curb at the foot of a sharp incline leading to a bridge spanning a river.

The scene made such an impression upon him that he described it to us in detail and urged us to picture it in an ad so that all motorists might learn the lesson he got from it—"***to always put on Weed Tire Chains*** when the roads are wet and slippery."

Here's the Story—

"The bridge had just swung closed and the policeman had given the 'Go' signal. All the motor cars, motor trucks and wagons, a long line of them, started ahead, but right in front of me stood a big car—a beauty—which seemed to me to have as much power as a locomotive, but she didn't move a foot. *Stood like she was anchored*, and I judged the 'clutch was slipping' until I realized that all this time the rear wheels were 'spinning' on the cobble stones like a windmill.

"It surprised me to see a small-power delivery truck with a heavy load turn out and go by the big car and up the grade without any trouble. Then I noticed that the cars that were moving were equipped with Weed Chains while *the big car had nothing but slippery, bare tires.*

"Here was the driver of the big car, with all its tremendous power, standing still, wasting time and *wearing out his tires* spinning on a rough, uneven road. And when I thought of what those big 36x5 tires cost and how they were being ruined, *it taught me a lesson* I will never forget.

"In the past few years I have read over and over again how Weed Chains gave positive traction and *prevented slipping and skidding*, but I never saw it so vividly portrayed.

"If every motorist could see it in the same way, *not a single one would attempt to drive* on slippery streets or pavements without Weed Tire Chains."

We are glad to put our friend's story into print and hope the lesson will "strike home" to a lot of drivers who have been either careless or indifferent about using Weed Chains—one of the most important factors in sane motoring.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc.

BRIDGEPORT CONNECTICUT

In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario

Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

The Complete Chain Line—All Types, All Sizes, All Finishes—From Plumbers' Safety Chain to Ships' Anchor Chain

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big truck loaded with marines appeared on the scene, and in a very short time we had the De Haviland at the flying field. Here it was reassembled and on Saturday it was again ready to take to the air. We had lost just a week due to our mishap in the Everglades, a misfortune that in all probability prevented us from making the round trip across the continent in just eight days' elapsed time.

Saturday afternoon we started for Jacksonville, and aided by a gentle southerly wind made the three hundred and seventy-four miles in three hours and a quarter. We followed the coast line up and enjoyed the trip immensely. The tide was low and it looked as if it would be possible to land at Palm Beach, Ormond Beach and several other places. The view of St. Augustine from the air was superb, and we looked over the oldest town in the United States with a great deal of interest, but I failed to note any place where I should have cared to land. A few minutes more of flying and we were within sight of Camp Joseph E. Johnston, at Jacksonville, where we had planned to spend the night.

The landing field was on the old rifle range and it wasn't the best place in the world to land a heavy machine, especially if one had not been there before. After getting on the ground we rolled over some rough ground, which put considerable strain on the chassis and served to loosen up a number of the wires, but as far as we could learn did no damage. It was quite late before we had got the machine tied down for the night and found a large piece of canvas of sufficient size to cover the motor, and then we remembered that in the hurry of leaving Miami we had neglected to get any lunch and were quite in need of dinner. The camp was in the throes of demobilization and had there not been a Hostess House in operation I am afraid we should have had to go to bed hungry. Though it was after the regular hour for the serving of dinner we were given a most excellent meal, after which, leaving a call for five the next morning, we promptly turned in.

Stopped by a Fence

The next morning dawned cloudy and fairly warm and as we took off and flew north over Jacksonville through the light mists I hoped that we should not run into any of the rain that I had learned from the weather bureau was on its way east from the Mississippi Valley. It was necessary to fly low, at an altitude of about one thousand feet, and the trip as far as Albany, Georgia, via Waycross, was uneventful. I had decided to make the first stop at Montgomery, but when near Albany the thermometer on the dash started rising very rapidly, indicating lack either of oil or water. Upon testing my oil supply by cutting in an auxiliary tank and pumping up pressure by hand I soon discovered that it was not oil that was responsible for the trouble, and turned north, hoping to reach the field at Americus in case I could not find a field to land in before reaching it.

The country I was flying over was decidedly unfavorable for a forced landing, as it consisted of scattered woodlands surrounding small cultivated cotton fields, and I saw nothing that looked large enough. When still eight miles from Souther Field, at Americus, the motor stopped altogether and it became necessary to land immediately. We were still flying at a trifle over one thousand feet on account of the low clouds, and it didn't give much choice of fields. The first of the two fields within gliding distance contained a number of stumps and the second looked small but very smooth.

Deciding on the second I shut off the valves on the gasoline tanks and used up as much of my excess speed as possible before slipping down over the trees which bordered the field on two sides. Everything was going very nicely and just as I was about to congratulate myself on making a splendid landing in a very restricted space a low fence, partially concealed by some of last year's uncut cornstalks, loomed up directly in our path. We had no speed left to zoom over the fence and there was nothing to do but sit tight, and we didn't do that very long. The plane plowed into the wire fence, tearing the wire loose for fifty yards on either side, and flipped over on its back.

Drowning in Gasoline

I found myself pinned under with my head held in such a position by the cowling of the front cockpit that I could not move it in any direction, and worst of all two steady streams of gasoline were pouring from the tanks on either side. One of these streams played over my face, running down over nose and mouth and making breathing very difficult. My first thought was that I was going to have a really original death, drowned in gasoline, and my second was whether my mechanician was in condition to give me any aid. I tried to let out a call for help, but after swallowing an extra pint of gasoline in consequence desisted and awaited developments.

I closed my eyes, still fortunately protected from the gasoline by my goggles, and in a few moments felt the pressure of the cowling on my cheek removed and a gradually widening space through which I was able to wriggle without much trouble. The mechanic had lifted up the tail of the machine to a sufficient height to permit me to crawl from under.

I found that neither of us was any the worse for the experience, but I could not say the same for the machine. Three of the wing panels were badly damaged, the propeller was broken and the radiator dented. It was very plain that to continue the trip in this machine was out of the question, as the nature of the repairs required was such that it would take some time before it would be ready to fly again. The only thing to do was to get in touch with Souther Field as quickly as possible, arrange to have the damaged plane hauled there for repairs, borrow another plane if possible and continue the flight.

A considerable crowd had collected by this time and I availed myself of an offer of transportation to Americus, and from there telephoned to Souther Field for aid. An army truck and trailer was soon on the scene and while the damaged machine was being hauled over to the field another machine was put in readiness, and at twelve-thirty we were again in the air, on our way to Montgomery. We arrived there one hour later and loading up with gas and oil started for West Point, Mississippi, where it was decided we would spend the night. We had hoped to cover the distance from Jacksonville to Fort Worth in one day, and in all probability would have succeeded in doing so had it not been for the accident at Americus.

Upon leaving Montgomery at two-thirty the weather looked very threatening and I was afraid that we should get the promised rain. Soon after passing over Centerville, Alabama, the storm hit us, and the next forty-five minutes was a nightmare. The country was quite heavily timbered and afforded very few landing places; in fact one of the San Diego transcontinental flyers smashed at Vernon, Alabama, about a week later, and the few fields that looked large enough to land in were swimming in water. There was nothing to do except to keep on. We understood that there was a marked field at Tuscaloosa, about thirty miles farther on, but when over Tuscaloosa the storm appeared to be at its height and this perhaps accounts for the facts that we saw nothing of the landing field and had great difficulty in keeping the Mobile and Ohio Railroad tracks in sight. I knew if we lost the tracks we should in all probability lose our bearings and have to land away from the West Point field.

It was very hard to see a thing as the driving rain got inside my helmet and streamed down behind my goggles. I didn't mind this so much, however, as the increased vibration from the motor. This told me plainer than words would have done that the propeller was becoming chewed up from the rain, as untipped wooden propellers turning at 1550 revolutions per minute will not hold up in rain storms. I throttled down as much as possible but without affecting the vibration to any marked degree, and at about the time that I thought the propeller was gone we came out of the storm and saw blue sky and the sun shining far ahead of us over in Mississippi. Thirty minutes more found us at Payne Field, West Point, having covered a total of four hundred and ninety-four miles in five hours actual flying time in spite of our misadventures.

Back to Fort Worth

It was now just two weeks to the day from the time we had left Fort Worth for San Diego and we had but five hundred more miles to reach home. In this time we had crossed the continent twice by air, with the exception of this last five hundred miles, and had spent a full week in Florida. I was very well pleased with the result of the trip, as I had proved to my own satisfaction that the De Haviland was a splendid ship for cross-country work and the Liberty was the greatest aëronautical motor in the country. All previous air trips across the continent had required as many weeks as this trip—the first with a Liberty motor—had taken days. I had learned a great deal concerning both the handling of the plane and the reliability of the motor and gathered a lot of information that I knew would make the next trip much easier.

I was now very anxious to complete the trip and get back to Fort Worth, and when a heavy rain commenced falling about midnight I felt keenly disappointed. Monday morning it was still raining, with no evidence of any intention of slackening, and rather than wait for several days or longer at West Point I decided to take the train to Fort Worth and return later for the plane.

Almost two weeks elapsed before I found time to take a smaller plane and another pilot and fly back to West Point. We made the trip by way of Shreveport, Louisiana, and Jackson, Mississippi, landing at both places; and covered the five hundred miles, which it had taken me by the best train connections more than thirty hours to make, in a little over six hours.

The following day I started about nine o'clock in the morning and flew to Park Field, Memphis, Tennessee, and landed there. From Memphis I continued the flight to Lonoke, Arkansas, and arrived there in time for lunch. At Lonoke I decided that it would be necessary to make an intermediate stop before reaching Fort Worth, as the distance was about three hundred and eighty miles and the wind was blowing quite strongly from the southwest, seriously cutting down the speed. A telegram was sent to New Boston, Texas a town about midway on the route, which had provided a landing field—requesting that gasoline be held in readiness for us at their field.

Beating the Wire

We arrived at New Boston about two hours later and found we had got there before the wire, and in consequence we had to go uptown and get the gasoline and make arrangements to get it to the field. This delayed us for an hour, and it was four-thirty before we took to the air for the one-hundred-and-eighty-five-mile run to Fort Worth. The wind had died down and the last leg of the trip was made in ninety minutes, or at a speed of slightly more than one hundred and twenty miles an hour. This last day's flight was among the best in point of mileage logged off, as we had covered six hundred and sixty miles in six hours and thirty minutes. The first day, in flying from Fort Worth to Tucson, we had exceeded this, flying eight hundred and eighty-one miles; and on the fifth day of our trip we had flown six hundred and ninety-five miles, from Stanton, Texas, to Baton Rouge.

In the ten days of actual flying on this trip we had covered a total of five thousand five hundred and seventy-six miles in fifty-nine hours and thirty-five minutes. A coast-to-coast air line following the thirty-second parallel is unquestionably the most feasible coast-to-coast air route across the continent and would touch the largest number of towns having suitable landing fields. This route provides a chain of landing fields at two-hundred-mile intervals from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and these fields are located on what is almost an air line. The Atlantic terminal of this all-winter route would probably be Savannah, Georgia, and from there planes would fly to Americus, Georgia, two hundred miles west. Then on west, touching the following towns: Montgomery, Alabama; Jackson, Mississippi; Shreveport, Louisiana; Fort Worth or Dallas, Texas; Sweetwater, Texas; Pecos, Texas; Lordsburg, New Mexico, Tucson, Arizona; Yuma, Arizona; and San Diego, California.

There is no question that relays of planes can make this trip from coast to coast in two days, or twenty hours of actual flying time. The weather is more suitable for flying on this route than on any other coast-to-coast air line that has been proposed to date, and the western end of the route, from Fort Worth to San Diego, affords an abundance of suitable landing fields. The possibilities of a coast-to-coast air line with mail and passenger planes running on a two-day schedule are near realization. The entire country is awakening to the great advantages of air travel, cities are providing splendid landing fields, and the day of the transcontinental air line is here.

Let Industry's Choice

Industry is a buyer of "known quality."

When a manufacturer has ten thousand chairs or a thousand automobiles to finish he must be sure of results. He cannot take risks.

Tests are made. Each finish is put through wear, tear and exposure many times as severe as it will ever be subjected to in actual use. The finish best suited to the purpose is selected.

That Glidden Finishes are being used by largest manufacturers in every field of industry is a true indication of production ability. In the Automobile Industry where exposure is most severe, in the Piano and Furniture Trade where beauty of finish must be combined with durability, Glidden will be found in continuous service.

In these and many other branches of business, Glidden Service Men have rendered many other finishing-shop services in addition to supplying the paint, varnish, stain or enamel. This constructive shop advice is available to all manufacturers—and without obligation.

Govern Your Choice

Industry's choice is a dependable choice.

You can rely upon it in choosing the finish for your floors or the paint for the outside of your house—upkeep finishing that means as much to you as the finishing of the product does to the largest manufacturer.

With good choice you have a wide choice. The same good Glidden quality is provided for home finishing of every kind. And like all manufacturers whose requirements demand a different kind for each purpose, your varying needs are met by the many kinds of Glidden Products on the shelves of Glidden Dealers.

The name of the product, Glidden Floor Varnish, Glidden Endurance Paint, Jap-a-lac Household Finishes, suggests the use, but Glidden Dealers are always ready to give practical painting advice. Color Cards and other helpful literature will be gladly furnished upon request.

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HOME FROM THE WARS

(Concluded from Page 16)

that to question and to seek to discover the motive and ultimate aim of any order that we did not understand was purely instinctive. We asked ourselves quite automatically, "Why should we do this?" or "Shall we do this?" When we had been in the Army a little while we discovered that the answer was "Yes." There was no other answer, so after a while we quit asking ourselves foolish questions.

That is what may be called the effect of discipline. We Americans are always being told that we are the most undisciplined people on earth; that we do as we please and that a rigorously ordered life and discipline would do us good and make us more effective. Well, that theory and belief have now been tested out in about two million of us, and if we don't come in out of the rain it is because there is nobody to tell us to come in.

The Lord knows we didn't hanker after a military career. We did not go to the wars for love of soldiering or because we liked the Army. To be absolutely on the dead level, we found it a dull life and a narrowing one. It teaches the virtue of obedience; but obedience is one of the virtues, in my opinion, that can be easily overdone. Carried too far it cramps one's style.

It didn't take us long to get acquainted with the Government and the government way of doing things. That was pure gain. So far as most of us were concerned our only actual contact with the national Government had been as purchasers of postage stamps. Of its actual routine workings we knew nothing at all. As a time waster and money waster the War Department was a revelation to us all. Why didn't we get paid on time? Why did we go five and six and even seven months without any pay at all? Why didn't our families get paid the allowances we had made them and which were deducted from our pay? What was wrong with the War Risk Insurance Bureau; or, if that question is too vague, put it this way: Was anything right with the War Risk Insurance Bureau?

How Not to Do It

And above all, why didn't we get our letters and parcels? We had a right to expect that. The post office was operating before the war. It didn't have to be improvised. Nothing meant more to us than mail from home. Letters did more for morale and contentment and peace of mind than anything else. Nothing else meant so much to the soldiers as news from home. Tobacco, money, "comfits," movies, concerts were as nothing compared with letters from home. They were lost. They were delayed. They were weeks and months old when they finally got to us. We felt then and we feel now that it was abominable treatment, and we resent it.

If I am not badly off in my guess the government-ownership people have got a setback. I don't believe any soldier who was in France would ever vote to turn the railroads, the telegraph and telephone lines or anything else over to the Government to own and operate. Not by a jugful. Not after what we have seen of the War Department and the Post-Office Department.

This is an intelligent and keen-witted army now coming home from abroad. It had a lot of common sense and vision and insight and imagination when it gave up its jobs and its civilian clothes and put on uniforms. It has learned a lot since those days. It has precious few illusions. It is able to appraise and estimate accurately just what part it played in the war. It knows that our one solid contribution to the conflict was the private soldier. We didn't contribute any great leadership, any novelties, any new ideas, any new inventions, and we never got to the stage where we didn't have to borrow guns, airplanes, gas, projectiles and war stores of all sorts from the English and French.

The men knew that. They knew how much weight we were putting into the war, and what and where we were lacking. They never allowed their minds to be clouded by any of that old-fashioned bunk about the glory of war. They knew that it was just a hard, dirty job—a job that had to be done; and in that spirit they went through with it. They were glad when it was over. It ended much sooner than any of them thought possible. They never showed a sign of faltering or weariness or desire to quit until they had done completely what they had set out to do.

Have you noticed that this army has brought home no heroes among its generals? No old Square Toes or Grizzle Top or Old Hickory or Stonewall or Rough and Ready? No army candidate for any public office? No beloved leader, the mere sight of whom sets them cheering and throwing up their caps? Not a leaf stirring on that old stuff. I remember when we heard first that Pershing was being mentioned at home as a candidate for the presidency. Nobody said anything for a moment, then one lad spoke up: "Well, I don't know anything about politics, but I should think it would be an awful handicap to any candidate to start out with the two million votes of this man's army against him." Nobody else said anything. As a topic of conversation in an idle group it died right there.

Little Peterkin's Innings

As far as I could make out the men looked upon the higher ranking officers much as they regarded shop foremen, superintendents or directors of a corporation by whom they were employed in civilian life. They judged them keenly and appraised their value shrewdly and justly. They never could understand why an army officer who failed to make good couldn't be fired. "They just shift the guy to another place and after a while he's promoted. Pretty soft, eh?" This cool and detached attitude toward military glory may be a measure of the advance we have made since other wars. Whatever other wars may have been this one lacked all gloriousness and gayety. It has not made many of our fellows favor a great Army and a career of arms.

Now that it's all over we are at a loose end. What to do next? Old Kaspar's work is done. Now begins the open season for the Little Peterkins.

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they kill'd each other for."

War itself is not so bad as having to tell about it after one gets back home. But we don't want to talk about the war except among ourselves. We don't want to exhibit ourselves. We don't take much stock in heroes, and we don't want any halos. If his own crowd—the fellows that know him best—say "He's a good game guy," that's enough.

The men in the field had to endure having the ladies come out and moan over them at times. I remember when I first went to Flanders I asked, "Is it always as wet and muddy as this up here?"

It was a Canadian sergeant who answered me: "No; a lady author was out here last week grieving over the poor dear common soldier, and these pools and puddles and floods you see are just some of the ground she cried over. She has got a sympathetic heart, that lady has."

When we were in France after the armistice, and even more so after we got into Germany, we wanted to come home. We talked of nothing else; we thought of nothing else. We wanted to see our folks. We wanted home cooking. We wanted to run with the old crowd again. We wanted what we had had before we went into the Army and were sent to France. Everything was all right until the armistice was signed. Hell was popping. The old Hun was on the run. There was excitement and movement; something doing all the time. But when the boche caved in there came a slump. Everybody let down. The war was over; we wanted to go home. Somebody else could stay behind and wind up the tangled and rusty barbed wire and pick up the pieces. We were through, through, through! Never no more again—not any. We were sick and tired of the Army and all its ways. We loathed and detested war and warfare in all its forms, branches, manifestations and devices. We were fed-up to the back teeth. And in that frame of mind we came home.

We were sore on the Army. The dull, narrow-minded, routine-ridden Regular Army with its severe and extreme punishments for trivial offenses, its lack of method and organization, its endless red tape, its stupidity, its harshness, its inability to keep off its own feet, its selfishness.

This was the broad and deep gulf that separated the old Army from the men who came in from civil life—to the old-army man it was the chance he had waited and longed but not prepared for. It meant promotion and increased pay. It was his harvest time. He made hay, too, while it lasted. To the man who came in from civil life it meant sacrifice. He lost money, he lost his job, he impaired his future, his proper work suffered.

To most of us our army experience has proved to be a retarding, a dulling one. We are set back where we were five or ten years ago. Some of us will never regain the lost ground. That makes us bitter. We can't help it when we look about us now that we have come back and see how the gaps we left in the line have been filled up. "But," they tell us cheerfully, "the labor market will soon absorb you." That's just the trouble. We don't want to be absorbed. We got enough of that in the Army. We are tired of being counted simply as so many "bayonets," or "rifles," or "trench strength," or "replacements"; or added up and thrown into the discard as "wastage" after being wounded or incapacitated. Now they're talking about us as "units of man power in industry." Where do they get that stuff?

We've got to get a job sooner or later, but there's no particular hurry about it. I can't get my old job back again, and I am not interested in any other that I've heard about. I waited two years for my old job, and after I got it I put in five years making myself solid in it. I was fixed. I can't get it back again. Nobody's to blame. But there you are. I am chiseled out of it. Another fellow got it. He's getting away with it too.

Some of the lads don't want their old jobs. I met one the other day. He had been running an elevator in a ten-story bachelor-apartment house in New York.

Motion Without Action

"I'm off that squirrel cage for life," he told me. "I hustled up there as soon as I got discharged, and the old man put me right to work. Same old car, same old pay, same old job. I thought I was lucky. I used to think about that warm hall and the friendly folks in the house on cold nights. But they couldn't hold me. I stood it three days and then I blew. Push the controller over to the left and the car goes up; push her to the right and she goes down. That's all that ever happened. You got motion, but you didn't get any action. Gimme some action. That's what I'm looking for."

You see how it is? Restlessness. A dread of dullness and no immediate desire to settle down.

I'll tell you another thing the war has done for us. It has made us dread facing the bread-and-cheese problem. We don't want to begin at once to have to earn a living. That's the truth. We have been provided for just long enough to make us fear plunging into the welter and scramble of earning food, shelter, clothing, in competition with other men. If we needed breeches or boots or socks we drew them. Food was issued—good food and for the most part plentiful. A place to live and sleep was the easiest thing in the world to come by. If you wanted a house you billeted. If you wanted a room you billeted. In either event the people of the house were always glad to see you and put themselves out to make you comfortable. At least that was my experience. A franc a day was the rate of payment for an officer's billet, and fifty centimes a day for a soldier. Not much, surely. Somebody paid it; we who occupied the billets never did.

Everything was common property in the Army except tobacco and money, and they were to be had for the asking. I think it was that general condition more than anything else that makes difficult this transition period from war to peace; from being a soldier to becoming a civilian again. In the Army we were all knit together. We weren't striving and competing against one another. We were trying to help each other. A man couldn't get in trouble and stay in trouble by himself—everybody in sight wanted to share his burden. Did your feet hurt, then it was: "Hey, buddie, lemme have that pack of yours for a while." Were you hungry or thirsty or cold or broke or out of cigarettes, you had only to turn to the first man passing. Get lost in a part of the line you didn't know, and any man would walk two miles out of his way to set your straight. Nobody was working for profit or reward or to enrich himself at the expense of his neighbor.

I went down one afternoon to a motor park to get some spare tires and inner tubes for a staff car. The sergeant who issued them helped strap them on the car, then he turned to my driver cheerfully. "Well, boy, you done et up some guy's thousand-dollar Liberty Bond with them shoes and tubes. I hope they give you a good ride."

Brought Home and Dumped Down

All in all a friendly, neighborly, kindly, naturally helpful and rather ideal state of society. It taught us in a simple, practical homely way not to set property rights above human rights. It imposed compassion for the oppressed and the hurt and the weak. It shamed us into generosity if we were stingy.

And now suddenly we are confronted again with unemployment and the problem of to-morrow's dinner. For the most part we are broke, and for the most part we haven't yet found a job, or at any rate a job that we like and that interests us.

Now, there's another thing: What sort of job can we get that we will like and that will interest us? Before we went away to France we had all sorts of jobs, some we had grown into, some we had fallen into, but we had become familiar with and grown comfortable in them. We knew where we would be at three o'clock in the afternoon and what we would be doing.

Then suddenly the old routine was torn to bits. We had a year or more of turmoil and excitement and strange adventures in foreign lands, where all was new and strange and queer and interesting. We came to see the world from a new angle. We saw how other people lived. We have a broader, clearer vision of our duties and our responsibilities and of our opportunities. We want to make our hard experiences count for something. We feel that it is laid upon us to do what we can to see that the fellows we left behind did not die in vain. Now we have been brought home and dumped down. We have got to find a place for ourselves.

It seems almost as new and strange to be here again as it was to land in France. We have had an experience that you at home have not had. We are rather too conscious of that, and so are you. We want better jobs than we had before, because we know that we are better qualified. We don't know exactly where to take hold. Don't be scared. We aren't Bolshevists. Far be it from so. We are just settling down. We have got a sense of public duty we never had before. We are going to find out more about the Government and take a larger share and a keener personal interest in running it—but that's only what we should have done long ago. We have a warmer, closer, kinder feeling for the fellow who's down—in hard luck, and we want to help him. We hate war and we long for the old ways of peace and security.

The hardest week in the year to get through, as you know, is the first week after the summer vacation. The day's work is chafing and binding. Consider what we've been through and how much more difficult putting on the old harness must be for us. But we know what we have got to do. Be sure that it will be done.

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The Flavor Lasts

98

Who Should Operate Our Telephones?—By Frederick S. Bigelow

ADVOCATES of government ownership of railroads and public utilities are apt to base their case upon a few simple fundamental ideas, which, if they were correct and were logically marshaled, might lead to more trustworthy conclusions than those usually attained. A familiar and oft-heard train of reasoning runs somewhat as follows:

"Most of the rich men we see about us are the owners of securities of railroads, gas companies, telephone and electric companies. These greedy capitalists eat the bread of idleness, raise rates and grind the faces of the poor; and so the rich become richer and the poor poorer. If the Government operated these undertakings all these profits that go into the pockets of the rich might be applied to the reduction of our railroad fares, gas, telephone and electric-light bills; and no one would be hurt but the capitalists, bad cess to them!"

Suppose we examine this argument in the light of undisputed and indisputable facts. What little ring of greedy capitalists owns the Bell Telephone System, for example? Unfortunately the list is too long to print.

According to the recently issued annual report of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, its capital stock, amounting in round numbers to $442,000,000, was held by 112,420 persons. Of this number 103,162 held less than one hundred shares each. The average holding was thirty-nine shares, with a market value of about four thousand dollars. This reckoning leaves out of account some fourteen thousand employees of the Bell System, who are paying for stock out of their wages at the rate of two dollars a share a month.

A Record to be Proud Of

Every newspaper reader has formed his own opinion as to the efficiency or inefficiency with which the various branches of the Government functioned under the supreme test of war; how efficiently or inefficiently they performed the gigantic tasks suddenly thrust upon them. Let us then, each for himself, endeavor to make a fair comparison between the achievements of any civil branch of the Government and those of the telephone company, and try to determine by this comparison whether or not the amazing part played in the war by the electrical communication of intelligence would have been as great, or even half as great, had our national telephone business been operated by the Government as long as that of France or of England.

Everyone knows how, almost overnight, hundreds of telephone experts were pitchforked into the Signal Corps and how in an incredibly short time our seaboard bases in France had their own American-built lines of communication to Army Headquarters, and to every depot, training camp, repair shop, hospital and military center in that country. Many lines and exchanges were established far in the rear; many others were installed under the hottest of shell fire.

Military expedience has, until very recently, kept some of the finest and most notable work of our telephone men from public knowledge. When our army exchanges in France were nearing completion it became necessary to send over a large force of women operators who could speak French. Inquiry developed the fact that there were not enough French-speaking operators in the country to meet the demand. But the requisition had to be filled, and filled with the least possible delay.

Apparently there were but two alternatives: The telephone people could either round up a regiment of operators who spoke only English and teach them French, or assemble a like number of French-speaking girls and give them an intensive course in switchboard operation. We are not told which course was pursued. It is merely stated that the required force of operators was sent to France and put on the job.

During the whole period of the war the Government made countless calls upon the telephone organization. First, the Coast Guard called for an elaborate intercommunicating system for spreading instantaneous news of suspicious craft off the Atlantic Coast. It was duly designed and installed.

Presently the Signal Corps of the Army demanded greatly improved apparatus for wireless telephony between airplanes and ground stations; between airplanes and each other. The Navy required radio telephone service between hydroplanes, between destroyers, between hydroplanes and destroyers, and so on through all the permutations and combinations imaginable.

All these demands involved new work of the creative and inventive type. Big corporations do things in a big way. If there is immediate and pressing necessity for an invention or a discovery, or for a new means of surmounting an old obstacle, it is not their practice to put the matter into the hands of an inventive scientist and sit patiently by until some happy inspiration or some chance flash of genius brings the desired solution.

A Great Year in Telephony

The modern method consists in assembling fifty or a hundred or two hundred experts. The whole problem is stated to them. Then it is divided up into heads and subheads, and each element is assigned to a group of specialists. These technical men fall to work much as the Lilliputians did when they bound the sleeping Gulliver. Sheer force of multiplied brain power, well organized and well directed, is capable of producing amazing results. There is nothing mysterious about it. Given a great cohesive organization of highly trained workers, and it becomes simplicity itself.

Under this intensive study the science of wireless telephony received in less than a year an impetus that might have required a decade of peacetime research.

"Within a few months," says Mr. Vail, "we were enabled to accomplish important results which had been needed since the beginning of the war, but which had not been obtained by either our Allies or our enemies."

Among other electrical contributions to military science, these engineers produced a secret ciphering adaptation of the printing telegraph, making possible the rapid sending of telegraphic messages in code, and new apparatus for the detection and location of invisible airplanes. This latter device is so accurate that by its use a battery of antiaircraft guns can spatter bursting shells all round any invisible airplane within range.

A still more important invention is a device for locating enemy artillery. This was one of the most carefully guarded secrets of the last year of the war. Several types of equipment were used by the Allies for this purpose, but it was reported that the American device was the best of all.

But the requirements of war by no means monopolized the entire attention of the engineers of the telephone organization. Indeed, the year 1918 was one of the most notable in the history of electrical communication. More than one epoch-making invention—news of which was shouted down, so to speak, by the dispatches from French battlefields—was announced during this period. Almost incredible advances have been made in telephony by the adoption of new multiplex systems, whereby it is possible to operate five telephone circuits over a single pair of wires.

Somewhat similar and no less startling improvements have been made in telegraphy. Applied to high-speed printer systems, eight or ten times as much traffic can be carried by a given circuit as was formerly possible.

Only a few months ago the Marconi people began to operate a new method whereby induction, the heaviest handicap of wireless, is practically done away with. As a result of the successful control of induction wireless sending stations require only about half the power formerly needed.

The dynamos that energize sending apparatus are turned by steam engines; so a fifty-per-cent saving of power means a fifty-per-cent saving of coal. Important as this economy is, it is less significant than the new possibility of sending clearly and dependably under all atmospheric and electrical conditions.

The Marconi Company, on March nineteenth, announced that their engineers had established wireless telephone communication between Canada and Ireland. Experts predict with confidence that transatlantic telephony by wireless will shortly be practicable on a commercial scale.

Wireless telegraphy for the peaceful purposes of the sea has not lagged behind in the race with its sister services. Suppose you are a shipmaster somewhere off the North Atlantic Coast; you don't know just where. Night after night has been starless; you have had no chance to shoot the sun. The night is inky black, the weather is thick, and you are in a gale of wind. A lee shore is waiting, like an ambushed tiger, to crunch the bones of your ship.

But nothing of the sort happens. Your wireless man calls the shore stations. "Where are we?" he asks.

Two or three stations pick up his query. Their direction-finders give the bearing of the hail. After a few minutes of shore signaling one station plots the bearings on a chart and answers crisply: "You are twenty-seven miles south-southeast from Nantucket Lightship. . . . Rough night, isn't it? . . . Don't mention it!"

"Navigation?" say the wireless [redacted] scornfully. "There's nothing to it any longer. If you cannot determine your position you are no worse off than a blind man lost in his own house. 'Nurse, where am I?' he asks; and nurse replies: 'You are in the front hall, facing the street, four feet from the front door, with the umbrella stand two feet on your left.' It's as easy as that."

The New Mexico's New Record

Only a few weeks ago the Navy broke its own wireless record by several hundred miles. The New Mexico, bound east, with a new and improved wireless installation kept in communication with a New Brunswick station all the way to Brest, her maximum distance of transmission being in the neighborhood of twenty-eight hundred miles. The fact that communication was maintained by day as well as by night greatly enhances the importance of this accomplishment.

The wireless telephony of the Navy, which owes much to civilian research, is daily becoming a more and more important factor. Officers who have frequent occasion to speak to the ships at sea say that the wireless-telephone operators very often address them by name when responding to a call. Curiously enough, wireless transmits the human voice with very much more clearness and richness than is experienced on ordinary lines. It reproduces with surprising fidelity the precise pitch and timbre, or characteristic quality, of any speaker's voice.

Returning to the recent novel and important achievements of private enterprise, it should be recorded that Mr. Vail's engineers have just devised a method whereby a given pair of wires can be made to carry no less than forty simultaneous telegraph messages; or, if desired, the capacity of the circuit can be so divided as to use it as a multiplex telephone and telegraph circuit at the same time. Great things are expected of this system when used on long open-wire lines. A multiplex telephone circuit has for several months been in successful operation between Pittsburgh and Baltimore.

Having thus reviewed and measured the advancing strides of a single year in a single field of electrical science, made, in the main, by private enterprise under the handicaps of war, let us ask ourselves whether the same superabundant vitality, the same urge toward improvement and advancement through the development of new ideas and more efficient methods, can be matched or even approached by the accomplishments of any branch or group of branches of the Government.

In totting up the Government's score it would not be fair to include the brilliant services rendered by the dollar-a-year men or by the great civil executives who were given army commissions.

The most earnest advocate of government ownership would scarcely have the hardihood to assert that executive geniuses like Mr. Schwab, Mr. Baruch or General Atterbury are the types that are incubated and perfected in government offices. On the other hand, let us not deny due credit to the government scientists and technical men who are the backbone of such activities as those conducted by the Department of Agriculture.

Many of these specialists are experts of a high order; and no one who is aware of the character of their work or of the inadequacy of their salaries could take pleasure in belittling their services or in sneering at the practical results of their labors. Too often, unfortunately, these men find themselves in blind alleys of bureaucracy with no path of advancement ahead.

The Men Who Move the World

Economists usually treat of the respective merits and demerits of public and private ownership under three or four main heads. For the sake of simplicity the present discussion has, by intention, been confined to a single consideration. It has endeavored to indicate, by implied comparison with the known records of the different branches of the Government, whether or not telephony in America would have reached its present perfection under government ownership; whether or not the development of the telephone business of the future would be more promising in public or in private hands.

Great organizations like the one under discussion have usually had small beginnings. As a rule, they have had farseeing creative managers, who have thought more about the future integrity of the property than about the immediate profit of the shareholders. Almost without exception they have been men of vision; men with courage to spend money like water for the advancement of the art or science upon which their business depends. They have not only been good organizers but men of character and personal magnetism, who were able by their own personality to surround themselves with younger men, full of ambition and the imaginative fire of youth.

And so their great fabrics have been built up. Their stability has been assured by business conservatism tempered by open-mindedness and an attitude of receptivity toward new ideas. Their life blood, the element that keeps them hardy and vigorous and in a constant state of growth, is derived from the younger men. While the rest of us sleep or loaf there are bright young men all over the country sitting up nights, working after hours, trying, failing, experimenting, going over the top in forlorn hopes to assault impossible problems.

Discouragement follows failure and rebuff, until finally—perhaps some day at dawn, when the milkmen are clattering in the street below—the thing works. The impossible has been accomplished. And so the world moves; usually the weight of a young man's energies on the lever!

Some years ago THE SATURDAY EVENING POST sent Mr. Will Payne to France and England to study the government telephone systems in those countries. Mr. Payne is a skilled and careful observer, a writer with a singularly open and judicial mind, but his articles disclosed European telephone conditions that were ludicrously primitive in comparison with our own.

England excels us in certain branches of science, and France in certain others. Both countries have produced great men in the field of theoretical electricity; but in applied telephony, thanks to private enterprise, our lead is like that of the yacht America. "And which is second?" asked the late Queen.

"Your Majesty," replied the lady in waiting, "there is no second."

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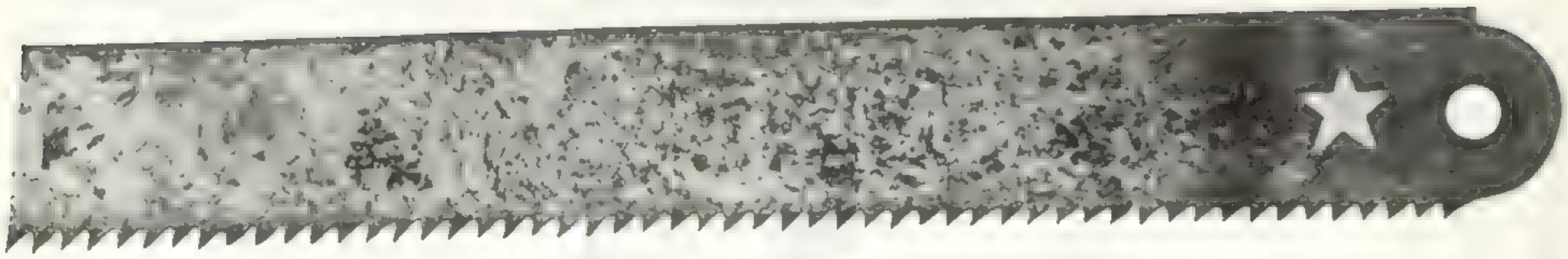

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ALBERT'S RETURN

(Continued from Page 27)

Frederick gasped; this was insensate folly.

"A job in the country? You?" he cried. "What do you know about country work? What kind of a job do you think you'll get?"

"Well, I talked it over with a pal of mine in Mesopotamia; and he said I could learn to be a bailiff easily enough. It's mostly seeing that other people do their work; and I've got used to doing that."

"But who's going to give you a bailiff's job? Who's going to employ an ignoramus as a bailiff?" said Frederick in a tone of exasperation.

"I can learn; and I'm going to," said Albert.

"And how are you going to live while you're learning?" said Frederick.

"I've my bonus coming; and I've saved a bit of money," said Albert.

"Then all I can say is the sooner you go and begin to learn the better. I'm sure we don't want you hanging about, idling, at home," said Frederick.

"Fred's right about that," said Ermyntrude.

"No, he isn't," said Mrs. Appleton with decision. "Bert's right. He's been fighting for us and having a hard time while we've been living in comfort at home. He's welcome to stay here till he's had all the rest he wants."

The subject was dropped. But Frederick was bitterly annoyed. He knew himself to be the shining successful light of the home; and he expected his fiat to prevail in it without question. For once it had very plainly not prevailed. He was aggrieved as well as annoyed. Then Annie made a slip in her grammar. He seized the opportunity of easing his mind, and set her right with a scornful directness. Annie flushed. She had liked being set right till Albert came; she did not like to be treated with such contempt before him.

Albert looked at Frederick with hard eyes and said: "Your manners don't seem to have improved since I went away."

"I must trouble you to mind your own business," said Frederick haughtily.

"I'll make it my business to see you behave like a gentleman to Annie while I'm about," said Albert; and his eyes were yet harder.

"A fine judge of what is gentlemanly you are, speaking like a common private!" cried Frederick.

"That's enough! I won't have you boys quarreling!" cried Mrs. Appleton quickly.

The rest of the evening passed peacefully. The sulky Frederick was not talkative. Ermyntrude and Gwendolen discussed details of the Claybury Peace Fair. Then as usual the women went off to bed leaving Albert and Frederick to finish their pipes. Frederick maintained a sulky dignified silence; he was aware that Albert was considering him thoughtfully. When Frederick knocked the ashes out of his pipe and rose Albert rose too. He took hold of Frederick's upper arm with fingers that seemed composed wholly of bone, if not of something harder.

"Fred, you're soft—very soft," he said in a dispassionate tone, pressing those bony fingers into the fat. "Soft men should be civil—damned civil. You be civil to Annie."

He loosed Frederick's arm and added slowly and wistfully: "I should like to have you in a new squad—for a matter of three weeks. I'd make you smart. There must be the making of a man in you—somewhere."

He went out of the room without saying good night and left Frederick gasping. His mind grappling with a new horrid fact was not very clear; but he felt that Riverholm was growing too small to hold both him and Albert.

Soon after breakfast next morning Annie got Albert to herself and said with considerable severity: "You'd no call—no business, I mean—to interfere last night. I can take care of myself all right."

"I know you can," said Albert cheerfully.

"Then what did you go for to—I mean, why did you do it?" said Annie, somewhat disarmed by his ready agreement.

"I don't know. I did it without thinking. Fred was rude; and I can't stick anyone's being rude to you. If he hadn't been engaged to you I'd have had him out of the room by the scruff of the neck. I expect I shall next time—if there is a next time; before I know what I'm doing, you know. I can't wait to think when it's you."

"But you just will wait to think! I don't want you to interfere. I want to be a lady. I mean to be a lady. And I've got to be shown," she said firmly.

"Then you must be shown nicely when I'm about," said Albert.

"Oh, if you think I mind being spoken sharply to, I don't. I was always being told off proper—properly—in the old days."

"These aren't the old days; and anyhow it's all rot. With you it's—it's—it's like painting the lily."

"There you go again. You're always saying queer things like that. Where do you get them from? Fred never says things like that," said Annie curiously.

"What's wrong with Fred, is he blind?" said Albert; and he looked at her fairly and squarely with admiring eyes.

Annie blushed and said quickly: "But what does make you think of them?"

"Why, you'd make anyone think of them," said Albert with conviction. "But I learned, too, on guard under those stars—large and right on the top of you, you know—and a broad plain farther than you could see—and no noise but a dog or a jackal howling far away. You learn—oh, lots of things, and the things you used to know—well, they look different. And you're on guard pretty often, you know; so you get time to think."

"I shouldn't like it—all that loneliness," said Annie with a little shiver.

"No one's supposed to like it. But it grows on you in a queer kind of way."

"It wouldn't grow on me," she said.

He looked at her with thoughtful considering eyes; then he said: "No; you're for the home and the warm fire." He paused; and his eyes went dreamy. Then he added: "All the same you'd be all right in a meadow—in summer—or in a wood. Yes; you'd be quite all right among flowers and trees—or milking a cow."

"Those sort of things would do me a fair—I mean I should like them very much," she said quickly in lively agreement. "You do know about things, Bert."

After the failure to get Albert to his old job there was a change in the atmosphere of Riverholm. Frederick and Ermyntrude and Gwendolen grew very disagreeable with him. If he spoke to them they ignored or snubbed him. They never spoke to him if they could help it; but they talked at him without ceasing. They said all the unpleasant things they could devise about the men who had come back from the army; they said that they were slackers and loafers; they even said that those of them who had enlisted had done so to escape from honest work and to lead an idle life.

Albert was quite unruffled by their Claptonic jibes; but Annie grew angrier and angrier. She was always taking up the cudgels on behalf of the returned warriors. Once in a moment of generous but incautious warmth she infuriated Frederick by asserting with evident honesty that she preferred the warriors to those who had stayed at home in comfort and safety. He took it to himself and treated her with the loftiest iciness for two days.

Naturally their hostility to Albert drew her closer to him. She had to be kinder to a man harassed by such gross injustice. She heaped little gifts on him—cigarettes, a cigarette case, gloves, a cane. She took him to matinées at West End theaters. She scolded him when he gave her a lace handkerchief and a pair of silk stockings, and tried to make him let her pay for their teas when they went to the theater. Sometimes she found it impossible to have her way with Albert. An accident changed again the atmosphere of Riverholm.

Annie Liked the Albert of the Letters and Could Not Understand Why Frederick and His Sisters Had So Poor an Opinion of Him

Two days before the Claybury Peace Fair Ermyntrude talking about it said three times: "As dear Lady Flaunden said."

The third time she said it Albert said: "Lady Flaunden—she'd be Sandy's mother."

Ermyntrude gave him a cold and steely glance, was on the point of ignoring him, paused, and said with icy hauteur: "Are you alluding to the Honorable Alexander Sarratt?"

"Yes; that's Sandy," said Albert carelessly. "What were you saying about Monday, Annie?"

"But did you know him?" said Ermyntrude, raising her voice.

"Know him? He was my pal," said Albert impatiently. He paused, then went on in a reminiscent voice: "And a useful pal he was. He'd had a year and a half more of it than I had—he was one of those volunteers who went into the army for comfort, you're so down on—and he helped me a lot. And we got our stripes together—corporal's and sergeant's."

"Do you mean to say he was a private?" cried Ermyntrude.

"Of course he was a private," said Albert.

"The Honorable Alexander Sarratt a private!" said Ermyntrude in a tone of some stupefaction. "He couldn't have been! How do you know it was the Honorable Alexander Sarratt?"

"I had a letter from his mother, for one thing," said Albert.

"From Lady Flaunden? What about?" said Ermyntrude.

The eyes of Albert's family were glued to his face in a gaze of absorbed and impassioned interest.

Of a sudden Albert looked exceedingly bored. "Oh, there was a scrap," he said grumpily. "We went out to do in some Arabs who had been giving trouble—not enough of us of course. And we were cut off—we always were. And two officers were napooed; and the others were duds and went dotty. So I carried on—somebody had to—and Sandy helped. And we got out somehow, wounded and all. And Sandy got two bullets in him while I'd only one. So I had to help him; and we got back after the others."

"Do you mean you actually took command?" said Frederick in an incredulous tone.

"Somebody had to," said Albert.

"And you saved the Honorable Alexander Sarratt's life?" said Gwendolen.

"That's what he must have told his mother at least judging from her letter. But I could never see it. I told him so. If I hadn't brought him in somebody else would. Besides, he'd have done as much for me any day."

"Did you actually carry him on your back?" said Ermyntrude in a hushed voice.

"How could I carry him? He weighs twelve stone odd," said Albert in some exasperation. "I helped him crawl or lugged him along."

"But why didn't you tell us about it?" said Gwendolen. "Where is he? Is he still in Mesopotamia?"

"Of course he isn't!" snapped Albert. "They must have got the wires going on armistice day for him, for he went off three days afterward. I expect he's in London or at Flaunden."

"In London! And you haven't looked him up?" cried Frederick in a sudden anguish of exasperation.

"Why, you might have got him down here—to afternoon tea!" cried Ermyntrude in no less anguish.

"I shouldn't think of doing anything of the kind," said Albert stiffly. "If he wants to see me he'll hunt me up. This is different from out there; he'll have his old friends."

"Do you really mean to say that you're going to let a chance like this slip?" said Frederick in a yet louder exasperation.

"Do you realize that you might have been moving in society for weeks?" cried Gwendolen.

(Concluded on Page 134)

Westinghouse

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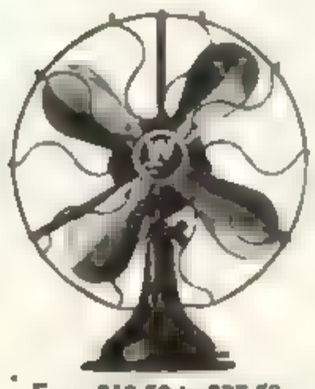

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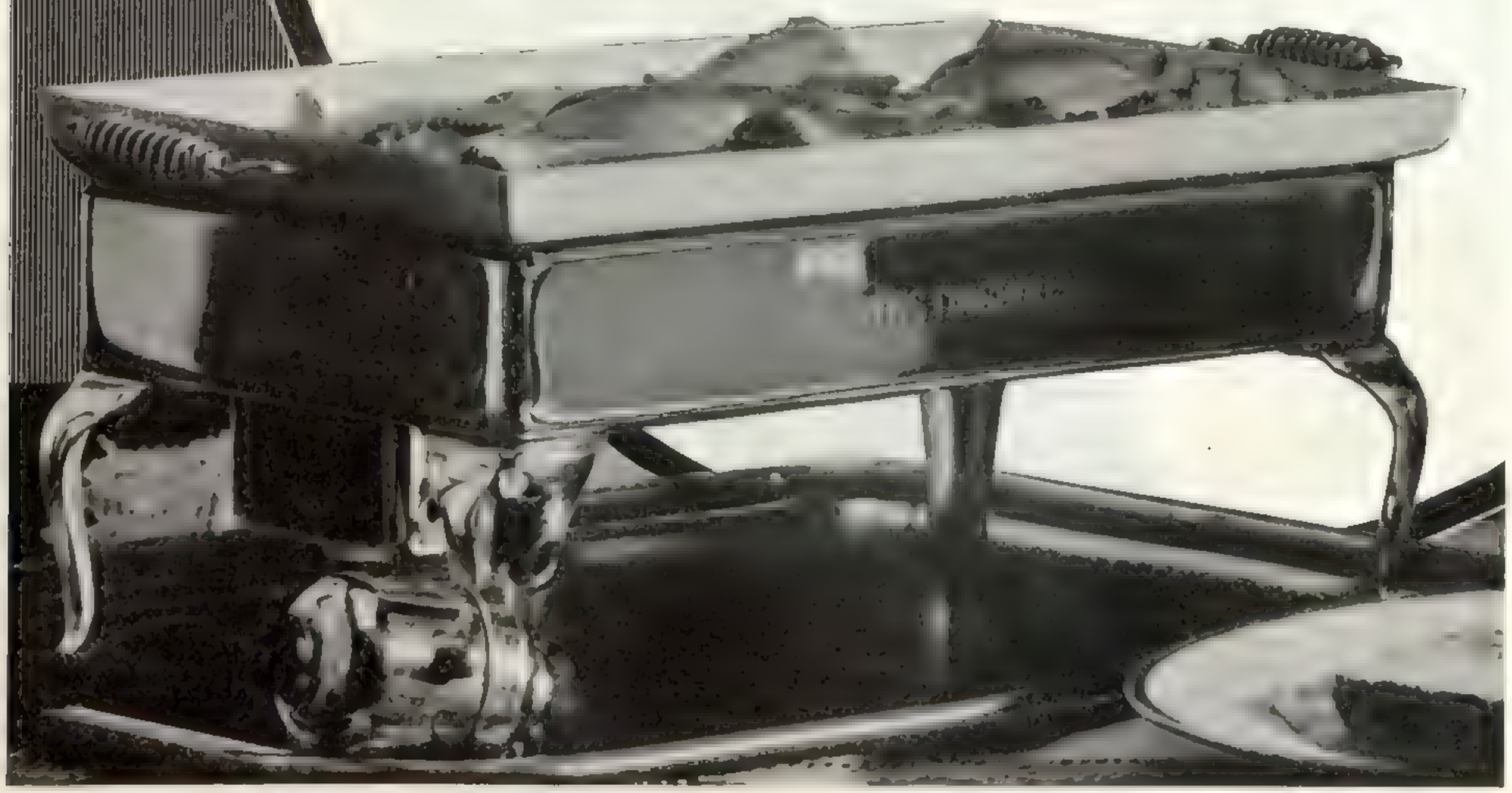
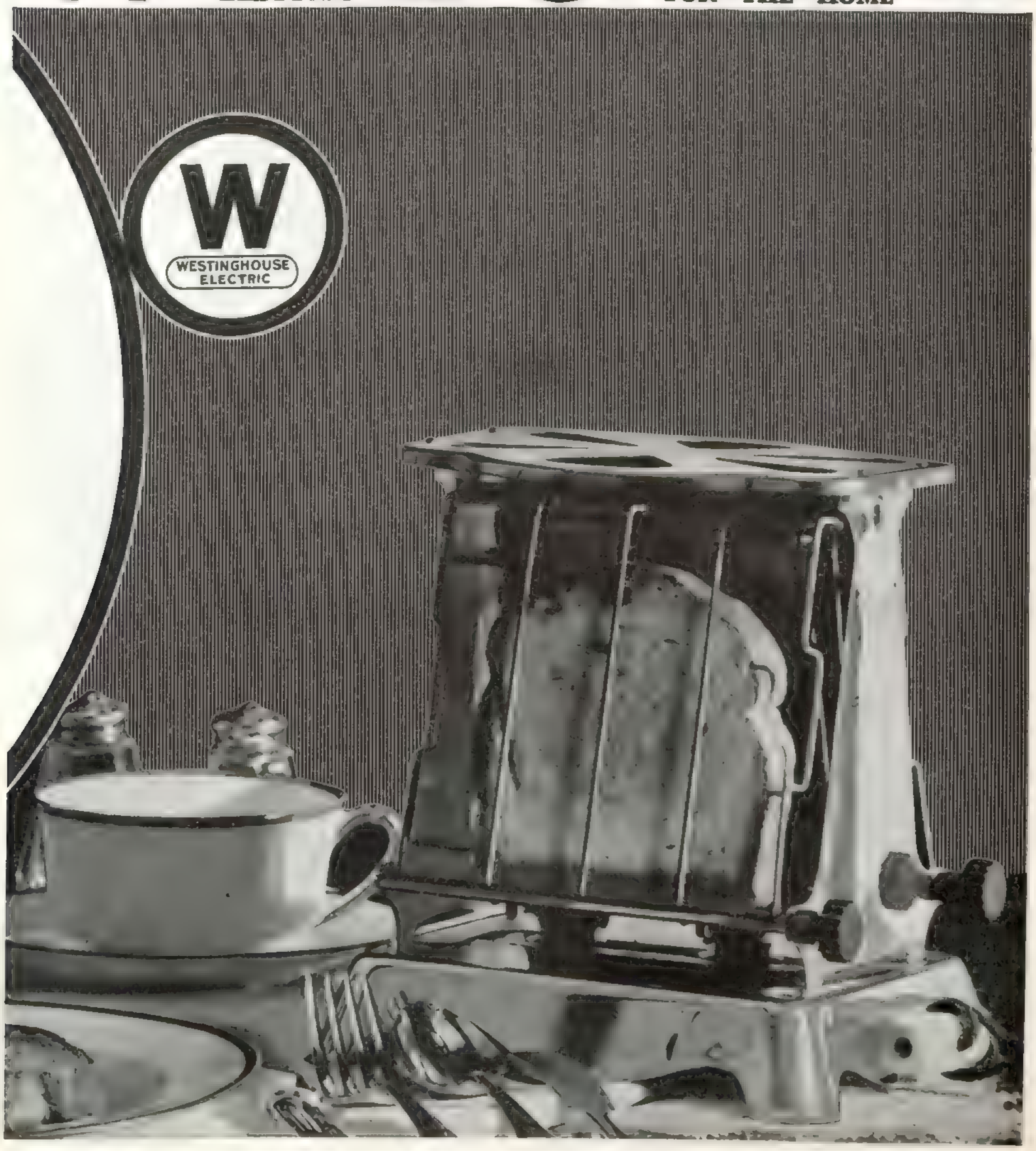


Westinghouse

ELECTRIC WARE FOR THE HOME



(Concluded from Page 131)

"If Sandy wants to see me he knows where to find me," said Albert in a tone of finality.

"I shall make a point of telling Lady Flaunden first thing to-morrow morning. I'm sure she'd never forgive me if I let her remain in ignorance," said Ermyntrude.

Albert turned sharply toward her; his jaw shot out and his eyes sparkled.

"You won't!" he said harshly. "You mind your own business and leave mine alone!"

Ermyntrude shrank back; and the others gazed at him in astonished consternation.

"W-w-well, I never! Wh-wh-what a way to speak!" stammered Ermyntrude.

"I don't want any one interfering in my concerns. See?" said Albert truculently; and his eyes, hostile and challenging, moved slowly from one to the other.

"No one wants to interfere in your concerns," said Gwendolen almost meekly.

Albert went on with his tea. There was silence for a while; then the others began to talk again, heavily, their eyes and voices aggrieved.

Annie kept looking at Albert with a new interest. She meant to hear more about this fighting and about Sandy. She did. Next day the reluctant Albert talked to her about little but fighting and Sandy. She drew from him the story of four scraps, as he called them. It astonished her that Albert should have killed two Germans with the bayonet and shot or bombed sundry Turks and Arabs.

"I don't know how it is, but in a scrap I seem to be so much more on the spot than in other things. I see at once what to do; and I do it at once," he said in a tone of apology, paused, and added: "That's why I think I should make a good bailiff."

She gathered that though he acquiesced in the Honorable Alexander Sarratt's neglect of him it hurt him.

At tea Ermyntrude and Gwendolen and Frederick talked to one another sadly about men who threw away great chances in life. Frederick told sad stories of business acquaintances who had done so. Albert appeared unmoved; but Annie grew restive.

At last she said: "I think Albert's quite right. It doesn't show a proper spirit to go running after people who don't want you."

Frederick turned sharply to her, opened his mouth, shut it hard and quickly on the reproof of his tongue, and looked at Albert.

"Ah, you've got a lot to learn about society," said Ermyntrude in a tone of lofty patronage.

"That isn't how a man of the world looks at it," said Frederick.

"I haven't any patience with such silly old-fashioned ideas," said Gwendolen.

Albert showed no great enthusiasm in the matter of going to the Claybury Peace Fair; but Annie insisted that he should escort his mother and her to it; and he went. They found the drill hall, in which it was held, full of people; and the stalls and side shows were in a lively bustle. Two young women seized on Annie and carried her and Mrs. Appleton to the stall at which they were selling. Albert was separated from them. Gwendolen in passing paused to tell Annie to be sure to buy at Lady Flaunden's stall.

Then she said anxiously: "Did you bring Albert? The Honorable Alexander Sarratt is coming."

"Yes; Albert's here," said Annie.

"That's all right. They'll meet," said Gwendolen in a tone of lively expectation; and she hurried away.

It was some time before Annie enjoyed a respite from the importunities of the saleswomen. Then she looked about for Albert. She did not see him. She hunted for him, but she did not find him. Plainly he had had his fill of the fun of that fair and gone. She was vexed; she had wished to share that fun with him. She went about it disconsolately; it had grown dull. The fortune teller who bade her beware of a fair man with blue eyes did not cheer her; the "Fantastics" who sang indifferently music-hall songs she knew did not cheer her. She stayed on in hope to see the superior Sandy. He did not come. Of a sudden she came to the conclusion that she was bored. She went out of the drill hall and walked briskly home.

She opened the front door of Riverholm quietly; and a rich smell of hot buttered toast smote her nostrils. Perfidious Albert! A solitary gorging Sybarite! Then she heard him speak in the dining room. He was not alone.

She opened the door quietly, looked in and opened her eyes wide.

The table had been pushed back against the wall; and on the floor before the blazing fire sat a tall, thick, red-haired man and Albert. Either held a breakfast cup in his right hand and a slice of toast in his left. On a plate on the floor between them stood a pile of buttered toast, and beside it stood the large earthenware teapot with the broken spout.

"And it's just like living under a lousy old blanket," said Albert, ending a sentence in the sententious vein.

"That's right," said the companion thickly, through hot buttered toast.

Albert looked up and saw Annie.

"Hello! It's Annie," he said calmly in a tone of satisfaction. "Come and sit down and have a meal in decent comfort. I'll get you a cup."

He rose and his companion rose and turned to her, displaying a freckled face, with a long slit of a mouth in it and a large engaging grin.

"This is Sandy—Mr. Sarratt," said Albert. "Miss Brent, my brother's fiongcy."

Annie bowed; the Honorable Alexander Sarratt shook her warmly by the hand; and his grin spread out yet larger over his face.

"The beggars who stayed at home get all the luck," he said, looking at her with unaffected admiration.

"Not in the way of pals," said Albert, smiling at him.

"That's right," said the Honorable Alexander Sarratt, smiling at Albert.

Annie smiled at both of them.

Albert fetched a cup and teaspoon for her; and she sat down on the floor between them. She observed that they ate their buttered toast with an air of extraordinary satisfaction.

Once the Honorable Alexander Sarratt said happily: "This carpet is better than sand."

"Cleaner—and no flies," said Albert.

"That's right," said the Honorable Alexander Sarratt.

She found herself taking part in their talk easily. Their exalted guest neither awed nor embarrassed her. He wiped his buttery fingers on his beautiful new trousers with the pleased air of a man performing an action of great merit. She gathered that he had not suspected even that Albert had returned home, and that he had scolded him severely for not having at once informed him. She learned, too, that he had had the bailiff's cottage at Flaunden painted, papered and furnished for him, and that they were going down there the day after the morrow.

"I'm just longing to have Albert there," he said to her. "I want someone who knows about the things I like talking about, and I want a friend who will occasionally let me have a meal in decent comfort on the floor. I tried it at the Grange once and just missed being shoved into a lunatic asylum."

"People don't know what comfort is," said Albert sadly.

"That's right," said the Honorable Alexander Sarratt.

Annie was surprised at the sinking of the heart with which she learned that Albert was leaving Riverholm. It spoiled the pleasure she was enjoying from seeing him and his friend together. She rallied; but a blankness kept invading her spirit. The future had of a sudden grown barren.

They talked till it was time to lay the table for the family tea; and all three of them laid it. They had just done when Frederick arrived. His eye rested on the freckled stranger with a faint cold suspicion. When he heard his name he was effusiveness itself; on the instant he was all over the Honorable Alexander Sarratt. Annie observed a sudden change in the Honorable Alexander Sarratt's manner; there was not a touch of superiority in it, but he contrived to be extremely civil to Frederick from, roughly speaking, two thousand yards away. Twice, too, his eyes turned from Frederick to her with an odd wonder in them; and she found herself blushing. Soon he took his leave of them and went.

At tea Frederick was loud in his approval of him. Albert knew the right kind of man to make a friend of. When he heard that Albert was going to live in the country forthwith he gave it as his considered opinion that he would be much better for at least another fortnight's quiet rest at home. Ermyntrude and Gwendolen agreed with him warmly; surely, too, Albert would like to stay on at Claybury and see some more of his friend after their long separation. Albert said dryly that Sandy was going to the country too.

He did not appear to exult at the early realization of his dream. He appeared rather to be gloomy. At first Annie was surprised; she had expected him to be overjoyed. Then his eyes met hers twice; and she guessed—or rather, to be exact, she knew—that something of her own blankness of spirit had invaded him. She felt glad that he would really miss her, and at once reproached herself for that gladness.

Next day he went about his preparations heavily. His mother and Annie went carefully through his scanty wardrobe, mending. They went with him to buy more clothes for country wear. They did not go to the Peace Fair; they stayed at home to keep him company. His mother talked away; but neither he nor Annie said much.

Then Mrs. Appleton went into the kitchen to see that the servant cooked properly the fish for tea. Albert stood before the fire; Annie sat in the easy-chair on the right of it. Both looked frankly miserable; neither seemed to have anything to say.

He put his fingers into his waistcoat pocket, drew out a little thing wrapped in tissue paper and unwrapped it.

"I've got something for you—a keepsake," he said. "I—I got it near Bagdad."

He bent forward and dropped a ring in her lap.

She caught at it quickly and looked at it. It was an Eastern ring, a ruby in a thin gold setting.

"Oh, how pretty!" she cried, slipped it on her finger, and gazed at it with sparkling eyes.

"When I got it I thought I would give it to my best girl if ever I had one," he said slowly.

"Oh, but you must! You must keep it for her!" cried Annie, slipping it off and holding it out to him.

"No. You're going to have it. I shan't ever have a best girl. I don't feel to want one," said Albert quickly.

Annie gazed up at him earnestly; and slowly her eyes grew miserable. Then of a sudden they grew rather wild and hungry; she rose to her feet, her lips quivering, her face moving, wrung her hands, and cried: "Oh, Bert! Why didn't you come back three months sooner?"

Albert gasped and flushed, stared hard at her, said in a hoarse and shaky voice: "It's like that, is it?" and caught her to him.

"But Fred? Fred?" she cried, struggling to free herself.

"Oh, Fred! I'll settle Fred all right," he said scornfully. "If a man doesn't know a good thing when he's got it he deserves to lose it."

He held her tightly and kissed her.

A NATION ON STRIKE

(Continued from Page 38)

and fats. Aside from that, of course, we had our own internal supplies; but these were somewhat uncertain and under the control of the boches. They collected all the food—save only meat—into markets or centrals, fixed an arbitrary price, usually extremely low, bought or requisitioned what they wanted, and after that the public might have what was left.

"For example, there were wine centrals, sugar and butter and egg centrals, and even lace centrals. The first result of this system was, naturally, that a large portion of our foodstuffs went the way of the machinery in our factories—it was lifted bodily over into Germany. For instance, take our wines. Belgium had the most famous wine cellars in the world. They were guarded like art collections and kept up from generation to generation. Some of those rare old vintages were literally priceless. They were hundreds of years old. And yet the Germans put them up for sale in the centrals and knocked them down to their own officers for two-francs-fifty the bottle.

"The same thing happened in the lace centrals. Fine old real lace, museum pieces, went for a few francs a meter and were sent over into Germany. And yet the Germans maintained that these centrals were just and fair! They could not understand why the Belgians should object to them. But the prices were such that no firm could exist on a paying basis; and most of them either closed their doors or went into bankruptcy.

"To this general situation of hard luck there was one exception—that of the Belgian peasant farmer. The farmers of all nations made money during the war. They possessed something the world had to have—and they sold their wares at top prices. Our farmers were no exception. When the boches came searching for fresh vegetables or butter, and offered only the current prices, Mr. Belgian Farmer merely shrugged his shoulders and was mute. Then the boches would say: 'Look here: We'll give you so-and-so'—perhaps five or ten times the market value. And the peasant would dig up the stuff. He saw no harm in fleecing the foe. But the result upon our own domestic produce of this double pressure, the boches always taking first choice both for Germany and the army, was that certain staples soared practically out of sight.

"For example, coffee, during the war, sold for from one hundred to one hundred and twenty francs the kilo. Naturally, good citizens didn't buy it. They used a substitute. Tea was even more expensive. Potatoes fetched 4.75 francs the kilo; at the armistice they dropped to .75. Good cuts of meat brought from forty to fifty francs the kilo. Rice was twenty-five francs; now five. Beans, eighteen francs; now three. Pepper, three hundred francs. Tobacco, one hundred and twenty francs up.

"Bread—one of those circular loaves with a hole in the center, such as women carry on their arms—sold for twenty-five francs. Five dollars for a loaf of bread! Eggs, butter, meat and milk could be found in the restaurants at fantastic prices. Needless to say, the Belgian workers never saw them from one year's end to the other.

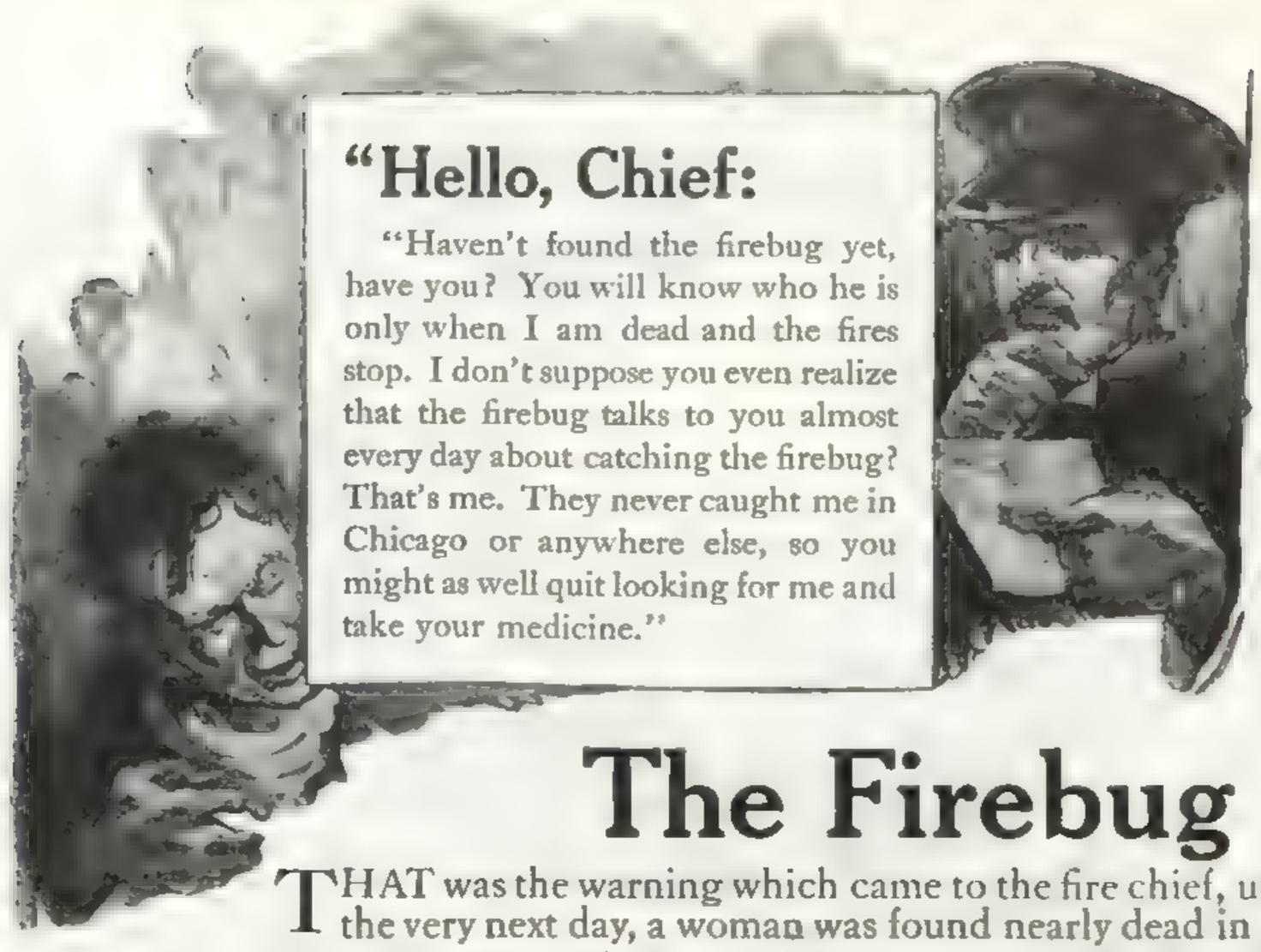
"Under such a régime it can readily be seen that, without outside assistance, Belgium would have starved. So, as I said, we depended on the Belgian Relief Commission shipments for starches and fats. Also, we relied on the commission, after the food actually arrived, to see that whole trainloads did not mysteriously disappear off the tracks. When we did have trouble with boche governmental thieves the committee had to consider. Was it wise to complain, to irritate the conqueror to fresh outrages, or to put the matter aside? Sometimes we did the one; sometimes the other.

"In addition to furnishing food and work our committee was also the rallying point, the center of resistance, against boche exploitation and propaganda. Belgium caught the worst of the boche propaganda; for the conquerors were always right here, on top of us, imbedded in the government, the industries, the newspapers—and the Belgian workers had no chance to hear the other side of the story. The Germans tried to poison their minds, burden their hearts, break their courage, and demoralize their women. They did not succeed. What they did accomplish was by shameful thumbscrew methods."

The Comité National, as a machine for maintaining a general strike, is worth a detailed description. That I shall not enter into, save only to sketch its skeleton structure. Formulated in haste to meet a special crisis, but with big brains entering into that formulation, it had a simplicity and an elasticity which make it one of the best types of distributing machines this generation has seen.

The country was divided into provinces, regions and communes, corresponding loosely to our states, counties and districts. Thus, each district had its committee center, which reported to the county, which, in turn, reported to the state; and the states or provinces reported directly to the national headquarters in Brussels. Each committee was divided into two main sections—food and relief. Of relief, comprising the various *œuvres* and work centers, I shall speak later.

(Continued on Page 137)



"Hello, Chief:

"Haven't found the firebug yet, have you? You will know who he is only when I am dead and the fires stop. I don't suppose you even realize that the firebug talks to you almost every day about catching the firebug? That's me. They never caught me in Chicago or anywhere else, so you might as well quit looking for me and take your medicine."

The Firebug

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(The American Sherlock Holmes)

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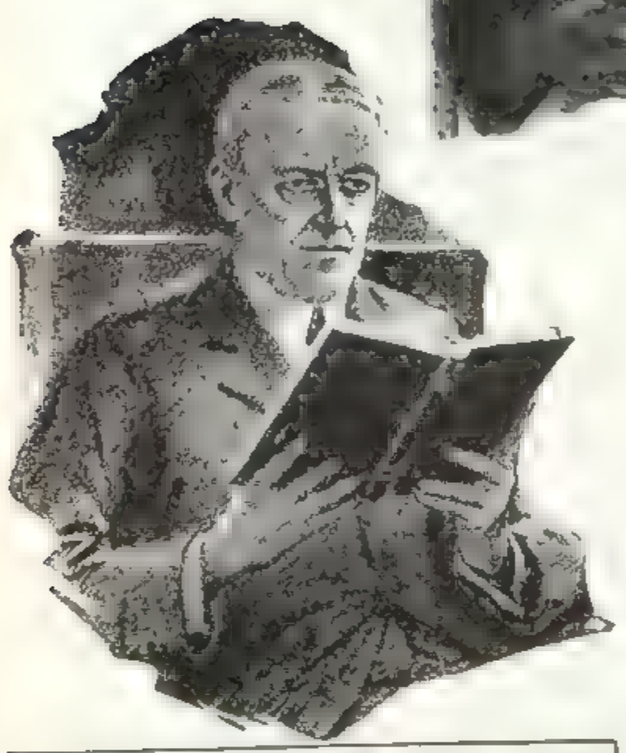

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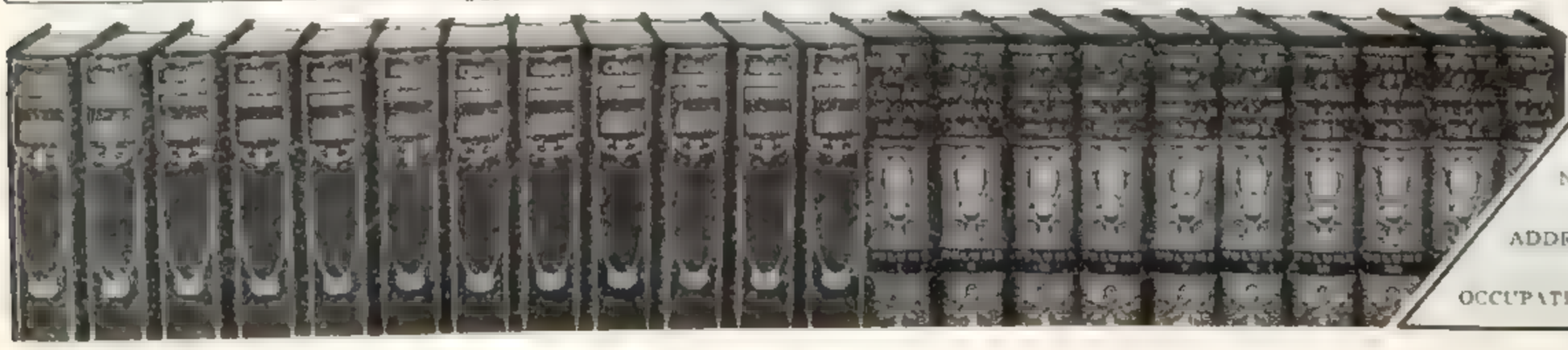

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EDISON-DICK MIMEOGRAPH

(Continued from Page 134)

The food section was subdivided into various departments—transportation, distribution, statistics, selling, and so on. So, if Brussels, for example, wished to know what Antwerp or Liège was doing in the matter of *chômeurs*—as the idle and therefore dependent people of the population were termed—she had but to ask the statistics department for the figures; and thus she learned whether industry was picking up. These figures were an infallible barometer of labor conditions. In big centers, such as Brussels or Antwerp, often more than half the population were on the books at the same time.

In the matter of food everybody was rationed, and each dependent received a *bon*, which entitled him to certain quantities of staples. The following is a two-weeks ration for one person, furnished by the Belgian Relief Committee: One hundred grammes of pork, fifty centimes; two hundred grammes of lard, one franc; five hundred grammes of rice, one franc; five hundred grammes of beans, one franc; fifty grammes of coffee substitute, fifty centimes; four hundred and fifty grammes of bread a day, thirty-six centimes. This was supplementary to the indigenous food of the country, which was a most uncertain quantity.

The Eternal Soup

In addition, in every center canteens were established, where soup was served twice a day. I saw many of these canteens in operation in the early morning and at noon. Three months after the armistice I visited them in Brussels, in Antwerp and in Liège. I saw thousands of shabby men standing in line for the bowl of steaming liquid that often was all the nourishment they could depend on during the day. I saw scores of little girls, pale, peaked, underfed little creatures, shivering in the raw morning chill in their all too scanty garments, pitcher in hand, rushing the growler for mamma and the kids. Soup! Soup! Soup! Soup at morning; soup at night. Four years of soup! It might nourish, but the nausea of beholding, year in, year out, the *pièce de résistance* of every meal—that pitcher on the table!

It was not until I saw soup being ladled out to thousands of flaccid-muscled men, sallow women and skinny children, and considered how that monotonous motion of ladling had continued twice a day without intermission in every village and hamlet and city throughout the land for over four years, that I obtained even a faint realization of what the Belgian strikers had endured. There is no drama about soup. There is not the same glory attached to a soldier in the soup line as to a soldier on the firing line. Yet the courage required is the same.

Conceive yourself a soldier in the soup line. You gulp down a draught of the hot, nourishing soup, hang about until noon, take another dose, with or without bread, according to the state of your pocketbook; and afterward you drift back home, where, if it be winter and cold, you climb into bed—the only warm spot in the house—drag the scanty coverings close, pile on day clothes, that threadbare old greatcoat, and try to sleep the slow dull hours away through the afternoon, through the night, dreaming fitful, broken dreams of cold, of hunger, of pain, dimly sensible of the clammy little limbs of the children pressed close against you for warmth; sensible, also, of moaning respirations, of the baby that yaps, yaps feebly at intervals during the night; and then of rising in the somber morning, with red-rimmed eyes, void of everything but a bitter savage disgust, and going forth to seek—more soup!

And placarded on the walls as you shuffle wearily toward the canteen you see this flaring boche notice: "Belgians! Why remain idle? Why go without food? Seven francs a day offered to all workers. No connection with war industries!" Something of a tall temptation—eh? Well, just you try it and see.

This may appear an extreme picture. Unfortunately it is not.

"Often," said a prominent Belgian woman, president of a relief society, "I would go into one of those poor homes early in the afternoon and find the entire family in bed. The mother would come shivering to the door, an old quilt wrapped round her shoulders. Not a woolen thing in the house! No heat! No food! Nothing but a half-filled pitcher of that everlasting soup on the table!

"It was good. It nourished. But the children got so they just couldn't swallow it. At noon they all went to bed, heaped everything warm in the house on top of them, and slept the long hours away until it was time to rise again. How they endured such a life I do not know!"

The Comité National, it will be remembered, did not and could not do more than maintain the population just above the margin of starvation. To accomplish that much was a magnificent feat. In addition, the boches had ransacked the country for wool, even stripping the mattresses out from under the backs of bedridden old women. Coal was scarce, and often it was all requisitioned by the Germans for the army. So the strikers went without food; they went without heat; they went without work for the sake of the cause. That was the burden these men shouldered as their share of the war.

How could they do it? How could they stick? Nobody knows. A few of them didn't. A few of them slumped. Not many. But here and there, the high as well as the low—and perhaps the high in a larger percentage than the low—struck their colors and sneaked over into the easiest way. Here and there a laborer, here and there a factory director or owner, here and there a burgomaster or a banker or a newspaper editor, collapsed under the strain. Try it yourself before you condemn them.

But the bulk of such failures, such fainthearts, was not large. I am putting them into the picture only to show how real, how agonizing and how human that titanic struggle was; how pitilessly and persistently the enemy battered away on the weak point.

Perhaps in a wrestling match you have seen how the stronger of the pair will obtain what is called the toe hold. He will sit on the chest of his antagonist, put one hand against the windpipe of his enemy, and with the other how he will twist and torture that foot until his strangled opponent, his lips writhing far back over his teeth in a smile of pure anguish, will suddenly slap down his hand three times on the floor in token of defeat!

Once, thinking that wrestling was a gentle indoor sport something on the order of ping-pong, I witnessed such a match at the Folies Bergères. And when it came to the point when the stronger antagonist, with a cool, fiendish smile, began twisting and torturing the foot of his adversary, suddenly from all over the house there arose an indignant clamor from French soldiers: "Boche! He's a boche!" It was an involuntary tribute to the Hun method.

It was this kind of wrestling proposition that each individual Belgian was up against; and it is not surprising that, upon occasion, the cool, powerful adversary got the toe hold and the miserable half-starved worker slapped down his hand in defeat.

General Relief Work

This finishes the question of food. Summarized, it stands thus: The nation on strike was furnished by the Comité National acting in collaboration with the Belgian Relief Committee, with the bare minimum of sustenance, below which life sinks into death. The people were supposed to supplement that minimum from the indigenous supplies of the country—provided they had money to buy. If they hadn't, they didn't. They wrestled as best they could to prevent the enemy from obtaining the toe hold. Millions of infinitesimal units, each unit a quiet wrestler striving to evade that toe hold! Splendid and damnable!

But there was another string to the bow of the Comité National besides that of food. And that was relief. The term in French is *secours*, and it includes all types of philanthropic societies that give work and aid. Some of these societies were in existence before the war; others sprang into being to meet the need; and all of them were organized and put under the general supervision of the Comité National.

It is not the object of this article to give a detailed account of these various organizations. There were *œuvres* where women and girls worked; *œuvres* in which secondhand clothes, sent over from America, were remade and furnished work to over fourteen hundred women at five francs a day; *œuvres* that took charge of war orphans; *œuvres* that furnished milk and delicacies to ailing children; *œuvres* that gave discreet aid to the families of Belgian officers; and dozens of others besides. And between them all they about boxed the compass. There did not exist a big outstanding human need that did not have a society which ministered to that need.

And these organizations, especially those that provided work and paid for it in solid coin of the realm, were of enormous aid in sustaining the morale. With the five francs daily that Suzette or Marthe brought home, fresh carrots or potatoes, or even a slab of condemned horseflesh—condemned for military purposes, you understand—could be bought to alleviate the deadly monotony of that soup. And these fresh vegetables were cunningly concealed under the wide skirts, lest Mr. Boche, encountering the housewife on a quiet side street, should coolly requisition them to replenish his own larder. For that was his pet diversion.

So the wives of the strikers decorated their petticoats with garlands of onions, beets, bags of potatoes—and even loaves of bread. How strangely rotund were the worthy dames as they climbed into the street cars and obstinately refused to sit down! The men, not to be behind in the fashion, concealed butter and cheese in their hats.

There is the tale of a worthy banker who concealed half a pound of butter under his *chapeau*. It was a warm morning, the banker was abroad in the streets, and when noon arrived he removed his hat in the largest restaurant in Brussels in the presence of half the German army staff!

Passing the Buck

I have said that all these various organizations were excellent, and they were; for the Belgians, like the Americans, have the gift of organization. The work of the Comité National, by which an entire nation on strike was furnished food, relief and good cheer, was one of the finest achievements of this generation; and it was rendered possible by that organizing genius which the Belgians possess. Immediately they took upon themselves the burdens of the poor, and with such notable success that, as the war progressed, the Belgian Relief Committee was able more and more to leave the entire operation of the plant in their hands, simply shipping the food into their ports.

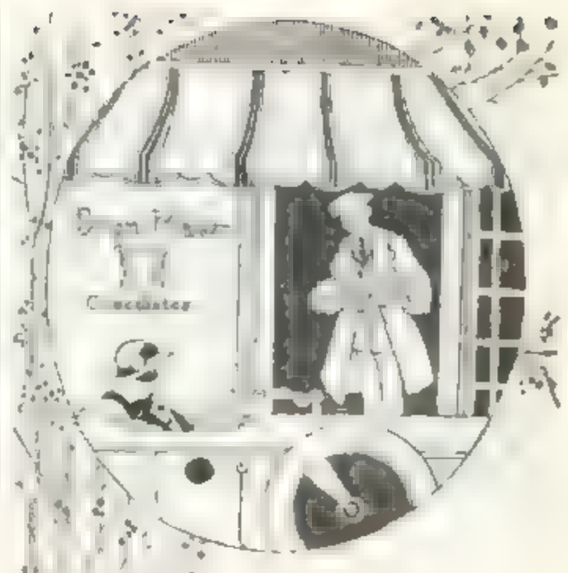
But —— Now it must be said at once that this particular "but" is not intended for Belgium, but for the world of imperfect humans at large. All big enterprises and organizations that aim to benefit the public seem to possess one common defect—they tend to overorganization, to systems, to a vast amount of paper work and red tape. They seem to exist for the sake of their internal machinery rather than to turn out grist. They have wonderful systems to slack up the swift tide of work.

I have watched this preventive system operate in the French Government, where the bureaus are nothing but vast cocoons of red tape conscientiously woven, crisscross, back and forth, with a patient spiderlike ingenuity, by the employees. I have seen it operate in the army, where the favorite indoor sport is passing the buck. I have seen it in big philanthropic organizations in Europe. It seems to be an idiosyncrasy of the human mind to pass the buck, to weave the web, when tending the public's affairs.

Now this universal tendency of the human mind exhibited itself to some extent in the various organizations of *secours* in Belgium. Naturally, in such a vast and complex situation, each society had to specialize; to make rules and limitations so as not to overlap the territory of other societies. They were like the water-tight compartments of a vessel—carefully bulkheaded and mutually exclusive.

You can see what a lovely opportunity was here for the manifestation of that particular tendency of the human mind I am talking about; for the departments were so numerous and so complicated that a poor worker, entering in search of aid, was passed along from hand to hand. And when eventually he arrived at the proper department it was perhaps to find that he could not answer all the questions on the card blank, or that his case spilled over into two or three departments; in which event he might as well retire and hang himself.

This, it must be reiterated, was not the fault of the Belgian relief societies, which had a high standard of excellence. It was the fault of that unfortunate tendency of the human mind. But, nevertheless, it was a weak point in the general defense—a point where the enemy might conceivably obtain a toe hold.



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And so, to offset this weakness, another society was formed. It had no name. It had no rules. It had no limits. It made no reports. It was absolutely secret, anonymous. There was no distinction between high and low. Its directors met the seekers face to face, without intermediaries, without card blanks, without asking the pedigree of their grandmother's stepuncle or whether they owned a bathtub; or whether there had ever been tuberculosis in any collateral branch of the family. They asked but one question: "What is your need?"

Then each case was investigated personally on its own merits and—this is important—made friends with; not the patronizing "My good woman, how grateful you should be to the government" kind of friendship, but rather the tender comradeship which exists deep in most hearts, and which the war has brought to the surface.

In this particular anonymous society the friendship came first in importance; the material aid came second.

I have said that they helped everyone whose need was an honest one; but the secrecy, the delicacy, the friendliness of the directors made it inevitable that they should be sought by the educated classes—artists; professors; former well-to-do tradespeople, who had lost their incomes, and yet to whom the public unveiling of their private misfortunes came about as easy as undressing themselves before a crowd.

I inquired somewhat particularly into the activities of this modest little society which did not pass the buck, which did not make class distinctions, which did not consider its own leaders and machinery more important than the public it was created to serve, and which exemplified that old, old principle, now considered unscientific and out of date, that the gift without the giver is bare.

The funds of this committee came largely from America. They were spent for various things—the cost of an operation; daily milk for a delicate child; books and clothes for a young man to finish his technical education, after which he could support his family; warm clothes for an officer's child; a weekly stipend to tide over a workingman, with seven children, through a month of inactivity, with a job promised at the end. These and a thousand other benefits, quietly performed, made this organization very useful in sustaining the morale of the workers.

This summarizes briefly the inner history of a four-year strike of an entire nation—a strike unexampled in history, both for the brutality by which one side sought to enforce its will and for the obstinate tenacity with which the other side held on: held on in a kind of black, despairing nightmare, without faith or hope.

When the Germans Departed

"We never thought the boches would get out!" confessed to me a little lace maker of Brussels. "They had been here so long. They controlled everything—everybody. We had almost forgotten what it was like to be free!"

And then, almost as suddenly as they came, the conquerors departed. The long strike was done; the strikers were free! And after the first jubilation was over a spell of reaction set in. The whole European world felt that reaction, that sadness, lassitude, and a kind of querulous backbiting among friends who in time of danger had stood shoulder to shoulder. In an invalid such querulousness is a sure sign of recovery; and this was a sick world just opening its eyes to the hope of peace.

"Our workers thought," said a Belgian, describing to me this period of stress, "that, with the Germans gone, all their ills would vanish too. Germany was the wicked fairy; and they figured that, with her whisked off the stage and the good fairy in command, everybody should be happy once more. They thought the high cost of living would cease; that raw materials would at once begin to flow in; that a franc would buy what it bought before the war.

"Those hopes, of course, were not realized. Living is still excessively high. Governments are slow in getting into action. Business is still flat on the ground."

Many are the after-the-war problems that confront Belgium at present; and, as if they were not enough, she has still another, arising from the four-year strike. And it is of that particular problem I am going to speak. It can be named much more easily than it can be dealt with. It is the problem of the folded arms.

It was excruciatingly hard, at first, to make that negative effort, to stand idle, with blood and brain all tingling and alive; but after four years blood and brain have turned a bit stagnant. The striker is not the man he once was.

And then one glad morning he wakes up, with the voice of command in his ear: "All right, old top! Come out of it. Strike's won! Unfold your arms." And, to facilitate matters, a genial kick is administered from behind.

Some were eager to get to work, but did not see how they were going to support their families, with the high cost of living, on the meager salaries which the employers declared were all they could afford to pay. And when a worker took a job he naturally lost the government support. So he looked twice before he leaped. Others, again, preferred to wait until they could go back to their old occupations rather than take anything.

That was the labor situation as it existed three months after the armistice. What was done to meet it? Well, manifestly those workers who had suffered four years for the sake of a principle could not be immediately turned forth into the world without food. So, for a while, the government continued its feeding system. But it was also manifest that this could not continue forever.

Getting Back to Work

Here, on one hand, was a big body of workers, sustained—very meagerly sustained—by government food and government soup kitchens; sustained, moreover, by scores of philanthropic *œuvres* that paid a bare living wage. On the other hand was the demand, in the open market, the ever-increasing demand for labor; and no labor could be found!

"And so what are you going to do?" I asked one of the members of the Comité National.

"For the first thing, we're closing down the *œuvres*. They'll all be closed by the coming summer."

"But won't that mean a great deal of hardship, a great deal of distress?"

"In individual cases, yes. The next six months is going to see hard times for our people. But they've got to start to work sometime. They've got to face the stern fact that, unless they get out and hustle, there'll be no bread in the house. The job and the worker must get together. At present they're holding somewhat apart. We may have to use a little urgence at first. Hard? Of course it's hard! But it's the inevitable result of four years of inactivity. And our workers will come through."

I visited some of the *œuvres* for women; and there the same sentiment prevailed. Women were needed in industry. The term of usefulness of the *œuvres* had expired. To continue to compete with the market demand would work positive harm. So, one by one, these centers of help were gradually closing their doors. Before this article sees the light of day practically all those organizations that furnished work or clothes will have written Finis on their books.

I went one day to visit the anonymous society I have described and found the president deep in her books, making out some checks.

"You too, Brutus?" said I.

She nodded, smiling a trifle mournfully.

"I've been preparing their minds. This is the last month in which I shall give out sums of money; so I'm doubling the amount to stretch over into next month. That gives them some leeway, you see. After that they must fend for themselves. Would you like to come along with me? I can promise you some tragic stories."

I shook my head. Operations are necessary; but useless spectators are not. So she departed on her business alone. To cut the ground from under a man's feet is very often to render him a service; but to cut the ground from under a woman's feet, with ailing children about her knee ——

This completes the story of a nation on strike. As a strike it beats anything the world has ever seen. Its high lights and somber shadows I have not attempted to portray. The tales of intrigue, chicanery, espionage, betrayal, heroism, death, love, crime, passion, patriotism—all the beauty of men and their rottenness, which are woven through and through that story, its warp and its woof, do not belong in this plain and sober account.

The strike is finished. The men are going back to work.

How Uninterrupted Transportation Came To Industrial America

By George A. Kissel

What Uncle Sam Taught Us

"Saw a Kissel-built truck at the front and it's a bear," wrote a Kissel soldier boy with the American E. F. last Fall, and we here at the factory breathed a sigh of relief for we had wondered if our 24 hour pace was giving results "Over There."

"We had been building motor trucks for over 200 different lines of business since 1908—nearly nine years before that day when Uncle Sam examined our factories, inspected our equipment, analyzed our capacity and decided 'Your factory, organization and equipment are just what I need to manufacture government War Trucks,' and gave us an order for a large daily output at short notice.

"For over a year we were a part of the most highly specialized and 'efficiencized' manufacturing organization that human ingenuity and money could perfect. Our organization went through a most gruelling training course in this particular work—building to U. S. War Specifications—the most minute, strictand accuratemeasurements in the World. This 'toeing the mark' under a veritable military régime made different men of us—we became experts—a highly specialized organization trained to the minute—

"And then November 11th dawned—the armistice was signed—hostilities had ceased!

"Since that day we have been gradually getting back to peace time work—and it is with the same spirit of enthusiasm, knowledge and co-operation that characterized our 'Building to U. S. War Specifications' that we now are 'Building to U. S. Readjustment Specifications.'"

Building to Business Specifications

The business men of the United States have before them one of the greatest and gravest problems of the age—the herculean task of not only feeding and clothing at least one-half the population of Europe, but producing and delivering an endless variety of supplies, materials and equipment necessary to build up the millions of acres of devastated land and the thousands of destroyed towns.

In short—while in war time Production was the question of the day—in peace time Distribution is the problem of the day—with the motor truck as the logical solution.

Transportation delays must be eliminated—shipping efficiency must be increased—an endless chain must connect the source of demand with the source of supply.

This situation which has been apparent to careful observers since the dark days of August, 1914, calls for something more than the ordinary truck—it calls for a truck built to U. S. Business and Industrial Specifications—at least so thought Kissel when he brought to bear his eleven years of motor truck designing and construction experience to produce the kind of motor trucks the experienced truck owner would build were he designing the trucks to solve the new transportation problems.

Determining Factors

Every business man who understands what a motor truck should do under varying conditions knows that first—to produce a well performing truck, it is of the greatest importance to properly select and combine the factors which govern the design properly; second—that with the capacity of the vehicle determined, the most important factors to be considered are the total weight of the truck, motor size, motor speed, rear axle ratio, tire size, speed of the vehicle and low gear ratio in the transmission; third—that only the proper selection and combination of these factors in any size truck and for any line of business will give the owner the results he looks for and which are—well balanced power transmission from motor to rear tires—good performance ability on levels and grades and a low fuel consumption.

These are the determining factors that have always guided Kissel in producing Kissel motor trucks.

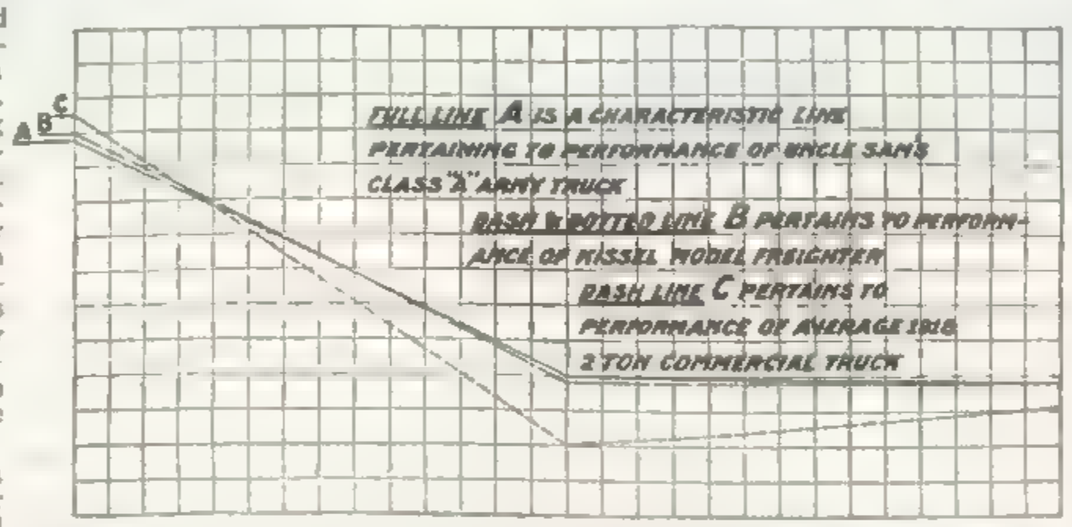
Analyzing the Results

On account of its adaptability to practically every transportation requirement, the two-ton truck is the most popular capacity.

When Uncle Sam was designing his type "A" Army truck he mobilized the Nation's greatest engineers to design a trouble-proof two-ton truck of unusual ability for military service.

At the same time the Kissel engineers had been developing a highly perfected truck of the same capacity and qualifications for commercial use.

When the motor sizes, gear ratios—in fact the whole power transmission from motor to rear tires—were compared, it was found that these factors were almost identical in both jobs, resulting in the Kissel Freighter more closely equaling the power, economy, hill-climbing and heavy road-pulling ability of Uncle Sam's truck than any other truck of like capacity. The performance chart above shows first the "A" line obtained by selecting and combining the governing factors of design in type "A" U. S. Army truck; second, the "B" line, showing the performance line resulting from the design of the Kissel Freighter truck; third, the "C" line—showing the performance line resulting from the design of the Average 1918 Two-ton truck model. The performance of these three trucks, their running ability on the level and on grades are convincing, and are very similar as the illustration shows.


A
B
C
FULL LINE A IS A CHARACTERISTIC LINE PERTAINING TO PERFORMANCE OF UNCLE SAM'S CLASS "A" ARMY TRUCK
DASH & DOTTED LINE B PERTAINS TO PERFORMANCE OF KISSEL MODEL FREIGHTER
DASH LINE C PERTAINS TO PERFORMANCE OF AVERAGE 1918 2 TON COMMERCIAL TRUCK

Performance chart shows how a Kissel "Freighter" truck compares with new type "A" U. S. Army truck after comparison of motor sizes, gear ratios and other units, was made.

Some of the performance features of these three designs are: Uncle Sam's type "A" truck will climb a 5½% grade on a hard macadam road on direct drive with capacity load. The Kissel "Freighter" will climb a 5¼% grade under the same conditions. The Average 1918 Model Two-ton truck will climb a 4½% grade under these conditions.

Again Uncle Sam's truck will climb a 32% grade on a hard macadam road on low gear with capacity load. The Kissel "Freighter" will climb a 31% grade under the same conditions, while the Average 1918 Two-ton truck will climb a 22% grade under the same conditions.

Thus by carefully studying conditions at a time when truck performance was a vital necessity to the business world, the Kissel "Freighter" was so designed that it is a truck satisfactory in fuel consumption, showing great ability on level roads and grades, and well performing in every line of haulage work.

The kind of motor truck the experienced motor truck owner would build were he designing it to solve the new transportation problems.

This ability to properly select and combine the governing factors in design is found in all Kissel truck models.

The "General Utility" has a chassis capacity including body of 4000 lbs.—the "Heavy Duty" with a chassis capacity including body of 8600 lbs.—the "Goliath," a giant in strength and power, with a chassis capacity including body of 11,800 lbs.

In addition, by June 1st Kissel will produce the new "General Delivery" truck designed to meet the many urgent requests of present Kissel truck owners for a ¾ to 1 ton delivery truck to sell at a price that is moderate, but consistent with highest quality.

This new model will be built especially for retailers and merchants who want a quick delivery truck; manufacturers and wholesalers who want a light truck for use as an auxiliary; farmers who want a reliable light delivery truck equipped with a good loading space and ability to carry a capacity load at a proper rate of speed.

The All-Year Cab in Cold or Inclement Weather.

Among the many structural and mechanical Kissel truck features are the powerful Kissel built engine, designed and built at the Kissel factories for motor truck power purposes; amidship transmission on the "Freighter," "Heavy Duty" and "Goliath," eliminating a long propeller shaft and the possibility of whipping; rear axles of the most perfected type of worm-drive construction; frame of pressed steel, subjected to special tests and counter-tests for enduring strength and rigidity of construction; radiators of cast iron, rigidly constructed with ample cooling capacity. And so on—

Result—perfectly balanced trucks—weight, size, dimensions, power, all related to one another in exact harmony—giving an incomparable chassis of perfectly balanced moving and fixed units, headlined by the powerful Kissel-built engine—trucks in which the haulage and delivery requirements of over 200 different lines of business are built-in at the beginning—trucks that maintain schedules because they are built to overcome obstacles unsurmountable with trucks of less development and experience.

The All-Year Cab

The necessity for uninterrupted transportation throughout the winter months prompted Kissel to originate the ALL-YEAR Cab—that protects truck drivers in wet and stormy weather—increases efficiency of the driver—and keeps trucks in operation the year around. In winter it is entirely closed. In summer, by removing the winter attachments, it becomes a cool, open housing—

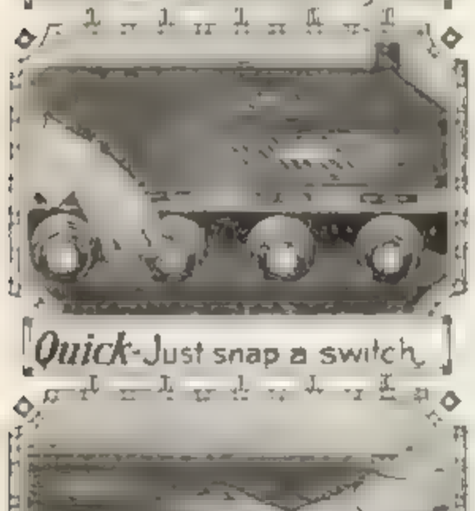
Never before have the dependability, adaptability and economy of motor truck transportation become such a national business necessity as today. The unusual days ahead make it imperative for every business man—every manufacturing and industrial executive—to realize the vital importance of choosing the right make of trucks—which is the moral of this story.

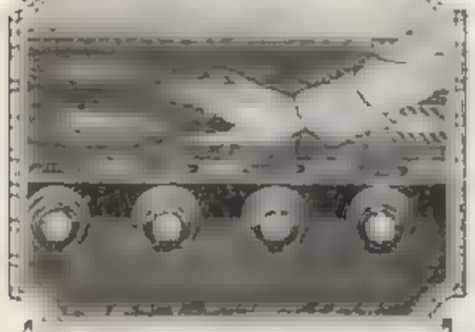
Such men should have the 1919 Kissel Truck Catalogue, showing how Kissel Trucks will fit their individual requirements by supplying them with the Three-way Kissel Truck Performance Range—over supply of power, unusual ability for continuous service, and low operating cost.

Kissel Trucks are sold in all principalities, where specifications and catalogue may be received, or direct from factory.

KISSEL MOTOR CAR CO.

HARTFORD, WIS., U. S. A.





We are ourselves astonished at the rapidity with which the electrically equipped kitchen is becoming the vogue.

Largely, no doubt, because the dictation of servants is thereby banished and the home-making woman becomes full mistress of her household.

HUGHES

Electric Ranges

And in our talks with *Post* readers we hope to make it quite plain that the improved Hughes Electric Range, which is the result of many years of specialized manufacture, is simple in operation and practical for everyday service.

Clean Is there any other range where you would lift the kettle right off the cooking surface and wipe it with your dainty handkerchief?

The heat in an electric range is produced by coils of wire which glow cherry red—no soot or smoke or vapor—no ashes or other htter. The room is immaculate; the air is uncontaminated.

Quick The very second you decide you need heat you have it: if a fast operation, turn the switch to "high"; if less heat will do turn it to "medium"; if it is a slow operation use "low" heat. This promotes scientific cooking.

Cool In electric cooking the heat is applied directly to the work with minimum loss. You can place your hand beside the element of a Hughes Range when operating on "high"—there is so little radiation that the temperature of the room is unaffected.

Scientific Because the heat is always under instant control, the operation once performed can be duplicated repeatedly with unvarying results.

Moreover, all electrically cooked foods retain more natural flavor, juices and salts than when cooked otherwise.

Can you visualize this?

Just think of your own kitchen equipped like the one above—think of a range with all the worries and trouble left out—think of the comfort of yourself and family.

The Range shown above is the famous Hughes "50" which is fully competent to handle the complete cooking for a large family.

In every Lighting Company there is at least one man who has considered the matter of electric ranges and is in position to advise you. We suggest that you consult your Lighting Company.

Or if you want to study the matter, our nearest office will gladly send a small book which fully explains the construction of Hughes Ranges and why they are being so extensively adopted.

HUGHES DIVISION

Edison Electric Appliance Company, Inc.

Chicago

New York Ontario, Calif. Atlanta

Manufacturers of these four well-known lines of appliances:

Hotpoint General Electric Type Edison Hughes

A WHEAT PRIMER FOR CITY FOLKS

(Concluded from Page 22)

At two-twenty-six, a bushel of wheat will buy a pair of gloves, one cheap shoe, or a cotton shirt. Should the farmer chance to travel, it would buy him a berth for a night in the sleeping car and tip the porter in the morning.

It would get him a bed in a good hotel in almost any city, but without a bath. On Saturday night he would need to invest at least another peck.

The bushel would be enough to buy a very simple meal for himself and wife on the dining car or at a good restaurant, provided they share the meat order; but if they want a real dinner, with soup, fish, salad and dessert, they must invest at least a bushel apiece—and even so make a good get-away from the waiter.

To buy the cheapest automobile he would need the full production from twenty acres; while the average farm, put entirely to wheat, would not produce enough in a year, at gross sale, to purchase a good seven-passenger car.

At the old price of seventy cents, the bushel of wheat would buy a necktie, a quarter of a dozen collars, or a toothbrush each for the farmer and his wife. It would buy a pair of suspenders or two pairs of socks such as the farmer wears.

Comparative Values

It would take five bushels, or one hundred days' food, to buy the farmer a hat, and the total produce of nearly three acres to buy him an overcoat or a thirty-dollar suit. One bushel would buy him a monkey wrench or a plow point; but it would require a hundred and eighty bushels, or more than five tons, to buy a self-binder—wheat enough to make ten-thousand loaves of bread, which if placed end to end would reach a mile or go twice round the ten acres needed to grow it; food enough to maintain ten workingmen for a year, or even thirty if, as now, they obtained two-thirds of their nourishment from food other than wheat.

I am sure the reader feels that this must be untypical; but let him be assured that the great bulk of the wheat of this country has been raised and marketed at the price of seventy cents, or lower. The writer has sold hundreds of bushels below this figure, alongside of meat at two or three cents a pound; and even as recently as the first year of the war the bulk of wheat left the West at seventy cents or less—the same wheat that sold before the next harvest at three-forty-five or three-fifty.

The consumer objects to two-twenty-six wheat because he feels that it makes the necessities of life prohibitive in price.

Does he stop to consider relative expenditures?

One pair of twelve-dollar shoes would pay for more than five bushels of wheat—the full ration for one hundred days, or, on the one-third basis, enough to last almost a year.

A box of very ordinary cigars costs as much as three or four bushels of wheat, and one twenty-five-cent smoke as much as a full ration of wheat for two days, or, on the one-third basis, for nearly a week.

The city man pays out the price of a bushel of wheat for a single seat at the opera and thinks he is economizing. He puts it in the tank of his automobile and rides it out in a single Sunday, and wears out a bushel every fifteen miles in doing it.

In the old days of seventy-cent wheat the writer and his friend paid out the full price of a bushel for half a grapefruit each in a New York restaurant, tips extra; and even now a lady's hat costs from eight bushels up—mostly up. A very, very modest little engagement diamond costs the value of a hundred bushels, or two thousand days' food of a workingman as measured by wheat.

And yet we grumble at the high cost of living when we pay the farmer two dollars and twenty-six cents every sixty days, or six times a year for a full third of all it requires to feed us! Is it the high cost of living or the cost of high living that most affects our pocketbooks? And is the farmer's toll or our own expensive habits chiefly to blame? Is it the one-third of our living that comes from wheat or the two-thirds which come from other sources that must be held responsible for the high cost of living?

Meat is always from ten to twelve times as costly as bread, due to the fundamental fact that the animal is unable to return more than a fraction of his feed in the form of flesh or fat.

The relative rate at which different animals produce food values from the feed consumed is given in the following table, reproduced from Jordan:

HUMAN FOOD PRODUCED BY FARM ANIMALS FROM ONE HUNDRED POUNDS OF DIGESTIBLE MATTER CONSUMED

ANIMAL	MARKETABLE PRODUCT POUNDS	EDIBLE SOLIDS POUNDS
Cow—milk	139.0	18.0
Pig—dressed	25.0	15.6
Cow—cheese	14.8	9.4
Calf—dressed	36.5	8.1
Cow—butter	6.4	5.4
Poultry—eggs	19.6	5.1
Poultry—dressed	15.6	4.2
Lamb—dressed	9.6	3.2
Steer—dressed	8.3	2.8
Sheep—dressed	7.0	2.6

By this we see that, though the cow is able to return more than six times as large a proportion of her feed in a form suitable for human food as is the sheep or the steer, yet even she is able to return but eighteen pounds out of one hundred consumed. The steer, which is our favorite source of animal food, consumes thirty pounds of feed in order to produce a single pound that is actually eaten by man.

From the economical point of view, therefore, the only food we can afford to turn into meat, or even milk, is feed like grass, which man cannot eat; and grass is the basis of all properly made meats. The moment we begin to maintain our animals upon the same feed we ourselves consume—wheat, for example—then the cost rapidly becomes prohibitive.

The World's Meat Hunger

And yet we are approaching this condition now when the demand for meat is so excessive as to induce the planting of four or five times as many acres to corn for finishing meat as to wheat for feeding man; and in the distinctly corn states the ratio is nearly ten to one.

On an Eastern diner an indignant citizen was descanting volubly upon the high cost of living, and insisting that something ought to be done about it; that the Government should put down the price of wheat to a level that would enable the consumer to get enough to eat. Before him, as he talked, lay the remains of a two-dollar steak, and he had cleaned up a generous salad of head lettuce from California. That had followed a grapefruit from Florida, seasoned with sugar from Hawaii, and both had been washed down with coffee brought from over the seas, five thousand miles away.

Of course we like all these delicacies and they are all good for us. We learned to eat them regardless of expense in days when food was dirt cheap and because we could afford it.

But now that we are brought face to face with eventualities, we kick and we kick, not ourselves for expensive habits—the real cause of our troubles—but we kick the humble staple, wheat, that has all along, and unnoticed, kept us alive at a rate so low that it was cheaper to live than to die.

Even so, as soon as wheat raises his head a little, or even begins to nose his way into polite society, we call upon him to get out and keep his place, like a poor relation—ready to serve, but not too conspicuously.

After all—and honor bright! as the boys used to say—is it our food that is fairly chargeable with the high cost of living? Or is it something else? Upon reliable authority we are informed that no less than forty-five per cent of the total expense of conducting first-class hotels is incurred in making them exclusive—whatever that may mean. The matter has gone so far that the patron cannot eat in comfort, but must listen to jazz bands, and even mix dancing with eating at the dinner hour, unless he follows the plan that has been forced upon most of us—namely, to room at a hotel and eat elsewhere.

An Alibi for Wheat

Even aside from exclusiveness, is our food conspicuously responsible for the excessive cost of modern living? How about expensive service all along the line? How about the dues for all sorts of exclusive clubs and associations? How about dress, with its demand that fashion be changed at least four times a year? How about expensive entertainment? How about confections that cost ten times the value of the sweets they contain?

I am not saying we should deny ourselves all these things.

What I am saying is that we are not to indulge ourselves to the limit in every possible direction and then take it out on our quiet, well-behaved, commonplace, everyday wheat, which goes about its business of really keeping us alive; and that, too, at an exceedingly modest cost—even at two-twenty-six.

Is it objected that the laboring man does not begin his breakfast with grapefruit from Florida or season his dinner with head lettuce from California? Truly he does not; but he, beyond any other class of society, consumes red meat, the most expensive of all flesh, in liberal amounts and of good quality.

Against all these considerations, therefore, I demand an alibi for wheat when the high cost of living comes up for indictment. Wheat, the source of the staff of life; the cheapest and best of all our American foods; the deciding factor in the war; the greatest single element in the conclusion of peace, and to-day the strongest bar against Bolshevism! Wheat, the great staple food of man, the civilizer of humanity, the greatest single find of all time, except iron!

Since the Stone Age and the Lake Dwellers, man has worked and fought for wheat as the most precious of all his possessions. He forgets it from time to time in the press of other matters, but he always comes back to wheat and to the land for its production.

That is why there are grown to-day in all the earth no less than four billion bushels annually, produced upon a greater variety of soils and under a wider range of climatic conditions than would be possible with any other crop.

Four billion bushels of wheat, with half a million seeds in every bushel! About two bushels a head for all the earth when there should be six!

A solid trainload reaching round the world! Rivers of wheat—for, in motion, these four billion bushels would make a stream over twenty feet wide and a foot deep, flowing four miles an hour continuously, year in and year out, forever and a day, for the feeding of the nations! Blessed be the Wheat!

The Easiest Shoes on Earth

Dr. A. Reed Cushion shoes give extra comfort at no extra cost. It's all in the cushion.

The Original and Genuine

Dr. A. Reed CUSHION SHOES

J.P. SMITH SHOE CO.—JOHN EBBERTS SHOE CO.

Makers of Men's Shoes —— Makers of Women's Shoes

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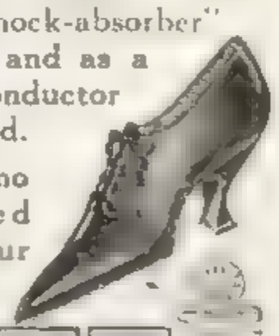
The famous cushion inner sole acts as a "shock-absorber" to the body, and as a perfect non-conductor of heat or cold.

If there is no Dr. A. Reed dealer in your city, write us.



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insure maximum safety and minimum cost in safeguarding electrical circuits against the fire and accident entailed by over-load and short circuits. A new patented "Drop Out" Renewal Link restores a blown Economy Fuse to its original efficiency. The Economy is a genuine renewable fuse. As compared with the use of one-time fuses, it cuts annual fuse maintenance costs approximately 90

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Sole manufacturers of "ARKLESS"—the Non-Renewable Fuse with the 100% Guaranteed Indicator.

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SANDWICH JANE

(Continued from Page 19)

and beyond the waves a stretch of pale azure to the horizon.

He reached finally a fantastic settlement. Against the sky towered walls which might have inclosed an ancient city—walls built of cloth and wood instead of stone. Beyond these walls were thatched cottages which had no occupants; a quaint church which had no congregation; a Greek temple which had no vestals, no sacred fire, no altar; hedges which had no roots. O-liver weighing the hollowness of it all had thought whimsically of an old nursery rime:

The first sent a goose without a bone;
The second sent a cherry without a stone;
The third sent a blanket without a thread;
The fourth sent a book that no man could read.

At the end of the settlement was a vast studio lighted by a glass roof. Entering, O-liver was transported at once to the dance hall on the Barbary Coast—a great room with a bar at one end, the musicians on a platform at the other, a stairway leading upward. Groups of people waited for a signal to dance, to drink, to act whatever part had been assigned them—people with unearthly pink complexions. The heat was intense.

With her face upturned to the director, who was mounted on a chair, stood a childish creature who was pinker, if possible, than the rest. She had fluffy hair of pale gold. She ran up the stairway presently, and the light was turned on her. It made of her fluffy hair a halo. In the strong glare everything about her was overemphasized, but O-liver knew that when she showed up on the screen she would be entrancing.

He had first seen her on the screen. He had met her afterward at her hotel. She had seemed as ingenuous as the parts she played. Perhaps she was. He could never be quite sure. Perhaps the money she had made afterward had spoiled her. She had jumped from fifty dollars a week to a thousand.

After that O-liver could give her nothing. He had an allowance from his mother of three thousand a year. Fluffy Hair made as much as that in three weeks. Where he had been king of his own domain he became a sort of gentleman footman, carrying her sables and her satchels. But that was not the worst of it. He found that they had not a taste in common. She laughed at his books, at his love of sea and sky. She even laughed at his Mary Pick, whose name suggested a hated rival.

And so he left her—laughing.

A certain sense of responsibility however took him to her once a month, and a letter went to her every week. She was his wife. He continued in a sense to watch over her. Yet she resented his watching.

From her stairway she had seen him, and when a rest was granted she came down to him.

"I'll be through presently," she said. "We can go to my hotel."

Her rooms in the hotel overlooked the sea. There was a balcony, and they sat on it in long lazy chairs and had iced things to drink.

O-liver drank lemonade. His wife had something stronger.

"I have not been well," she said; "it's a part of the doctor's prescription."

She had removed the pink from her face, and he saw that she was pale.

"You are working too hard," he told her. "You'd better take a month in the desert, out of doors."

She shivered. She hated the out-of-doors that he raved about. They had spent their honeymoon in a tent. She had been willing to get back to civilization. It had been their first moment of disillusion.

She showed him before he went some of the things she had acquired since his last visit—an ermine coat, a string of pearls.

"I saw them in your last picture," he told her. "You really visit me by proxy. I find your name on the boards, and walk in with a lot of other men and look at you. And not one of them dreams that I've ever seen the woman on the screen."

"Well, they wouldn't of course." She had never taken his name. Her own was too valuable.

When he told her good-by he asked a question: "Are you happy?"

For a moment her face clouded. "I'm not quite sure. Is anybody? But I like the way I am living, Ollie."

He had a sense of relief. "So do I," he said. "I earn fifteen dollars a week. The papers say that you earn fifteen hundred—and you're not quite twenty."

"There isn't a man in this hotel that makes so much," she told him complacently. "The women try to snub me, but they can't. Money talks."

It seemed to him that in her case it shouted. As he rode back on Mary Pick he thought seriously of his fifteen dollars a week and her fifteen hundred; and of how little either weighed in the balance of happiness.

IV

IT WAS not until the following Saturday that he saw Jane. She had made two hundred sandwiches. She had got Tommy's mother to help her. She had invented new combinations, always holding to the idea of satisfying the substantial appetites of men.

There would be no use, she argued, in offering five-o'clock-tea combinations.

She was very busy and very happy and very hopeful.

"If this keeps up," she told her mother, "I shall rent a little shop and sell them over the counter."

Her mother had an invalid's pessimism. "They may tire of them."

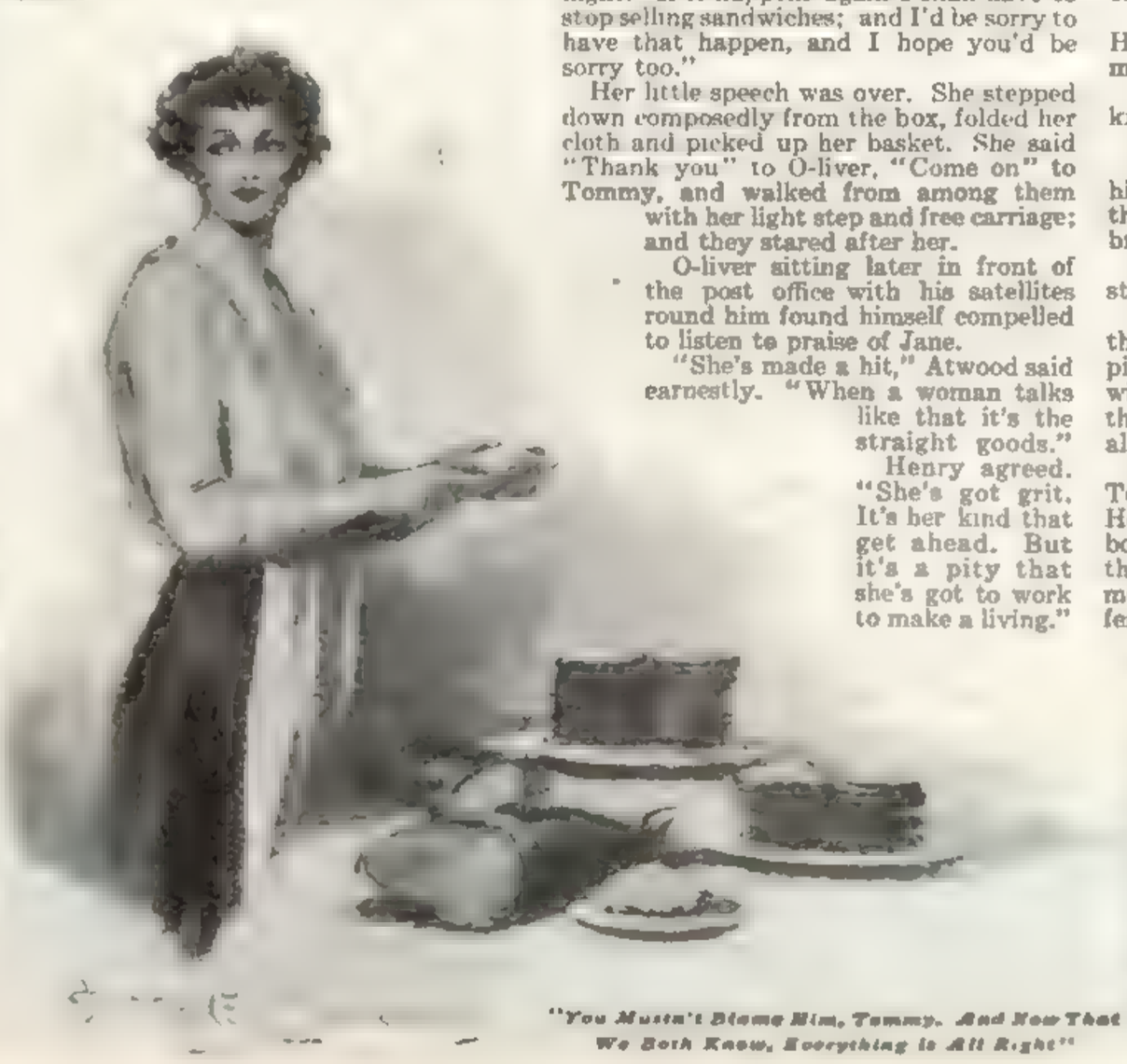
They were not yet tired. They gave Jane and her basket vociferous greeting, crowding round her and buying eagerly. Atwood and Henry having placed orders hung back, content to wait for a later moment when she might have leisure to talk to them.

Tommy helped Jane to hand out sandwiches and make change. He felt like the faithful squire of a great lady. He had read much romantic literature, and he served as well if not as picturesquely as a page in doublet and hose.

So O-liver saw them. He had been riding all the afternoon on Mary Pick. He had gone up into the Cañon of the Honey Pots. No one knew it by that name but O-liver, but at all the houses one could buy honey. Up and down the road were little stands on which were set forth glasses and jars of amber sweet. The bees flashed like motes in the sunlight, the air was heavy with the fragrance of the flowers which yielded their largess to the marauders.

It was dark when he rode down toward the town. It lay before him, all twinkling lights. Above it hung a thin moon and countless stars. It might have been a fairy town under the kindly cover of the night.

But when he reached the central square the illusion ceased. It was what men had made it—sordid, cheap. He stopped Mary Pick under a pepper tree and surveyed the scene.



"You Mustn't Blame Him, Tommy. And Now That We Both Know, Everything Is All Right"

Jane and her basket were the center of an excited group. She had almost reached the end of her supplies, and someone had suggested auctioning off the remainder. Jane had protested, but her protests had not availed. She had turned to Tommy for help, to Henry, to Atwood. They had done their best. But the man who led the crowd had an object in his leadership. It was Tillotson of the little hotel—red-faced, whisky-soaked.

"Sandwich Jane, Sandwich Jane!" he shouted. "That's the name for her, boys."

And they took it up and shouted "Sandwich Jane!"

It was at this moment that O-liver stopped under the pepper tree. The bright light fell directly on Jane's distressed face. He saw the swept-back brightness of her hair, her clear-cut profile, her white skin, her white teeth. But he saw more than this. "By Jove," he said, "she's a lady!"

If he had been talking to the men he would have said "Gosh!" It was only when he was alone that he permitted himself the indulgence of more formal language.

That Jane was harried he could see. And suddenly he rode forward on Mary Pick.

The crowd made way for him expectantly. There were always interesting developments when O-liver was on the scene.

"Gentlemen," he said, "let the lady speak for herself. I am not sure what you are trying to do, but it is evidently something she doesn't want done."

Jane flashed a grateful glance up at him. He was the unknown knight throwing down the gauntlet in her defense. He was different from the others—his voice was different.

"They want to auction off my sandwiches," she explained, "and they won't listen."

"I'm sure they will listen." O-liver on Mary Pick, with his hat off and his mane tossed back, might have been Henry of the white plumes. "Of course they'll listen."

And they did!

Jane stood on her box and addressed them.

"I don't want to get any more for my sandwiches than they are worth," she said earnestly. "I make good ones, and I sell them for twenty cents because they are the best of their kind. I am glad you like them. I want to earn my living and my mother's. She is sick, and I have to stay at home with her. And I don't mind being called 'Sandwich Jane.' It's a good name and I shall use it in my business. But I don't like being treated as you have treated me tonight. If it happens again I shall have to stop selling sandwiches; and I'd be sorry to have that happen, and I hope you'd be sorry too."

Her little speech was over. She stepped down composedly from the box, folded her cloth and picked up her basket. She said "Thank you" to O-liver, "Come on" to Tommy, and walked from among them with her light step and free carriage; and they stared after her.

O-liver sitting later in front of the post office with his satellites round him found himself compelled to listen to praise of Jane.

"She's made a hit," Atwood said earnestly. "When a woman talks like that it's the straight goods."

Henry agreed. "She's got grit. It's her kind that get ahead. But it's a pity that she's got to work to make a living."

Atwood, too, thought it was a pity. And presently he and Henry fell into silence as they fitted Jane into various dreams. Atwood's dream had to do with a mansion high on Frisco's hills. But Henry saw her beside him in his long and lovely car. He saw her, too, in a fur coat.

V

"I FEEL," said Jane, "like a murderer." Tommy and O-liver had stopped at her front gate to leave her some books.

"Why?" It was O-liver who asked it.

"Come and see." She led them round the house. Death and destruction reigned.

"I poured gasoline into the ants' nests and set them on fire—and now look at them!"

There were a few survivors toiling among the ruins.

"They are taking out the dead bodies," Jane explained. "It's so human that it's tragic. I'll never do it again."

"You can't let them eat you up."

"I know. It's one of the puzzles." She sat looking down at them. "How busy they are!"

"Too busy," O-liver stated. "They are worse than bees. There are at least some drones in the hive."

"Poor drones," said Jane.

"Why?" quickly.

"To miss the best."

"Is work the best?"

She said "Yes," adding after a little: "I don't just mean making sandwiches. That's just a beginning. There's everything ahead."

She said it as if the world were hers. O-liver in spite of himself was thrilled. "How do you know that everything is ahead?"

"I shall make it come"—securely.

They sat in silence for a while; then O-liver said: "I have brought you a book."

It was an old copy of Punch.

"I shall like it," she said. "Sometimes the evenings are dull when my work is over."

"Dullness comes for me when work begins."

Her straight gaze met his. "You say that with your lips; you don't mean it."

"How do you know?"

"I'm not sure how I know. But you haven't found the thing yet that you like—the incentive."

"Tommy wants me to go into politics. He and Henry Bittinger. Henry says I ought to be President." O-liver chuckled.

But she took it seriously. "Why not? You've the brains and the magnetism. Can't you see how the crowd draws to you on Saturday nights?"

"Like bees round a honey pot? Yes." His face grew suddenly stern. "But so will mosquitoes buzz round a stagnant pool."

"You're not a stagnant pool and you know it."

"What am I?"

She made a sudden gesture as if she gave him up. "Sometimes I think you are like the sea—on a lazy day—with a storm brewing."

He wondered as he went home—what storm?

He had seen a good deal of Jane since that Saturday night when he had championed her cause. It had been fall then, with the hills brown and the berries red on the pepper trees. It was spring now, with all the world green and growing.

She had spoken of him to Tommy, and Tommy had been a faithful go-between. He had played upon their mutual love of books. At first O-liver had sent her books, then he had taken them. He had met her mother, had seen her in her home doing feminine things, sewing on lengths of pink and blue—filling the vases with the flowers that he brought.

And as they had met and talked his veins had been filled with new wine. He had never known intimately such a woman. His mother transplanted from the East by her marriage to a Western man had turned her eyes always backward. Her son had been born in the East, he had spent his holidays and vacations with his Eastern relatives. He had gone to an Eastern school to prepare for an Eastern college. Except for this one obsession with regard to her son's education his mother was self-centered. She was an idolized wife, a

(Continued on Page 145)

The Ways of Yesterday

Are Not for the Teeth of Today

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

We Now Fight Film

A great change is fast coming in teeth cleaning methods. It has come with the dentist, and is coming with you when you see what the new way does.

The tooth brush has proved disappointing. It has not saved the teeth as expected. Millions know that brushed teeth still discolor and decay. Tartar forms and pyorrhea starts. Dentists know that tooth troubles have been constantly increasing.

Every dentist knows why. The trouble lies in a film—a slimy film—now proved to be the great tooth destroyer. It is ever-present, ever-forming. You can feel it with your tongue.

That, as every dentist knows, causes most tooth troubles. That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substances which ferment and form acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Also of many other troubles.

That film clings to the teeth. It gets into crevices, hardens and stays, doing ceaseless damage. The ordinary dentifrice does not dissolve it.

That has been the trouble. Brushing removes the loose food debris, and the teeth seemed clean. But much film remained—some holding acid to the teeth, some breeding germs, some causing pyorrhea.

Now We Go Further

Dental science has now found a way to combat that film. Able authorities have proved this beyond question. Thousands of tests have been made with it. Leading dentists all over America have adopted and endorsed it.

Now, to spread the facts quickly, we are asking millions to prove it. The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And we supply free, to all who ask, a 10-Day Trial Tube.

This is to urge you to get it.

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There have been many theories on teeth cleaning which experience has disproved. But this one can be proved to your own satisfaction, without any cost, in your home.

The film is the teeth's great enemy. No authority disputes that. We ask you to see how Pepsodent removes and combats it, then judge the right course for yourself.

Analysis proves that the film is albuminous. Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The object is to dissolve the film, then to day by day combat it.

But pepsin long seemed impossible. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid, harmful to the teeth. Science has solved that problem by finding a harmless activating method.

Patents have been granted by five governments already. It is that method, used in Pepsodent, which has brought this revolution.

Free to Everyone

This test is free to everyone. It is simple and pleasant and easy. The results are evident at once. In ten days you will find them most convincing.

The book we send with it will tell you the reason for all the results you see. You will see how we attain them—in a scientific way.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Use it like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

That means everything. Filmless teeth are clean teeth, safe teeth. Your old methods, probably, have not attained them. See if this new way does. Then use, and have your children use, the method you think best.

Cut the coupon now, so you won't forget.

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Endorsed by Dentists Everywhere

A scientific product, based on pepsin, to combat the film. Proved beyond question by able authorities before it was offered to users.

(182)

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You must *strop* your double-edged blades, to get a delightful velvet shave each morning. Twinplex Stropper gives that perfect shaving edge that leaves your skin soft and cool. Every shave gets the razor edge out of alignment, like this [illegible]. Stropping smooths it back, like this [illegible]. The finer the steel, the more the pleasure from *keeping* its *keen* edge.

With Twinplex, you can give your double-edged blade a real head-barber stropping in a moment. Just slip in your blade, turn the crank a few times, and get an edge that glides through the toughest wiry beard without a single scrape or pull. Twinplex holds the blade at exactly the right angle, strops both sides at once, then reverses the blade and strops the other side.

Strop your ***new*** blades before using. Have 100 velvet shaves from ***one*** blade. Get Twinplex now. Enjoy ***real*** shaving results from your double-edged blades.

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Get 30 days' *trial* of Twinplex.

Your dealer will sell Twinplex Stropper to you on 30 days' trial, with privilege of return, and give you ***10 year service guarantee.*** Make this trial of Twinplex ***now.*** Get yours to-day. ***Free descriptive booklet on request.***

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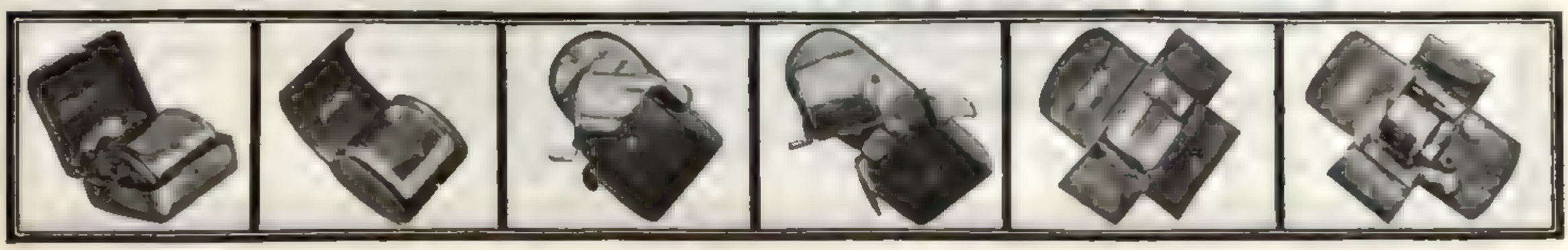

(Continued from Page 142)

discontented woman—she had shown O-liver no heights to which to aspire.

And so he had not aspired. He had spent his days in what might be termed, biblically, riotous living. His mother had hoped for an aristocratic and Eastern marriage. When he married Fluffy Hair she had allowed him three thousand a year and had asked him not to bring his wife to see her. His father had refused to give him a penny. O-liver's wild oats and willfulness cut him off, he ruled, from parental consideration. "You are not my son," he had said sternly. "If the time ever comes when you can say you are sorry, I'll see you."

O-liver having married Fluffy Hair had found her also self-centered—not a lady like his mother, but fundamentally of the same type. Neither of them had made him feel that he might be more than he was. They had always shrunk him to their own somewhat small patterns.

Jane's philosophy came to him therefore like a long-withheld stimulant. "You might be President of the United States."

When Henry or Atwood or Tommy had said it to him he had laughed. When Jane said it he did not laugh.

VI

AND so it came about that one day he rose and went to his father. And he said: "Dad, will you kill the fatted calf?"

His father lived in a great Tudor house which gave the effect of age but was not old. It had a minstrels' gallery, a big hall and a little hall, mullioned windows and all the rest of it. It had been built because of a whim of his wife's. But O-liver's father in the ten years he had lived in it had learned to love it. But more than he loved the house he loved the hills that sloped away from it, the mountains that towered above it, the sea that lay at the foot of the cliff.

"It is God's country," he would say with long-drawn breath. He had been born and bred in this golden West. All the passion he might have given to his alien wife and alien son was lavished on this land which was bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh.

And now his son had ridden up to him over those low hills at the foot of the mountain and had said: "Father, I have sinned."

O-liver had not put it scripturally. He had said: "I'm sorry, dad. You said I needn't come back until I admitted the husks and swine."

There was a light on the fine face of the older man. "Oliver, I never hoped to hear you say it." His hand dropped lightly on the boy's shoulders. "My son which was dead is alive again?"

"Yes, dad."

"What brought you to life?"

"A woman."

The hand dropped. "Not ——"

"Not my wife. Put your hand back, dad. Another woman."

He sat down beside his father on the terrace. The sea far below them was sapphire, the cliffs pink with moss—gorgeous color. Orange umbrellas dotted the distant beach.

"Your mother is down there," Jason Lee said. "Sun baths and all that. You said there was another woman, Oliver."

"Yes." Quite simply and honestly he told him about Sandwich Jane. "She's made me see things."

"What things?"

"Well, she thinks I've got it in me to get anywhere. She insists that if I'd put my heart into it I might be—President."

One saw their likeness to each other in their twinkling eyes!

"She says that men follow me; and they do. I've found that out since I went to Tinkersfield. She wants me to go into politics—there's a gang down there that rules the town—rotten crowd. It would be some fight if I did."

His father was interested at once. "It was what I wanted—when I was young—politics—clean politics, with a chance at statesmanship. Yes, I wanted it. But your mother wanted—money."

"Money hasn't any meaning to me now, dad. If I slaved until I dropped I couldn't make fifteen hundred a week."

"Does—your wife make that now?"

"Yes. She's making it and spending it, I fancy."

Silence. Then: "What of this—other woman. What are you going to do about her?"

O-liver leaned forward, speaking earnestly. "I love her. But I'm not free. It's all a muddle."

"Does she know you're married?"

"No. I've got to tell her. But I'll lose her if I do. Her comradeship, I mean. And I don't want to give it up."

"There is of course a solution."

"What solution?"

"Divorce."

"It wouldn't be a solution for Jane. She's not that kind. Marriage with her means till death parts. I'll have to lose her. But it hurts."

VII

IT WAS when Jane rented an empty room fronting on the arcade and set up a sandwich shop that Tillotson saw how serious the thing was going to be.

He had had all the restaurant and hotel trade. Men coming up in motors or on horseback, dusty and tired, had eaten and drunk at his squalid tables, swearing at the food but unable to get anything better. And now here was a woman who covered her counters with snowy oilcloth—who had shining urns of coffee, delectable pots of baked beans, who put up in neat boxes lunches that made men rush back for more and more and more—and whose sandwiches were the talk of the coast!

It had to be stopped.

The only way to stop it was to make it uncomfortable for Jane. There were many ways in which the thing could be done—by small and subtle persecutions, by insinuations, by words bandied from one man's evil mouth to another. Tillotson had done the thing before. But he found as the days went on that he had not before had a Jane to deal with. She was linked in the minds of most of the men with a whiteness like that of her own spotless shop.

Gradually Jane became aware of a sinister undercurrent. She found herself dealing with forces that threatened her. There were men who came into her shop to buy, and who stayed to say things that set her cheeks flaming. She mentioned none of these things to Henry or Atwood or Tommy. But she spoke once to O-liver.

"Tillotson must be at the bottom of it. Two drunken loafers stumbled in the other day, straight from the hotel. And when I telephoned to Tillotson to come and get them he laughed at me."

Tillotson was the sheriff. It was an office which he did not honor. In a month or two his term would be up. O-liver riding alone into the mountains stated the solution: "I've got to beat Tillotson."

But first he had things to say to Jane. Since his talk with his father he had known that it must come. He had stayed away from her as much as possible. It had not been a conspicuous withdrawal, for she was very busy and had little time for him. Tommy's mother kept her little home in order and looked after the invalid, so that Jane could give undivided attention to her growing business. O-liver saw her most often at the shop, when he stopped in for a pot of beans—eating them on the spot and discoursing on many things.

"My Boston grandmother baked beans like this," he told her on one occasion. "She was a great little woman, Jane, as essentially of the East as you are of the West. She held to the traditions of the past; you are blazing new ways for women, selling sandwiches in the market place. By Jove, it was superb the way you did it, Jane!"

She was always in a glow when he left her. Here was a man different from her father, different from Henry Bittinger and Atwood Jones. She smiled a little as she thought of Atwood. He had asked her to marry him. He had told her of the things he had ahead of him that he wanted her to share. And he had been much downcast when she had refused him. She had, he felt, smudged the brightness of his splendid future. He couldn't understand a woman throwing away a thing like that.

But he bore her no grudge and was still her friend. Henry, too, was her friend. He had not yet tried his fate with Jane, but he still dreamed of her as lovely in his long car and a fur coat. And he hoped to make his dreams come true.

Tommy had set aside all selfish hopes. He had a feeling that Jane liked O-liver. He loved them both. If he could not have Jane he wanted O-liver to have her. He kept a wary eye therefore on Henry and Atwood.

It was Tommy who found out first about Fluffy Hair. She had never cared to have the world know of her marriage. She had felt that those who loved her on the screen would prefer her fancy free. But it

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was known at the studio, and someone drifting up to Tinkersfield recognized O-liver and told Tommy.

Tommy for once in his life was stern. "He oughta of told Jane. Somebody's got to tell her."

So the next day he took it on himself—feeling a traitor to his friend.

"Jane," he said, sitting on a high stool in her little sandwich shop—"Jane, O-liver's married."

Jane on the other side of the spotless counter gave him her earnest glance. "Yes," she said; "he told me."

"He did? Well, I'm glad. It wasn't a thing to keep, was it?"

"No," said Jane; "it wasn't. But you mustn't blame him, Tommy; and now that we both know, everything is all right, isn't it?"

"Yes," Tommy agreed; "if Tillotson doesn't get hold of it."

For it had been decided that O-liver was to run against Tillotson in the next election, and beat him if he could.

O-liver had told Jane about his marriage on the night before Tommy came to her. He had asked her to ride with him. "If you'll go this afternoon at four you shall have Mary Pick, and I'll take Tommy's horse."

They had carried their lunch with them and had eaten it at sunset in a lovely spot where the cañon opened out to show a shining yellow stretch of sea, with the hills like black serpents running into it.

Yet it was dark, with the stars above them and the sea a faint gray below, before O-liver said to her what he had brought her there to say.

He told her of his father and mother. Of Fluffy Hair.

"I waked up at last to the fact that I was letting two women support me. So I came here and began to work at fifteen dollars a week. And for the first time in my life I respected myself—and was content. And then I met you and saw things ahead. You made me see them."

He turned toward her in the dark. "Jane, I'm finding that I love you—mightily." He tried to speak lightly. "And I'm not free. And because I love you I've got to keep away. But I want you to understand that my friendship is the same—that it will always be the same. But I've got to keep away."

She was very honest about it. "I didn't dream that you felt like that—about me."

"No, you wouldn't. That's a part of your splendidness. Never taking anything to yourself. Jane, will you believe this—that what I may be hereafter will be because of you? If I ever do a big thing or a fine thing it will be because I came upon you that night with your head high and that rabble round you. You were light shining into the darkness of Tinkersfield. Jove, I wish I were a painter to put you on canvas as you were that night!"

They had ridden down later under the stars, and as they had stood for a moment overlooking the lights of the little town O-liver had said: "I make my big speech to-morrow night to beat Tillotson. I want you to be there. Will you? If I know you are there somewhere in the dark I shall pour out my soul—to you."

Was it any wonder that Jane, talking to Tommy the next morning about O-liver, felt her pulses pounding, her cheeks burning? She had lain awake all night thinking of the things he had said to her. It seemed a very big and wonderful thing that a man could love her like that. As toward morning the moonlight streamed in and she still lay awake she permitted herself to let her mind dwell for a moment on what her future might mean if he were in it. She was too busy and healthy to indulge in useless regrets. But she knew in that moment in the moonlight if he was not to be in her future no other man would ever be.

VIII

O-LIVER'S speech was made in the open. There was a baseball park in Tinkersfield, bounded at the west end by a grove of eucalyptus. With this grove as a background a platform had been erected. From the platform the rival candidates would speak. At this time of the year it would be daylight when the meeting opened. Tillotson was not to speak for himself. He had brought a man down from San Francisco, a big politician with an oily tongue. O-liver would of course present his own case. The thing, as Atwood told Henry, promised to be exciting.

Jane came with Tommy. There was a sort of rude grand stand opposite the platform, and she had a seat well up toward the top. She wore a white skirt, a gray sweater and a white hat. She had a friendly smile for the people about her. And they smiled back. They liked Jane.

O-liver spoke first. Bare-headed, slender, with his air of eternal youth, he was silhouetted against the rose red of the afterglow.

When he began he led them lightly along paths of easy thought. He got their attention as he had so often got it in front of the post office. He made them smile, he made them laugh, he led them indeed finally into roaring laughter. And when he had brought them thus into sympathy he began with earnestness to speak of Tinkersfield.

Jane, leaning forward, not missing a word, felt his magnetism. He spoke of the future of Tinkersfield. Of what must be done if it was to fulfill its destiny as a decent town. He did not mince his words.

"It will be just what you make up your minds now to have it—good and honest and clean, a place that the right kind of people will want to live in, or the place that will attract loungers and loafers."

He laid upon them the burden of individual responsibility. If a town was honest, he said, it was because the men in it were honest; if it was clean it was because its men were clean. It was for each man to decide at this election whether Tinkersfield should have a future of darkness or of light. There were men in that crowd who squared their shoulders to meet the blows of his eloquence, who kept them squared as they made their decision to do their part in the upbuilding of Tinkersfield.

Yet it was not perhaps so much the things that O-liver said as the way he said them. He had the qualities of leadership—a sincerity of the kind that sways men level with their leaders—the sincerity of a Lincoln, a Roosevelt. For him a democracy meant all the people. Not merely plain people, not indeed selected classes. Rich man, poor man, one, working together for the common good.

Back of his sincerity there was fire—and gradually his audience was lighted by his flame. They listened in a tense silence, which broke now and then into cheers. To Jane sitting high up on the benches he was a prophet—the John the Baptist of Tinkersfield.

"And he's mine, he's mine!" she exulted. This fineness of spirit, the fire and flame were hers. "If I know you are there somewhere in the dark I shall pour out my soul—to you ——"

The darkness had not yet fallen, but the dusk had come. The platform was illumined by little lights like stars. Back of the platform the eucalyptus trees were now pale specters, their leaves hanging nerveless in the still air.

O-liver sitting down amid thunders of applause let his eyes go for the moment to Jane. A lamp hung almost directly over her head. She had taken off her wide hat and her hair was glorious. She was leaning forward a little, her lips parted, her hands clasped, as if he still spoke to her.

As Tillotson's sponsor rose Jane straightened up, smiled at Tommy, and again set herself to listen.

The unctuous voice of the speaker was a contrast to O-liver's crisp tones. There were other contrasts not so apparent. This man was in the game for what he could get out of it. He wanted Tillotson to win because Tillotson's winning would strengthen his own position politically. He meant indeed that Tillotson should win. He was not particular as to methods.

He said the usual things: Tinkersfield was no Sunday school; and they weren't slaves to have their liberty taken from them by a lot of impractical reformers. And Lee was that kind. What had he ever done to prove that he'd make good? They knew Tillotson. They didn't know Lee. Who was Lee anyhow?

He flung the interrogation at them. "What do you know about Lee?"

The pebble that he threw had widening circles. People began to ask themselves what, after all, they knew of O-liver. From somewhere in the darkness went up the words of an evil chant:

What's the matter with O-liver, O-liver,
White-livered O-liver?
Ask Jane, Sandwich Jane,
O-liver, white liver,
Jane, Jane, Jane."

(Continued on Page 149)

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(Continued from Page 146)

Jane felt her heart stand still. Back of her she heard Tommy swearing: "It's all their damned wickedness!" She saw O-liver start from his chair and sink back, helpless against the insidiousness of this attack.

The speaker went on. It would seem, he said, from what he could learn, that Tillotson's honorable opponent was sailing under false colors. He was a married man. He had deserted his wife. He sat among them as a saint, when he was really a sinner.

"A sinner, gentlemen." The speaker paused for the effect, then proceeded with his argument. Of course they were all sinners, but they weren't hypocrites. Tillotson wasn't a hypocrite. He was a good fellow. He didn't want Tinkersfield to be a Sunday school. He wanted it to be a town. You know—a town that every fellow would want to hit on Saturday night.

There were those in the crowd who began to feel that a weak spot had been found in O-liver's armor. Secrecy! They didn't like it. There were signs of wavering among some who had squared their shoulders. After all, they didn't want to make a Sunday school of Tinkersfield. They wondered, too, if there wasn't some truth in the things that were being hinted by that low chant in the darkness:

Ask Jane, Sandwich Jane,
O-liver, white liver,
Jane, Jane, Jane.

O-liver was restless, his hands clenched at his sides. Atwood and Henry were restless. Tommy was restless. They couldn't let such insults go unnoticed. Somebody had to fight for Jane!

Tillotson's supporters kept the thing stirring. If the meeting could end in a brawl the odds would be in favor of Tillotson. The effect of O-liver's uplift would be lost. Even his friends couldn't sway a fighting crowd back to him.

But they had forgotten to reckon with Jane!

She had seen in a sudden crystal flash the thing which might happen. A fight would end it all for O-liver. She had seen his efforts at self-control. She knew his agony of soul. She knew that at any moment he might knock somebody down—Tillotson or Tillotson's sponsor. And it would all be in the morning papers. There would be innuendo—the hint of scandalous things. And O-liver's reputation would pay the price. It was characteristic that she did not at the moment think of her own reputation. It was O-liver who must be saved!

And so when Tillotson's backer sat down Jane stood up.

"Please, listen!" she said; and the crowd turned toward her. "Please, listen, and stop singing that silly song. I never heard anything so silly as that song in my life!"

Before her scorn the chant died away in a gasp!

"The thing you've got to think about," she went on, "isn't Tillotson or O-liver Lee. It's Tinkersfield. You want an honest man. And O-liver Lee's honest. He doesn't want your money. He's got enough of his own. His father's the richest man in his part of the state and his wife's a movie actress and makes as much as the President. It sounds like a fairy tale, but it isn't. If O-liver Lee wanted to live on his father or his wife he could hold out his hand and let things drop into it. But he'd rather earn fifteen dollars a week and own his soul. And he isn't a hypocrite. His friends knew about his marriage. Tommy Drew knew, and I knew. And there wasn't any particular reason why he should tell the rest of you, was there? There wasn't any particular reason why he should tell Tillotson?"

A murmur of laughter followed her questions. There was a feeling in the crowd that the joke was on Tillotson.

"I wonder how many of you have told your pasts to Tinkersfield! How many of you have made Tillotson your father confessor?

"As for me" her head was high—"I sell sandwiches. I am very busy. I hardly have time to think. But when I do think it is of something besides village gossip."

She grew suddenly earnest; leaned down to them. "You haven't time to think of it either," she told them; "have you, men of Tinkersfield?"

Her appeal was direct, and the answer came back to her in a roar from the men who knew courage when they saw it; who knew, indeed, innocence!

"No!"

And it was that "No" which beat Tillotson.

"The way she put it over," Atwood exulted afterward, "to a packed crowd like this!"

"The thing about Jane"—Henry was very seriously trying to say the thing as he saw it—"the thing about Jane is that she sees things straight. And she makes other people see."

IX

WELL, Tillotson was beaten, and the men who supported O-liver came out of the fight feeling as if they had killed something unclean.

And the morning after the election O-liver had a little note from Jane.

"I've got to go away. I didn't want to worry you with it before this. I have saved enough money to start in at some college where I can work for a part of my tuition. I have had experience in my little lunch room that ought to be a help somewhere.

"When I finish college I'm going into some sort of occupation that will provide a pleasant home for mother and me. I want books, and lovely things, and a garden; and I'd like to speak a language or two and have cultured friends. Then some day when you are made President you can say to yourself: 'I am proud of my friend, Jane.' And I'll come to your inauguration and watch you ride to the White House, and I'll say to myself as I see you ride, 'I've loved him all these years.'

"But I shan't let myself say it now. And that's why I'm going away. And I'm going without saying good-by because I think it will be easier for both of us. You and I can't be friends. What we feel is too big. I found that out about myself that night when you sat there on the platform, and I wanted to save you from Tillotson. If I'm going to work and be happy in my work I've got to get away. And you will work better because I am gone. I mustn't be here—O-liver."

Jane had indeed seen straight. O-liver laid the note down on his desk and looked up at the mountain. He needed to look up. If he had looked down for a moment he would have followed Jane.

■

AND now there was no sandwich stand in Tinkersfield. But there was a good hotel. O-liver saw to that. He got Henry Bittinger to put up the money, with Tommy and his mother in charge. O-liver lived in the hotel in a suite of small rooms, and when Atwood Jones passed that way the four men dined together as O-liver's guests.

"Some day we'll eat with you in Washington," was Atwood's continued prophecy.

They always drank "To Jane." Now and then Atwood brought news of her. First from the college, and then as the years passed from the beach resort where she had opened a tea room. She was more beautiful than ever, more wonderful. Her tea room and shop were most exclusive and artistic.

"Sandwich Jane!" said O-liver. "How long ago it seems!"

It was five years now and he had not seen her. And next month he was to go to Washington. Not as President, but representing his district in Congress. Tommy's hotel had outgrown the original modest building and was now modern and fireproof. Henry was married, he had had several new cars, and his wife wore sables and seal.

The old arcade was no more; nor the old post office. But O-liver still talked to admiring circles in the hotel lobby or to greater crowds in the town hall.

He still would take no money from his father, but he saw much of him, for Mrs. Lee was dead. The Tudor house was without a mistress. It seemed a pity that O-liver had no wife to grace its halls.

The newspapers stated that Fluffy Hair's income had doubled. Whether this was true or not it sounded well, and Fluffy Hair still seemed young on the screen. Jane would go now and then and look at her and wonder what sort of woman this was who had laughed at O-liver.

Then one day a telegram came to O-liver in his suite of rooms. And that day and for two nights he rode Mary Pick over the hills and through the cañon and down to the sea, and came to a place where Jane's tea room was set in the center of a Japanese garden—a low lovely building, with its porches open to the wide Pacific.

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Cleveland

He had not seen her for so long that he was not quite prepared for the change. She was thinner and paler and more beautiful, with an air of distinction that was new. It was as if in visualizing his future she had pictured herself in it—as first lady of the land. Such a silly dream for Sandwich Jane!

They were quite alone when he came to her. It was morning, and the porches were empty of guests. Jane was in a long wicker chair, with her pot of coffee on an hour-glass table. Far down on the terrace two Jap gardeners clipped and cut and watered and saw nothing.

"You are younger than ever," Jane said when they had clasped hands. "Will you ever grow old, O-liver?"

"The men say not." He seated himself opposite her. "Jane, Jane, it's heavenly to see you. I've been—starved!"

She had hungered and thirsted for him. Her hand shook a little as she poured him a cup of coffee.

"I told you not to come, O-liver."

He laid the telegram before her. Fluffy Hair was dead!

The yellow sheet lay between, defying them to speak so soon of happiness.

"To-morrow," O-liver said, "I go to Washington. When will you come to me, Jane?"

Her hand went out to him. Her breath was quick. "In time to hear your first speech, O-liver. I'll sit in the gallery, and lean over and listen and say to myself 'He's mine, he's mine!'"

She heard many speeches in the months that followed, and sometimes Tommy or Atwood or Henry, traveling across the continent, came and sat beside her. And Atwood always clung to his prophecy: "He'll be governor next; and then it'll be the White House. Why not?"

And Jane, dreaming, asked herself "Why?"

The East had had its share. Had the time not come for a nation to seek its leader in the golden West?

A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS

(Continued from Page 5)

"I see. Well, then, why couldn't you ——"

"I say, mater, dear old soul," said Reggie hastily, "I think you'd better tear yourself away and what not. If you're catching the twelve-fifteen you ought to be staggering round to see you haven't forgotten anything. There's the car coming round now."

"I wish now I had decided to go by a later train."

"No, no, mustn't miss the twelve-fifteen. Good, fruity train! Everybody speaks well of it. Well, see you anon, mater. I think you'd better run like a hare."

"You will remember what I said?"

"Oh, absolutely!"

"Good-by, then. I shall be back to-morrow."

Reggie returned slowly to his stone seat. He breathed a little heavily as he felt for his cigarette case. He felt like a hunted fawn.

Maud came out of the house as the car disappeared down the long avenue of elms. She crossed the terrace to where Reggie sat brooding on life and its problem.

"Reggie!"

Reggie turned.

"Hullo, Maud, dear old thing! Take a seat."

Maud sat down beside him. There was a flush on her pretty face, and when she spoke her voice quivered with suppressed excitement.

"Reggie," she said, laying a small hand on his arm, "we're friends, aren't we?"

Reggie patted her back paternally. There were few people he liked better than Maud.

"Always have been since the dear old days of childhood, what!"

"I can trust you, can't I?"

"Absolutely!"

"There's something I want you to do for me, Reggie. You'll have to keep it a dead secret, of course."

"The strong, silent man! That's me! What is it?"

"You're driving into town in your car this afternoon, aren't you, to meet Percy?"

"That was the idea."

"Could you go this morning instead, and take me?"

"Of course."

Maud shook her head.

"You don't know what you are letting yourself in for, Reggie, or I'm sure you wouldn't agree so lightly. I'm not allowed to leave the castle, you know—because of what I was telling you about"

"The chappie?"

"Yes. So there would be terrible scenes if anybody found out."

"Never mind, dear old soul. I'll risk it! None shall learn your secret from these lips!"

"You're a darling, Reggie!"

"But what's the idea? Why do you want to go to-day particularly?"

Maud looked over her shoulder.

"Because"—she lowered her voice, though there was no one near—"because he is back in London! He's a sort of secretary, you know, to his uncle, and I saw in the paper this morning that the uncle returned yesterday after a long voyage in his yacht. So he must have come back too. He has to go everywhere his uncle goes."

"And everywhere the uncle went the Chappie was sure to go!" murmured Reggie. "Sorry! Didn't mean to interrupt!"

"I must see him. I haven't seen him since last summer, nearly a whole year! And he hasn't written to me, and I haven't dared to write to him for fear of the letter going wrong. So, you see, I must go. To-day's my only chance. Aunt Caroline has gone away. Father will be busy in the garden and won't notice whether I'm here or not. And besides, to-morrow it will be too late because Percy will be here. He was more furious about the thing than anyone."

"Rather the proud young aristocrat, Percy!" agreed Reggie. "I understand absolutely. Tell me just what you want me to do."

"I want you to pick me up in the car about half a mile down the road. You can drop me somewhere in Piccadilly. That will be near enough to where I want to go. But the most important thing is about Percy. You must persuade him to stay and dine in town and come back here after dinner. Then I shall be able to get back by an afternoon train and no one will know I've been gone."

"That's simple enough, what! Consider it done. When do you want to start?"

"At once."

"I'll toddle round to the garage and fetch the car." Reggie chuckled amusedly. "Rum thing! The mater's just been telling me I ought to take you for a drive!"

"You are a darling, Reggie, really!"

Reggie gave her back another paternal pat.

"I know what it means to be in love, dear soul. I say, Maud, old thing, do you find love puts you off your stroke? What I mean is, does it make you slice your approach shots?"

Maud laughed.

"No. It hasn't had any effect on my game so far. I went round in eighty-six the other day."

Reggie sighed enviously.

"Women are wonderful!" he said. "Well, I'll be legging it and fetching the car. When you're ready, stroll along down the road and wait for me."

When he had gone Maud pulled a small newspaper clipping from her pocket. She had extracted it from yesterday's copy of the Morning Post's society column. It contained only a few words:

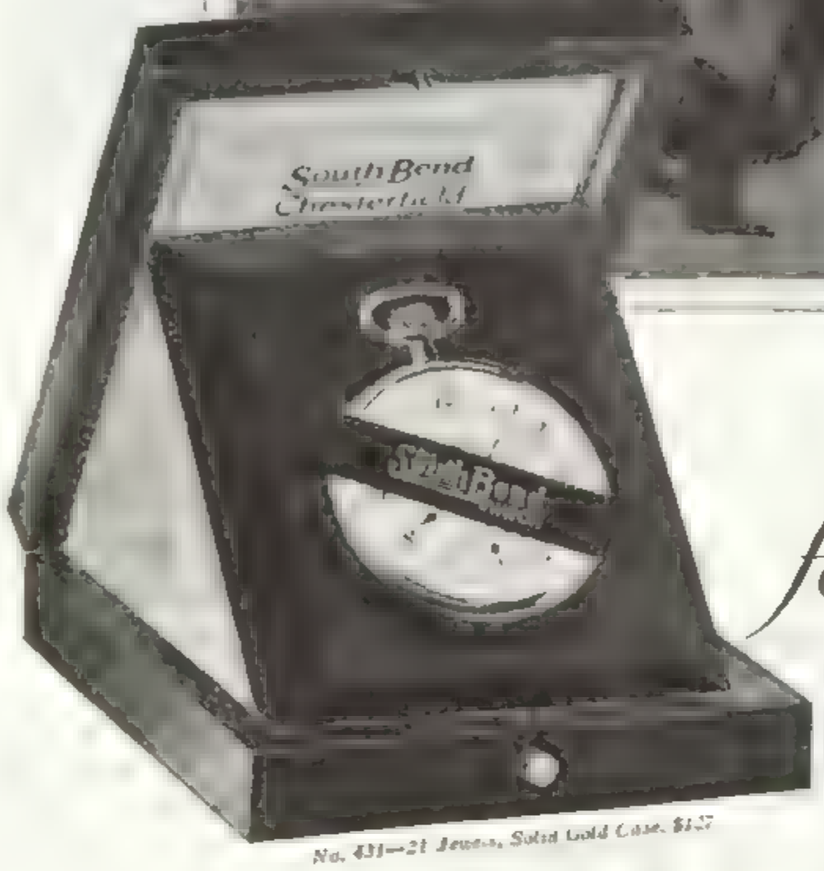
Mr. Wilbur Raymond has returned to his residence at No. 11a Belgrave Square from a prolonged voyage in his yacht, the Siren.

Maud did not know Mr. Wilbur Raymond, and yet that paragraph had sent the blood tingling through every vein in her body. For as she had indicated to Reggie, when the Wilbur Raymonds of this world return to their town residences they bring with them their nephew and secretary, Geoffrey Raymond. And Geoffrey Raymond was the man Maud had loved ever since the day when she had met him in Wales.

II

THE sun that had shone so brightly on Belpher Castle at noon, when Maud and Reggie Byng set out on their journey, shone on the west end of London with equal pleasantness at two o'clock. In Little Gooch Street all the children of all the

(Continued on Page 153)



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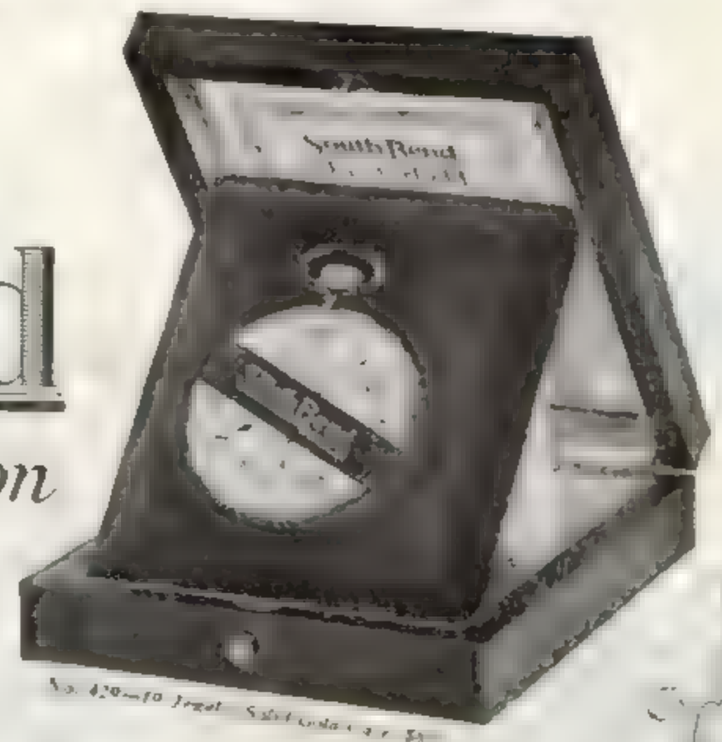

No. 420—[illegible] Jewel Solid Gold [illegible]

"Acid-Mouth" Plays No Favorites

Age means nothing to "Acid-Mouth." It descends on the rich and the poor, the young and the old alike. Dental authorities believe that it is the chief cause of toothache and tooth decay. And 95 in every 100 persons are said to have it. As there are over one hundred million people in the United States, that would mean that at least ninety-five million have an acid condition of the mouth.

There, briefly, are your chances to escape "Acid-Mouth"—*only 1 in 20*. A very small chance to gamble on when anything as important to your health and appearance as your teeth is at stake, a chance you can't afford to take.

PEBECO TOOTH PASTE

Pebeco Tooth Paste counteracts "Acid-Mouth," because it stimulates the abundant, normal flow of saliva, which as you know is distinctly alkaline and therefore the most natural and effective means of neutralizing unfavorable mouth acids. It is the only mouth wash and tooth cleanser you need, and Pebeco helps you to obtain it in normal quantities.

Pebeco contains materials so fine and unirritating that they will not scratch the enamel or injure the delicate mouth membranes. Yet they certainly do all that the ingredients of a good dentifrice could be expected to do. Pebeco helps to whiten and polish the teeth; to break up the Protein plaques to which harmful germs, food particles, and tobacco stains adhere; to remove tartar and the slimy or glutinous coatings deposited on the teeth from the saliva; to invigorate the gums and refresh the whole interior of the mouth.

Send for Free Litmus Test Papers and a Ten-day Trial Tube of Pebeco.

Moisten one of the blue Litmus Test Papers on your tongue. Remove it. If it remains blue, your mouth is normal. But if it turns pink—as it will ninety-five times in one hundred—you have "Acid-Mouth."

If it does turn pink, make this second test. Brush your teeth and gums with Pebeco Tooth Paste. Then moisten another Litmus Test Paper on your tongue. This time it will remain blue, thus showing you that Pebeco does tend to counteract "Acid-Mouth."

Send us your name and address, and we will gladly mail you the ten-day trial tube of Pebeco and Acid Test Papers.

Litmus Test Papers

Send for these free test papers today

Lehn & Fink New York Inc.
120 William Street

(Continued from Page 150)

small shopkeepers, who support life in that backwater by selling each other vegetables and singing canaries, were out and about playing curious games of their own invention. Cats washed themselves on doorsteps preparatory to looking in for lunch at one of the numerous garbage cans which dotted the sidewalk. Waiters peered austerely from the windows of the two Italian restaurants which carry on the Lucretia Borgia tradition by means of one shilling and sixpenny table-d'hôte luncheons. The proprietor of the grocery store on the corner was bidding a silent farewell to a tomato which even he, though a dauntless optimist, had been compelled to recognize as having outlived its utility. On all these things the sun shone with a genial smile. Round the corner in Shaftesbury Avenue, an east wind was doing its best to pierce the hardened hides of the citizenry; but it did not penetrate into Little Gooch Street which, facing south and being narrow and sheltered, was enabled practically to bask.

Mac, the stout guardian of the stage door of the Regal Theater, whose gilded front entrance is on the avenue, emerged from the little glass case in which the management kept him and came out to observe life and its phenomena with an indulgent eye. Mac was feeling happy this morning. His job was a permanent one, not influenced by the success or failure of the productions which followed one another at the theater throughout the year; but he felt, nevertheless, a sort of proprietary interest in these ventures and was pleased when they secured the approval of the public. Last night's opening, a musical piece by an American author and composer, had undoubtedly made a big hit, and Mac was glad because he liked what he had seen of the company and, in the brief time in which he had known him, had come to entertain a warm regard for George Bevan, the composer, who had traveled over from New York to help with the London production.

George Bevan turned the corner now, walking slowly and, it seemed to Mac, gloomily toward the stage door. He was a young man of about twenty-seven, tall and well-knit, with an agreeable, clean-cut face of which a pair of good and honest eyes were the most noticeable feature. His sensitive mouth was drawn down a little at the corners, and he looked tired.

"Morning, Mac."

"Good morning, sir."

"Anything for me?"

"Yes, sir, some telegrams. Oh, I'll get 'em," said Mac, as if reassuring some doubting friend and supporter as to his ability to carry through a labor of Hercules.

He disappeared into his glass case. George Bevan remained outside in the street surveying the frisking children with a somber glance. They seemed to him very noisy, very dirty and very young—disgustingly young. Theirs was joyous, exuberant youth which made a fellow feel at least sixty. Something was wrong with George to-day, for normally he was fond of children. Indeed, normally he was fond of most things. He was a good-natured and cheerful young man who liked life and the great majority of those who lived it contemporaneously with himself. He had no enemies and many friends.

But to-day he had noticed from the moment he had got out of bed that something was amiss with the world. Either he was in the grip of some divine discontent due to the highly developed condition of his soul, or else he had a grouch. One of the two. Or it might have been the reaction from the emotions of the previous night. On the morning after an opening your sensitive artist is always apt to feel as if he had been dried over a barrel.

Besides, last night there had been a supper party after the performance at the flat which the comedian of the troupe had rented in Jermyn Street, a forced, rowdy supper party where a number of tired people with overstrained nerves had seemed to feel it a duty to be artificially vivacious. It had lasted till four o'clock, when the morning papers with the notices arrived; and George had not got to bed till four-thirty. These things color the mental outlook.

Mac reappeared.

"Here you are, sir."

"Thanks."

George put the telegrams in his pocket. A cat, on its way back from lunch, paused beside him in order to use his leg as a serviette. George tickled it under the ear abstractedly. He was always courteous to cats, but to-day he went through the movements perfunctorily and without enthusiasm.

The cat moved on. Mac became conversational.

"They tell me the piece was a hit last night, sir."

"It seemed to go very well."

"My missus saw it from the gallery, and all the first-nighters was speaking very 'ighly of it. There's a regular click, you know, sir, over here in London, that goes to all the first nights in the gallery. 'Ighly critical they are always. Specially if it's an American piece like this one. If they don't like it they precious soon let you know. My missus says they was all speakin' very 'ighly of it. My missus says she ain't seen a livelier show for a long time, and she's a great theater-goer. My missus says they was all specially pleased with the music."

"That's good."

"I'm So Sorry," She Said Breathlessly, "But Would You Mind Hiding Me, Please?"

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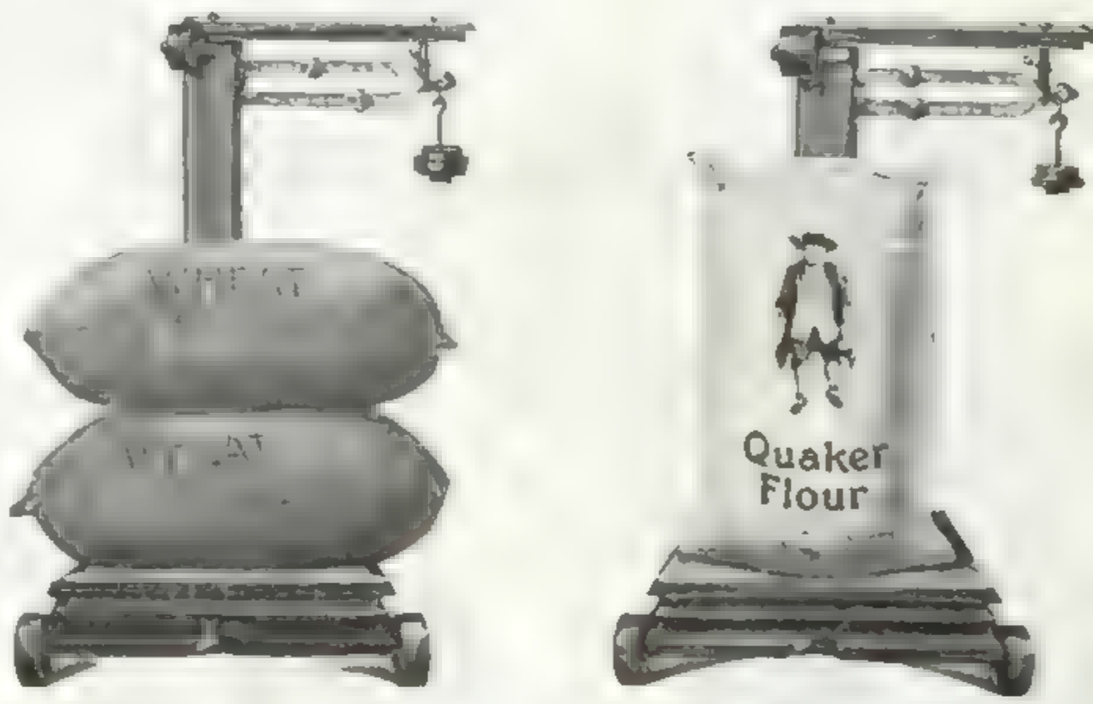

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To Make One Bag of Flour

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Just the choicest part enters Quaker Flour.

Then we use new-day methods. Every Quaker Flour mill is in charge of experts.

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Do as they did. Ask your groce for it. He will get it if he lack it. Let one sack show you ho good flour can be.

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For the many "touching up" jobs about the house, keep always on hand at least a can each of Acme Quality Varnotile, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture; Acme Quality White Enamel for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork and all similar surfaces, and a quart of Acme Quality Floor Paint of the right color.

"The Morning Leader give it a fine write-up. How was the rest of the papers?"

"Splendid, all of them. I haven't seen the evening papers yet. I came out to get them."

Mac looked down the street.

"There'll be a rehearsal this afternoon, I suppose, sir? Here's Miss Dore coming along."

George followed his glance. A tall girl in a tailor-made suit of blue was coming toward them. Even at a distance one caught the genial personality of the new arrival. It seemed to go before her like a heartening breeze. She picked her way carefully through the children crawling on the sidewalk. She stopped for a moment and said something to one of them. The child grinned. Even the proprietor of the grocery store appeared to brighten up at the sight of her, as at the sight of some old friend.

"How's business, Bill?" she called to him, as she passed the spot where he stood brooding on the mortality of tomatoes. And though he replied "Rotten!" a faint, grim smile did nevertheless flicker across his tragic mask.

Billie Dore, who was one of the chorus of George Bevan's musical comedy, had an attractive face, a mouth that laughed readily, rather bright golden hair—which, she was fond of insisting with perfect truth, was genuine though appearances were against it—and steady blue eyes. The latter were frequently employed by her in quelling admirers who were encouraged by the former to become too ardent. Billie's views on the opposite sex who forgot themselves were as rigid as those of Lord Marshmoreton concerning thrips. She liked men, and she would signify this liking in a practical manner by lunching and dining with them, but she was entirely self-supporting and when men overlooked that fact she reminded them of it in no uncertain voice, for she was a girl of ready speech and direct.

"'Morning, George. 'Morning, Mac. Any mail?"

"I'll see, miss."

"How did your better four-fifths like the show, Mac?"

"I was just telling Mr. Bevan, miss, that the missus said she 'adn't seen a livelier show for a long time."

"Fine. I knew I'd be a hit. Well, George, how's the boy this bright afternoon?"

"Limp and pessimistic."

"That comes of sitting up till four in the morning with festive hams."

"You were up as late as I was, and you look like Little Eva after a night of sweet, childish slumber."

"Yes, but I drank ginger ale and didn't smoke eighteen cigars. And yet I don't know. I think I must be getting old, George. All-night parties seem to have lost their charm. I was ready to quit at one o'clock, but it didn't seem matey. I think I'll marry a farmer and settle down."

George was amazed. He had not expected to find his present view of life shared in this quarter.

"I was just thinking myself," he said, feeling not for the first time how different Billie was from the majority of those with whom his profession brought him in contact, "how flat it all was. The show business, I mean, and these darned first nights, and the party after the show which you can't sidestep. Something tells me I'm about through."

Billie Dore nodded.

"Anybody with any sense is always about through with the show business. I know I am. If you think I'm wedded to my art let me tell you I'm going to get a divorce the first chance that comes along. It's funny about the show business—the way one drifts into it and sticks, I mean. Take me, for example. Nature had it all doped out for me to be the belle of Hicks Corners. What I ought to have done was to buy a gingham bonnet and milk cows. But I would come to the great city and help brighten up the tired business man."

"I didn't know you were fond of the country, Billie."

"Me? I wrote the words and music. Didn't you know I was a country kid? My dad ran a Bide A Wee Home for flowers, and I used to know them all by their middle names. He was a nursery gardener out in Indiana. I tell you, when I see a rose nowadays, I shake its hand and say: 'Well, well, Cyril, how's everything with you? And how are Joe and Jack and Jimmy and all the rest of the boys at home?' Do you know how I used to put in my time the first few nights I was over here in London? I used to hang round Covent Garden with my head back, sniffing. The boys that mess about with the flowers there used to stub their toes on me so often that they got to look on me as part of the scenery."

"That's where we ought to have been last night."

"We'd have had a better time. Say, George, did you see the awful mistake on nature's part that Babe Sinclair showed up with toward the middle of the proceedings? You must have noticed him, because he took up more room than any one man was entitled to. His name was Spenser Gray."

George recalled having been introduced to a fat man of his own age who answered to that name.

"It's a darned shame," said Billie indignantly. "Babe is only a kid. This is the first show she's been in. And I happen to know there's an awfully nice boy over in New York crazy to marry her. And I'm certain this gink is giving her a raw deal. He tried to get hold of me about a week ago, but I turned him down hard; and I suppose he thinks Babe is easier. And it's no good talking to her; she thinks he's wonderful. That's another kick I have against the show business. It seems to make girls such darned chumps! Well, I wonder how much longer Mr. Arbuckle is going to be retrieving my mail. What ho within there, Fatty?"

Mac came out, apologetic, carrying letters.

"Sorry, miss. By an oversight I put you among the G's."

"All's well that ends well. 'Put Me Among the G's.' There's a good title for a song for you, George. Excuse me while I grapple with the correspondence. I'll bet half of these are mash notes. I got three between the first and second acts last night. Why the nobility and gentry of this burg should think that I'm their affinity just because I've got golden hair—which is perfectly genuine, Mac, I can show you the pedigree—and because I earn an honest living singing off the key, is more than I can understand."

Mac leaned his massive shoulders comfortably against the building and resumed his chat.

"I expect you're feeling very 'appy today, sir?"

George pondered. He was certainly feeling better since he had seen Billie Dore, but he was far from being himself.

"I ought to be, I suppose, but I'm not."

"Ah, you're getting blarzy, sir, that's what it is. You've 'ad too much of the fat, you 'ave. This piece was a big 'it in America, wasn't it?"

"Yes. It ran over a year in New York, and there are three companies of it out now."

"That's 'ow it is, you see. You've gone and got blarzy. 'Too big a 'elping of success you've 'ad." Mac wagged a head like a harvest moon. "You aren't a married man, are you, sir?"

Billie Dore finished skimming through her mail, and crumpled the letters up into a large ball, which she handed to Mac.

"Here's something for you to read in your spare moments, Mac. Glance through them any time you have a suspicion you may be a chump, and you'll have the comfort of knowing that there are others. What were you saying about being married?"

"Mr. Bevan and I was 'aving a talk about 'im being blarzy, miss."

"Are you blarzy, George?"

"So Mac says."

"And why is he blarzy, miss?" demanded Mac rhetorically.

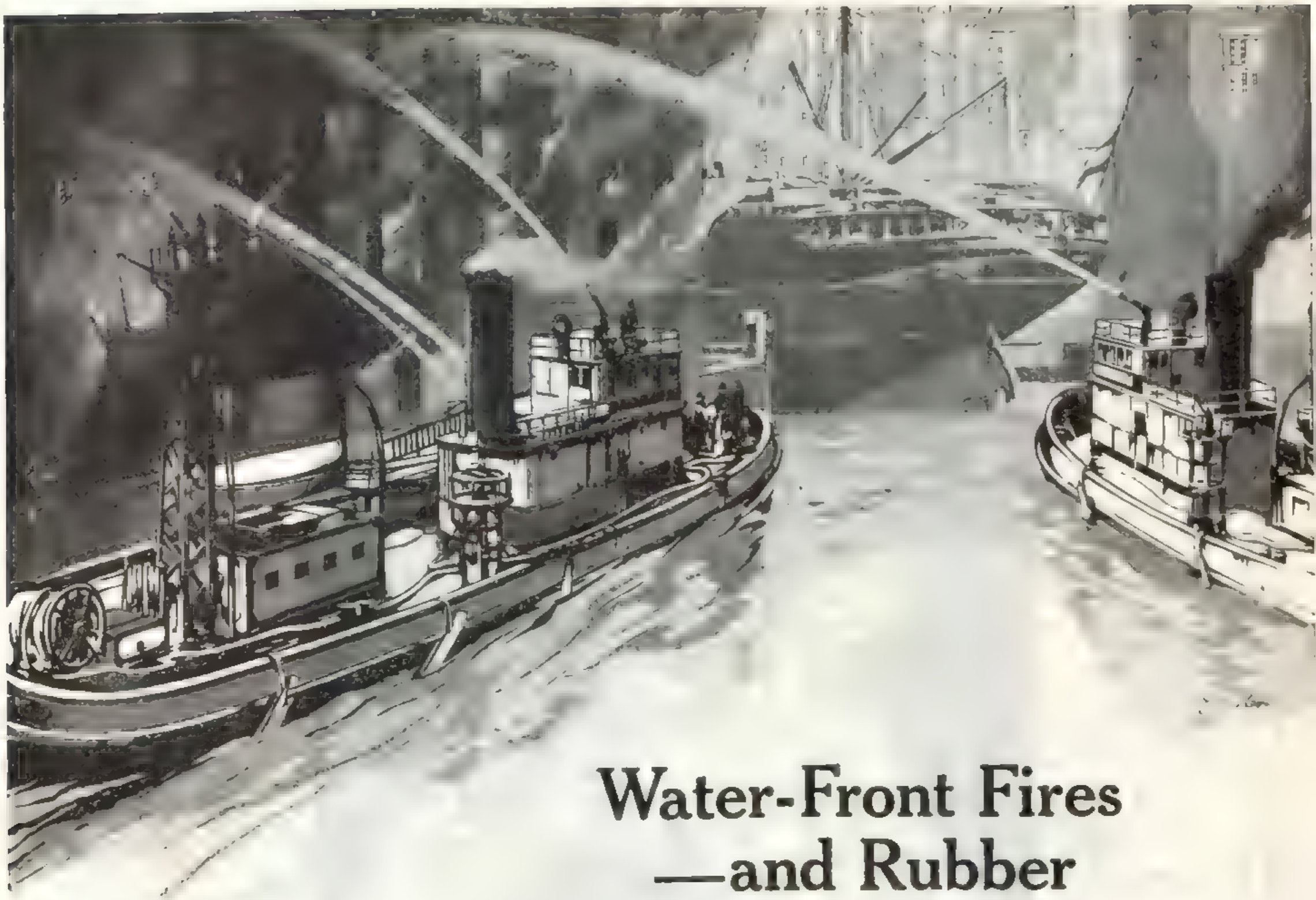
"Don't ask me," said Billie. "It's not my fault."

"It's because, as I was saying, 'e's 'ad too big a 'elping of success, and because 'e ain't a married man. You did say you wasn't a married man, didn't you, sir?"

"I didn't. But I'm not."

"That's 'ow it is, you see. You pretty soon gets sick of pulling off good things, if you ain't got nobody to pat you on the back for doing of it. Why, when I was single, if I got 'old of a sure thing for the three-o'clock race and picked up a couple of quid, the thrill of it didn't seem to linger somehow. But now, if some of the gentlemen that come 'ere put me onto something safe and I make a bit, 'arf the fascination of it is taking the stuff 'ome and rolling it onto the kitchen table and 'aving 'er pat me on the back."

(Continued on Page 157)



Water-Front Fires —and Rubber

A row of buildings on the water-front is ablaze. Heavily stored warehouses are threatened. A liner, freighted with human lives and costly cargo, is tied up at the pier.

Complete destruction seems inevitable.

But the fire-boat is coming! Soon a whole broadside of water—50 tons a minute—is tearing into the flames with an impact so powerful that walls tumble and roofs are ripped away.

And what is back of this tremendous force?

Rubber—that multiform material which has become so helpful an ally to man—a substance that has given him control over the most destructive of all elements—fire.

The endless flood of water shooting into the flames, passes through fire hose that is lined with rubber.

And the steam hose is rubber. Rubber is in the packing of gates, pumps, pipe-lines and propeller stuffing box. It is used for the big suction and discharge valves and for washers and gaskets of many kinds.

Even in less conspicuous details, rubber is freely used. Insulation is made of it; so are the coats and boots of firemen. Floors, stairs and platforms are covered with it. No matter where you turn you will find rubber in some one of its myriad forms.

And most of the rubber you see came from one or another of the 47 mills of the world's largest rubber manufacturer whose products bear the well-known U. S. seal.

Consult our engineering bureau regarding your rubber requirements. You can get in touch with it through any of our numerous branches.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — US — RUBBER SYSTEM

United States Rubber Company

What Baby's Mouth Proves About Your Mouth

A BABY'S toothless mouth is alkaline, not acid—unless the baby is sick. Teeth don't cause acid but merely form a lodging place for things that can.

Therefore—acidity of the mouth can be avoided by keeping the teeth clean and keeping well. Drugs are not necessary, cleanliness is.

That's why the American public is avoiding dentifrices that claim to cure abnormal mouth conditions and is choosing the safety of cleanliness represented by Dr. Lyon's. It cleans and polishes without any danger of the *misapplication* of drugs. It contains none.

Dr. Lyon's

The Dentifrice that made fine teeth Fashionable

Powder *Cream*

I. W. LYON & SONS, Inc., 522 WEST 27th ST., NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 154)

"How about when you lose?"

"I don't tell 'er," said Mac simply.

"You seem to understand the art of being happy, Mac."

"It ain't an art, sir. It's just gettin' 'old of the right little woman and 'aving a nice little 'ome of your own to go back to at night."

"Mac," said Billie admiringly, "you talk like a Tin Pan Alley song hit, except that you've left out the scent of honeysuckle and old Mister Moon climbing up over the trees. Well, you're quite right. I'm all for the simple and domestic myself. If I could find the right man, and he didn't see me coming and duck, I'd become one of the Mendelssohn's March Daughters right away. Are you going, George? There's a rehearsal at two-thirty for cuts."

"I want to get the evening papers and send off a cable or two. See you later."

"We shall meet at Philippi."

Mac eyed George's retreating back till he had turned the corner.

"A nice, pleasant gentleman, Mr. Bevan," he said. "Too bad 'e's got the pip the way 'e 'as, just after 'avin' a big success like this 'ere. Comes of bein' a artist, I suppose."

Miss Dore dived into her vanity case and produced a puff, with which she proceeded to powder her nose.

"All composers are nuts, Mac. I was in a show once where the manager was panning the composer because there wasn't a number in the score that had a tune to it. The poor geek admitted they weren't very tuney, but said the thing about his music was that it had such a wonderful aroma. They all get that way. The jazz seems to go to their heads. George is all right though, and don't let anyone tell you different."

"Have you known him long, miss?"

"About five years. I was a stenographer in the house that published his songs when I first met him. And there's another thing you've got to hand it to George for—he hasn't let success give him a swelled head. The money that boy makes is sinful, Mac. He wears thousand-dollar bills next to his skin winter and summer. But he's just the same as he was when I first knew him, when he was just hanging round Broadway looking out for a chance to be allowed to slip a couple of interpolated numbers into any old show that came along. Yes. Put it in your diary, Mac, and write it on your cuff, George Bevan's all right. He's an ace."

Unconscious of these eulogies which, coming from one whose judgment he respected, might have cheered him up, George wandered down Shaftesbury Avenue, feeling more depressed than ever. The sun had gone in for the time being, and the east wind was frolicking round him like a playful puppy, patting him with a cold paw, nuzzling his ankles, bounding away and bounding back again, and behaving generally as east winds do when they discover a victim who has come out without his spring overcoat. It was plain to George now that the sun and the wind were a couple of confidence tricksters, working together as a team. The sun had disarmed him with specious promises and an air of cheery goodfellowship and had delivered him into the hands of the wind, which was now going through him with the swift thoroughness of the professional hold-up artist. He quickened his steps, and began to wonder if he was so sunk in senile decay as to have acquired a liver.

He discarded the theory as repellent. And yet there must be a reason for his depression. To-day of all days, as Mac had pointed out, he had everything to make him happy. Popular as he was in America, this was the first piece of his to be produced in London, and there was no doubt that it was a success of unusual dimensions. And yet he felt no elation.

He reached Piccadilly and turned westward. And then, as he passed the gates of the In and Out Club, he had a moment of clear vision and understood everything. He was depressed because he was bored, and he was bored because he was lonely. Mac, that solid thinker, had been right. The solution of the problem of life was to get hold of the right girl and have a home to go back to at night. He was mildly surprised that he had tried in any other direction for an explanation of his gloom. It was all the more inexplicable in that fully eighty per cent of the lyrics which he had set in the course of his career had had that thought at the back of them.

George gave himself up to an orgy of sentimentality. He seemed to be alone in the world which had paired itself off into a sort of seething welter of happy couples. Taxicabs full of happy couples rolled by every minute. Passing omnibuses creaked beneath the weight of happy couples. The very policeman across the street had just grinned at a flitting shopgirl, and she had smiled back at him. The only female in London who did not appear to be attached was a girl in brown who was coming along the sidewalk at a leisurely pace, looking about her in a manner that suggested that she found Piccadilly a new and stimulating spectacle.

As far as George could see she was an extremely pretty girl, small and dainty, with a proud little tilt to her head and the jaunty walk that spoke of perfect health. She was, in fact, precisely the sort of girl that George felt he could love with all the stored-up devotion of an old buffer of twenty-seven who had squandered none of his rich nature in foolish flirtations. He had just begun to weave a rose-tinted romance about their two selves, when a cold reaction set in. Even as he paused to watch the girl threading her way through the crowd, the east wind jabbed an icy finger down the back of his neck and the chill of it sobered him. After all, he reflected bitterly, this girl was only alone because she was on her way somewhere to meet some confounded man. Besides, there was no earthly chance of getting to know her. You can't rush up to pretty girls in the street and tell them you are lonely. At least you can, but it doesn't get you anywhere except the police station. George's gloom deepened, a thing he would not have believed possible a moment before. He felt that he had been born too late. The restraints of modern civilization irked him. It was not, he told himself, like this in the good old days.

In the Middle Ages, for example, this girl would have been a damsel; and in that happy time practically everybody whose technical rating was that of damsel was in distress and only too willing to waive the formalities in return for services rendered by the casual passer-by. But the twentieth century is a prosaic age, when girls are merely girls and have no troubles at all. Were he to stop this girl in brown and assure her that his aid and comfort were at her disposal, she would undoubtedly call that large policeman from across the way, and the romance would begin and end within the space of thirty seconds or, if the policeman were a quick mover, rather less.

Better to dismiss dreams and return to the practical side of life by buying the evening papers from the shabby individual beside him who had just thrust an early edition in his face. After all, notices are notices—even when the heart is aching. George felt in his pocket for the necessary money, found emptiness, and remembered that he had left all his ready funds at his hotel.

It was just one of the things he might have expected on a day like this.

The man with the papers had the air of one whose business is conducted on purely cash principles. There was only one thing to be done, return to the hotel, retrieve his money, and try to forget the weight of the world and its cares in lunch. And from the hotel he could dispatch the two or three cables which he wanted to send to New York.

The girl in brown was quite close now, and George was enabled to get a clearer glimpse of her. She more than fulfilled the promise she had given at a distance. Had she been constructed to his own specifications, she could not have been more acceptable in George's sight. And now she was going out of his life forever. With an overwhelming sense of pathos, for there is no pathos more bitter than that of parting from someone we have never met, George hailed a taxicab which crawled at the side of the road and, with all the refrains of all the sentimental song hits he had ever composed ringing in his ears, got in and passed away.

"A rotten world," he mused, as the cab, after proceeding a couple of yards, came to a standstill in a block of the traffic. "A dull, flat bore of a world, in which nothing happens or ever will happen. Even when you take a cab, it just sticks and doesn't move."

At this point, the door of the cab opened and the girl in brown jumped in.

"I'm so sorry," she said breathlessly, "but would you mind hiding me, please?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Keeping Pace
With Modern Science

AEROPLANES, automobiles and the many types of conspicuous modern mechanical creations tell us most emphatically that the world moves. In our admiration of them we sometimes fail to observe the achievement in appliances upon which depend our daily health and enjoyment. The refrigerator in the home, club, hotel or food conveyor is of the most vital concern to everyone, and responsibility rests upon the person who selects it.

BOHN
SYPHON REFRIGERATOR

The house of Bohn has assumed, as its responsibility, the making of a refrigerator which, every year, would maintain leadership in the "high grade" class. No expense has been spared to provide adequate engineering skill and materials of best quality. Yet the Bohn Syphon is not a luxury. Its extra service in protection against food waste, its ice economy, reduction of labor in obtaining cleanliness, and durability, recommend its purchase by those who formerly have been attracted by a low first-cost.

The Bohn dealer in your city will demonstrate the exclusive features and, if you wish, make suggestions on the size to meet your requirements. Write us for refrigerator literature.

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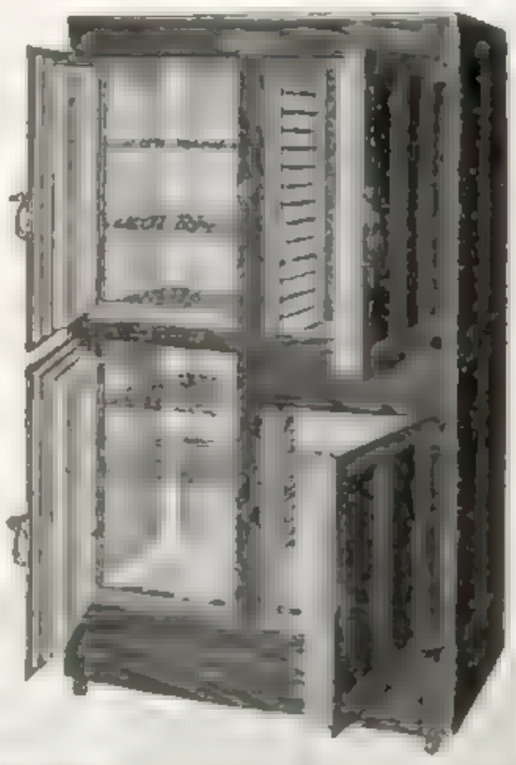
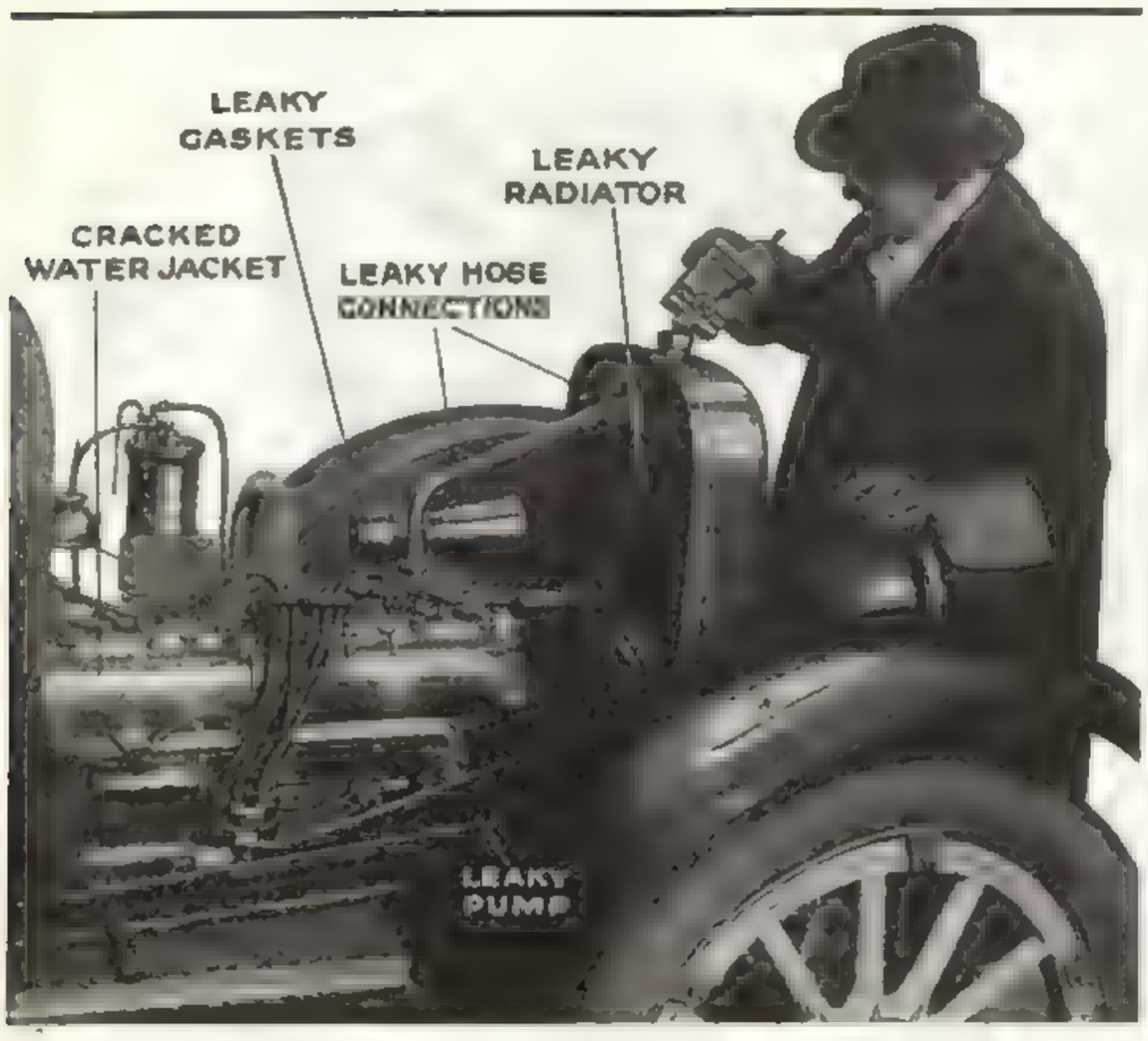
We also make Bohn Sanitor Kitchen Tables with white or blue porcelain tops.





Wherever Water Can Possibly Leak "X" Liquid Makes a Scientific Repair!

EVERY car owner ought to know that "guesswork" is ancient history around a motor car.

The question of *what to do about leaks in the cooling system* now has *a scientific answer.*

"X" Liquid is the *most* practical method of repairing leaks *without danger to any part of the cooling system.*

* * *

Soldering is risky. The high heat of the soldering torch often weakens the radiator. If the leaks are hard to get at—it means a poor job—and a bill anywhere up to $25. Some parts of the circulating system *can't* be soldered.

In addition to the *economy* of it—an "X" Liquid repair is *quicker, surer* and *more scientific* than soldering.

* * *

THE simplicity of the "X" Liquid process is as remarkable as its scientific accuracy. "X" is poured into the radiator, instantly combines with the water and circulates freely throughout the cooling system. Wherever it finds a leak or crack it flows through. When it strikes the oxygen in the air it hardens. And binds the break with a metal-like repair. Vibration can't loosen it. An "X" repair stands 2000 pounds pressure.

"X" Liquid doesn't stop at repairing leaks. Thousands of car owners keep "X" *constantly* in the water to *prevent future leaks.*

The chemical composition of "X" is such that it *loosens* all rust and scale now present in the cooling system. It absorbs all free oxygen preventing *new* rust from eating away the metal. It also holds in the water the lime and magnesia that would otherwise cause scale.

In this way the very narrow water passages are kept *clean*, cooling is *improved*, oil is *saved* and the motor performs *much better.*

Not a Radiator Cement

Don't confuse "X" Liquid with flaxseed meal, glue, shellac or other "dope" in powder or liquid form. "X" is the original Liquid process that scientifically repairs Leaks, prevents Rust and eliminates Scale.

What "X" Liquid Does!

1—Repairs all Leaks permanently in 10 minutes.
2—Prevents future Leaks.
3—Loosens all Rust and Scale.
4—Prevents new Rust or Scale from forming.
5—Keeps the motor much cooler.
6—Saves Oil.
7—Makes good or your money back.

Ask for "X" Liquid by name. If your dealer hasn't yet stocked we will ship direct on receipt of price and dealer's name.

Write for the full story on "X"—the wonderful liquid.

Standard Size $1.50
will do a $25 repair job!

Ford Size 75c
will do a $10 repair job!

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Pacific Coast Branch, 433 Rialto Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

"X" Liquid makes all water cooling systems LEAKPROOF RUSTPROOF SCALEPROOF

THE NEW GOBLINS

(Concluded from Page 34)

I find many persons thinking that "there must be something to Bolshevism if it can defy the Allies longer than Germany."

Considering all the public promises the Allies have made to Russia and the public expectations of military action, one might conclude that the Allies had really been fighting the Bolsheviki. But this is not true. The Allies have never been able to unite definitely upon a Russian program. The Allies were not united in Siberia and they did not land a sufficient number of troops to be able to take any effective military action against the Bolsheviki. The English and French sent small forces—not more than a thousand men—to Omsk and Yekaterinburg, but they did not take part in the fighting against the red army on the Urals. At Archangel the Allied force has been very small and there has been no real campaign against Trotzky's army. As a matter of record and fact the Allies at no time have really effectively and unitedly opposed Bolshevism in Russia, except by agreeing upon a blockade.

Throughout the world to-day there is revolutionary unrest; it is discernible everywhere. But this is not due to the propaganda of Bolshevism, but rather to the awakening of a new mass consciousness. This war has been fought by all classes and types of men and backed by every class of women. As a result of the four years of suffering, tension, discussion, debate, disagreement and disillusionment, the great body of humanity all over the world has come to the common conclusion that the new world must be different from the old. The mass mind has not developed the idea much further. Their program is unformulated. The mass demands a better world. Humanity demands changes and readjustments. The people believe that as a result of their fighting and sacrifices there must be new world standards.

This is not a thing about which there is any disagreement. Everyone whose finger is on the pulse of mankind feels it. But the Bolsheviki appear and claim that their program of revolution and destruction is the only real reconstruction platform. They do not point to Russia and say: "See!—This is what Bolshevism will do for the whole world!" They know their example in Russia will not appeal to the people outside that country. But they are wise in deceit. They are the only ones, they tell the war-weary public, who can make the future a new world. They are half right. They can remake the world; but when they finish, it will require generation after generation to bring the world ahead to what everyone would consider an advance in civilization.

The world is indeed in the midst of a universal revolution which is developing in two ways. Revolutions may be of opinion or of action. The Bolshevist method is action. The method of representative governments is opinion.

Outside of Russia and a few countries in Central Europe I do not anticipate a revolution of action, but in every other country a revolution of opinion and readjustment is inevitable. The one will lead to anarchy, chaos and suffering, and will follow the general lines of the Russian revolution; the other will bring about rapid and radical readjustments in industry and politics and start the pendulum of peace over the arc of time and progress. And the new era will be an advance from to-day, not a return to yesterday.

You may recall when you were a child how you were frightened by goblins. The mere warning that "the goblins will get you if you don't watch out" was sufficient, but as soon as you were told the whys and wherefores of gnomes you ceased to fear them and they became only a passing fantasy of childhood.

This is true of the new goblins too. Attempts have been made to frighten the world into goodness by the alarm, "The Bolsheviki will get you if you don't watch out," but the world is wise and inquisitive. As the facts become known the people cease fearing the morrow, and the new goblins become but passing fantasies of this transition period from war to peace conditions.

THE DANCIN' FOOL

(Continued from Page 25)

God only knows how you've got by all these years."

Gaines could endure no more. He plunged at Ves with fists doubled and blood in his eye. In a frenzied way he intended to knock Ves into the street with one good punch. But Ves wasn't there. Gaines landed against the window frame with a crash that all but dislocated his shoulder. Then he felt a steely grip, which pinioned his arms from behind.

"None of that!" said Ves. "Don't try to start anything here, because I might have to throw you down the stairs to get rid of you."

On the sidelines Miss Keyes and Miss Gilfoyle, a little pale, viewed this proceeding flutteringly. McPherson had taken a step forward, and now mildly suggested that Gaines would be wise to calm down.

"It ain't any use," he said. "This kid is a funny one. He always gets his own way round here. You haven't a Chinaman's chance; you're licked before you start."

Gaines sank into the chair, puffing and blowing, sputtering malignities at Ves and viewing him with such malevolence that his face was far from pleasant to see.

"I'll square this with you," he said.

"Why, Gaines," returned Ves, "that's absurd. You never squared anything with anyone. Squaring isn't your game. Now as this is a very busy day I guess you'd better clear out."

"Not much! This concern owes me eight hundred dollars."

"This concern owes you nothing. You've gouged the Jones Jug Company out of a good-sized fortune, and if the boss did what he ought to he'd have you put in jail for a thousand years."

"I'll see my lawyer! I'll find out if a man can be cheated out of his just commissions and expenses!"

"All right," said Ves. "You go see your lawyer, and if he knows his business he'll keep you out of court and advise you not to do any suing; because if you ever take a case into court against this concern your most serious troubles will begin right then and there. Why, there's stuff enough on our books to hang you."

"Well, we'll see about that, and in the meantime you understand I'm off this cheap-skate outfit. I resign right now."

"Resign? Man, you can't resign. You're fired. You're fired without notice. Bounced, discharged and kicked out for rank thievery. Get me? And you can take that into court, too, if you dare. Now, the door opens outward. Hit the air, Gaines, hit the ozone. This is our busy day!"

A few minutes later McPherson the bookkeeper managed to regain his breath sufficiently to say, "Well, Ves, now you have gone and upset the apple cart. The old man will have your hide for this. You've got away with murder before now, but this is the limit."

"Oh, I suppose so," said Ves. The reaction found him limp. He smiled a thin smile. "It took nerve; but say, Mac, haven't you known for years that crook was trimming us?"

"Never concerned myself much about it. The old man has always grumbled, told me to mind my own business and signed the checks. Why, Gaines controls more than a third of our trade."

"That cheap dog? Why, Mac, don't be foolish. A man of that kind doesn't control anything; he drives away more trade than he brings in."

"He's had the old man buffaloed, though. Enoch is scared to death of him. He's held a club over Jones' head for years. You've sure spilled the beans, boy! I can't say I don't sympathize with you; but a guy can't always afford to fight with his bread and butter."

"Mac, that's bunk. That's why you're a bookkeeper instead of a partner in this shebang. Sometimes a feller that is scared to fight his bread and butter doesn't have much bread and butter to fight."

Next morning Uncle Enoch was at his desk bright and early.

"Gaines is coming in to-day," he said. "He wrote he'd be along this morning."

(Continued on Page 161)

How many miles in a Dollar—?

Powrlok prevents stalling when one wheel loses traction.

The Big Problem of the Traffic Man

Managers of big fleets of trucks have learned that when operating cost is checked against performance, a truck which has a Torbensen Drive will stretch a dollar into more ton miles than a truck which does not have a Torbensen Drive.

That is why more Torbensens are in service than any other type of truck rear axle—why the Torbensen Axle Co. is the largest builder in the world of Rear Axles for Motor Trucks.

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Maytime!

Apple-blossoms! The delightful first days of all-white clothes—of white shoes kept white by

BIXBY'S

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SHOE WHITE

FOR ALL WHITE SHOES

This is the ideal cleaner for buck, nubuck or canvas white shoes. It dries quickly in a pure white and will not rub off in ordinary wear.

15¢ Sold by grocers, druggists, notion stores, sporting goods and shoe stores. 15¢

"JET-OIL"
A LIQUID WAX POLISH AND PRESERVATIVE FOR ALL BLACK SHOES. REQUIRES NO PASTE 15¢

S. M. Bixby & Co., Inc.
NEW YORK, U. S. A.

"DOUBLE A" BROWN
FOR DARK TAN SHOES AND PUTTEES. A LIQUID POLISH REQUIRING NO PASTE.
25¢

(Continued from Page 158)

"You sure?" asked McPherson. "He didn't say the tenth, did he? To-day is the eleventh."

Old Enoch fumbled among his papers and brought forth the letter in question.

"Blamed if he didn't say the tenth," he growled. "Why didn't you remind me? Say, he didn't come in while I was out at the pottery, did he?"

"Sure did."

"Too bad. Well, I guess he'll be in to-day. Did you explain I was at the plant on important matters?"

"Ves did the explaining."

"What did Gaines say?"

"He said so many things, I can't rightly remember. He and Ves had quite a hot session."

"What d'ye mean by 'hot session'? Where's Ves?"

"I guess he'll be in soon. He generally gets here before this."

Young Tibble pushed open the door at this moment.

"Here he is. Let him tell you himself," said McPherson.

"Mac tells me you had some words with Gaines yesterday," began Enoch. "I'd like to know what right you had discussing business matters with ——"

"Did Mac tell you I fired Gaines?"

Enoch stared at his nephew in utter incomprehension. Finally he managed to ejaculate "Huh?"

"I say, did Mac tell you I gave that crook his walking ticket?"

It took Ves fully three minutes to get the idea across with his uncle that the employment of Leroy Gaines by the Jones Jug Company was at an end, and that he, Ves Tibble, was responsible for the split.

When the fact finally penetrated, the storm broke. McPherson said afterward that he had seen the old man mad a good many times, but never in all the years of his connection with the business had he witnessed anything like this exhibition. Both Miss Keyes and Miss Gilfoyle fled into the hall until it was over. McPherson sat and hung onto his stool, like a man in a high wind clinging to a precarious hold on a ridgepole.

Ves Tibble allowed his uncle's tirade to pass through his head like so much wind through a ventilator. After a while, exhausted by his anger, Enoch sank into his chair and half collapsed. He had comprehensively reviewed the history of his nephew's service in the jug-company office, and if he had omitted any affront that a brash youth could put upon an indulgent and aged relative, a relative to whom he owed a debt of deep gratitude, old Enoch did not know what it was. A viper in the bosom of its benefactor was an exemplification of holy thankfulness compared to Ves.

"And now," concluded Jones, "I'm done with you! Once and for all, I'm done with you! You've ruined my business in return for all my kindness. You're fired for the last time. I've told you to get out before, I know. But I've been soft and easy with you. You've come back, like a black cat, to hoodoo this office, and I stood it because blood was thicker than water. But now it ain't—not any more. The thickness is all taken out of it. I'm done! You never will draw another cent of pay from me, Sylvester Tibble; not another cent!"

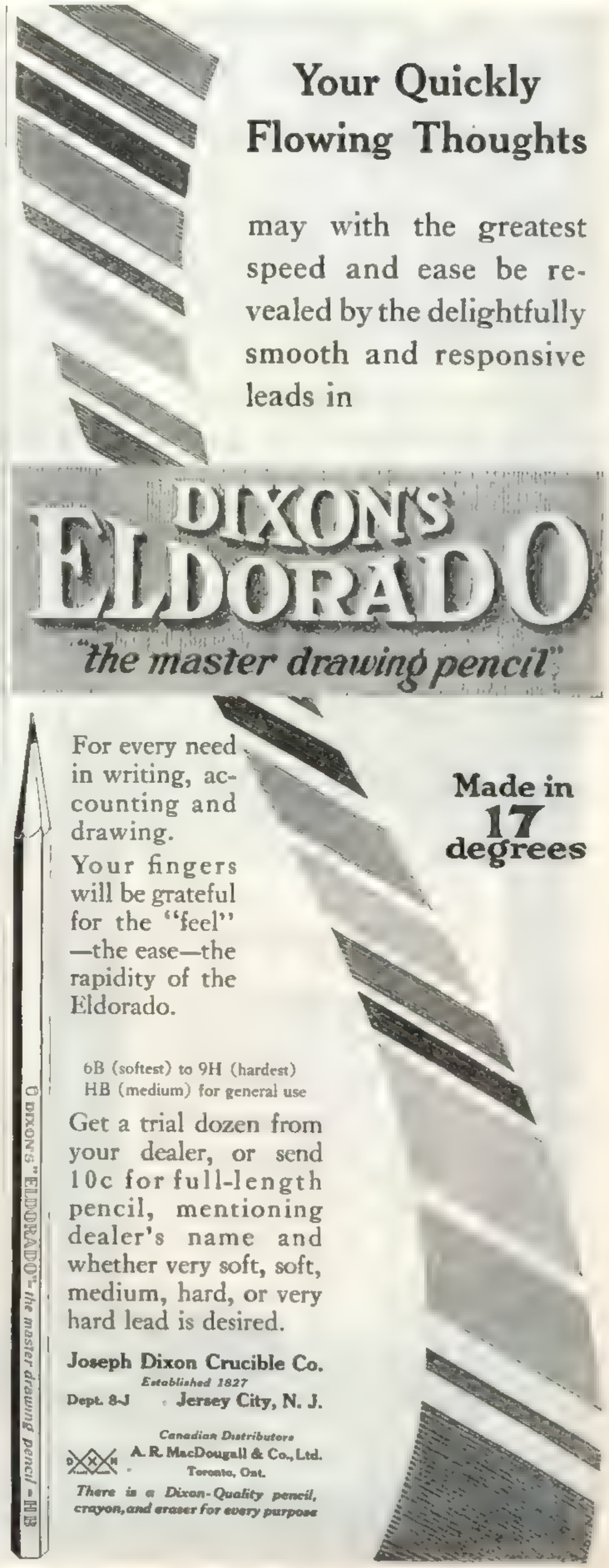
"If you're through talking," said Ves, "maybe you'd like to know how many thousand dollars that crook has trimmed you for. I guess Mac has got it figured out."

"Don't talk to me," said Enoch. "Don't let's discuss the matter. I'm no fool. I know what's going on. I know salesmen and what they do. Gaines is a good salesman. He controls a lot of business. He's padded his expense account some—they all do. It can't be helped. He's sold the goods and I don't believe he's been overpaid. I've growled sometimes, but I've always felt Gaines was a good salesman. He knows our line. He knows the trade. Now you've raised hell. Well, maybe he'll be in to-morrow and I'll see what I can do to smooth things over with him."

"You won't if I see him first," thought Ves.

"I'm all upset," said Enoch. "I'm going home and see if I can get calmed down. Now, young man, you've done all the mischief you're going to. You clear out! I don't want to see that saucy face of yours round here in the morning. Understand?"

Standing Before Her Mirror, Janie Discovered to Her Dismay That There Were Little Tired Shadows Under Her Eyes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"Sure," said Ves. "I'll try to keep it out of sight. I guess I better stick round and help Mac with those stock sheets ——"

"No; you're through! You keep away. You're a trouble maker."

The old man picked up his hat and coat and trudged out.

"What did I tell you?" asked McPherson. "Now you *are* fired. This time it'll stick; you see!"

"Mac," said Ves, "it's funny that you don't understand my uncle after all these years. How could you be associated with such a lovable character and not know that he never means a word he says when he's mad? Dog-gone! To-morrow he'll probably put another five dollars a week on my pay. The dear old soul!"

x

BUT Enoch did nothing of the kind, for the very good reason that his nephew did not appear at the office next morning. Jones came in, opened his mail, scolded the bookkeeper and made himself as disagreeable as usual. By ten o'clock he began to fidget. There was information he wanted. What had been done about the shipment to Flinger Brothers, in Fitchburg? Had that Syracuse house ordered a gross or six gross of two-quart sizes by telephone? Enoch couldn't remember. Did Mac think Ves had fixed up the advertising copy?

"You know you've run the same advertisement for the last year, Mr. Jones," said McPherson. "Probably Ves thought you wanted to let it go without any change."

"Of course I want it changed! Say, what do we spend money for advertising in the trade paper for, what? Ves ought to have looked out for it."

"Did you tell him to?"

"Good Lord, no! Do I have to give him orders for every breath he draws round here? Hasn't that boy got any initiative? Do I have to lug the whole burden? Say, where do you suppose he is this morning? Better call up that boarding house and see if he's out of bed yet, the lazy loafer."

Enoch seemed not to remember that this was the first morning Ves had ever failed to show up on time or ahead of it.

"Maybe he thinks he's fired," hazarded McPherson. "You told him yesterday not to come back."

"Fiddlesticks! What's that got to do with it? Just because he's discharged he doesn't have to leave us in a hole, does he? He can at least straighten out his affairs so someone can make head or tail of things."

At about ten-thirty the door opened and Leroy Gaines walked in. He had lost a good deal of his assurance. He glanced about timorously, as if afraid someone might attack him. "Good morning, Mr. Jones," he said very meekly.

Enoch looked up stonily at the ex-representative of the Jones Jug Company.

"Well?" he said harshly.

"I—I wondered if I could have a word with you, Mr. Jones. I've been with you a good many years."

"You're not with us now," said Enoch.

"But, Mr. Jones, you ought to be fair with me. You ought to make allowances for faithful service. It's hard to believe you would discharge an old employee without a hearing."

"You better believe it," said Enoch. "I guess I stood about all I was called upon to stand from you, Gaines."

"But, Mr. Jones, in view of the amount of business I control, don't you think it would be well to reconsider?"

"Gaines," said Enoch, "I've been a soft mark for you. I'd made up my mind to let you go. My nephew was only doing what I intended to do myself. I want you to understand that when a man's fired from the Jones Jug Company he's fired for keeps. I think that'll be about all at this time. Good day, sir."

Gaines went sullenly out.

"Now," said Enoch, "I suppose he'll go to some of our competitors and get a job and start cutting our throat."

"I thought you were going to smooth things over with him this morning?"

"What, and have him go on stealing from me, as you and Ves say he's been doing for years? Not much! But I'm darned if I know what we will do for a salesman in his place; and that's a fact. Say, Mac, did you call up the boarding house and inquire about that boy? Well, for heaven's sake, why don't you do what I tell you?"

At the *Maison de Budd*, as Junie often facetiously called her mother's establishment, the great Pierre lay in his bed and fretted while Mrs. Budd ministered to his comfort with cheerful but anxious solicitude. Junie after a very hard night was still asleep.

"Have you called up the office?" asked Ves.

"Land sakes, boy, I've been so busy this morning I haven't had a minute. I'll do it right away."

"Well, if you don't mind. You see, my uncle fired me again yesterday, and by my not showing up I'm afraid he'll think I took it seriously. Say, how long did the doctor say I'd have to stay in bed?"

"Only a week or two; lucky there's no broken bones. He says it's a terrible sprain—almost as bad as a break. You won't do any dancin' for a good many weeks."

Ves groaned.

"And just as we were getting our new act started!" he complained. "What did Junie say last night when they brought me home?"

"She cried, and said every twinge of pain it gave you went right through her heart; and when I said it was too bad to spoil your act she said what the dickens did she care for the act compared to having her old Vestibule suffer? She said she didn't think dancin' was any business for a he man, and she wished she hadn't kept you from makin' the best of the jug business, and she was to blame for your accident because she'd insisted on you staying in the dancin' game when your heart wasn't in it any more. She said what was a few paltry dollars compared with a person's health and strength and ankles, and a boy as smart as you would make good in the jug business in a very large way, and she wasn't going to put any stumbling blocks in your path to fame and fortune through the jug business any more, and if you wanted her to quit dancin' and try juggling she'd do it cheerful or — My land, there goes the telephone now!"

Mrs. Budd scurried away, to give McPherson the interesting news that this was Mrs. Budd, Mr. Tibble's landlady, and the poor boy had fell and hurt his ankle, and it would be two or three weeks before he would be up and round and she was just giving him every care in the world. How the accident occurred, however, she did not specify, being under strict injunction from both Junie and Ves never to divulge to the people at the office the young man's identity as the great Pierre.

What happened, as a result of which Ves Tibble now lay helpless, was one of those accidents which had entered the young man's head as a possibility weeks before.

Junie had planned a new dance, billed at the Garden of Roses as Antediluvian Antics. She and Ves had worked over it in every spare moment, and last night had been its première.

It was cave-man stuff. The lights were dimmed. In the orchestra could be heard the low rumblings of an approaching storm. On such a night the troglodyte wooer goes forth to win his bride. The great Pierre was cast for the part of Oswald Stonehatchet, and Junie Budd for that of Sylvia Skinclothes, a prehistoric lady of considerable charm but uncertain temper.

Oswald, clad in a rich coat of sunburn and the hide of an eight-toed wildcat, came treading softly along the imaginary forest aisles, peering to right and left for signs of the victim of his matrimonial intentions. Sylvia, stylishly gowned in a leopard skin and a lot of jingly beads, hid behind a table occupied by four Pittsburgh millionaires, which for the purposes of the dance represented a large rock.

Out of the gloom came the wailing notes of the orchestra, the weird sound of imitation rain that made some of the guests absentmindedly wish they had not come out without their rubbers.

Sylvester Oswald Stonehatchet Tibble, waggling a large club apparently devised for purposes of sentimental persuasion, approached the hiding place. There he discovered her, and in spite of the valiant defense of the four millionaires, whose hearts were touched by so much beauty in distress, dragged her forth, screaming and writhing, biting, kicking, to the immense delight of the onlooking multitude.

Then followed the dance. To say it was barbarous would not be too much; to say it was clever would fall far short of the truth. In artistic conception the idea may have lacked something of pure æsthetic merit; but as entertainment it was immense. It apotheosized agility, grace, swiftness and

(Continued on Page 165)

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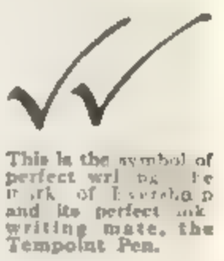

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ALWAYS SHARP—NEVER SHARPENED

Right-Hand Mate to the famous Tempoint Pen

(Continued from Page 162)

physical perfection. It made the biggest hit in the long record of the Garden of Roses. In the language of the profession it was a knockout.

The storm of applause that burst forth when the cave man finally overcame the resistance of his inamorata and carried her off, squealing and struggling, to a supposititious cave located back of the serving room, was explosive enough to shake the chandeliers and cause the pictures on the walls to vibrate. And it kept up. Ves and Junie came out eighteen times by actual count and bowed their acknowledgments; but that audience could not be thus appeased. Finally the antediluvian pair began again at the very beginning, and Sylvia Skinclothes sought her millionaire-studded rock of refuge.

It was laid down that shortly after the struggling Sylvia was torn from this hiding place she should break away and make a desperate dash for safety.

Now Junie Budd could run like a scared rabbit, and her slim partner was no less speedy. It was a real race. Junie not only ran, she dodged. When her partner seemed to be sure of her she slipped away like lightning. Round and round she ran, swift as a sunbeam, elusive, laughing, shouting, tantalizing. Of course it was in the scheme for Ves to catch her finally and reduce her to a semisavage submission through a series of maneuvers in which the whole gamut of feminine emotion was played upon.

The audience liked it better than they had liked it at first. Repetition seemed to give it an assurance, a finish it had lacked in the initial presentation.

And then right in the midst of the chase came disaster. Somehow a tiny spot of moisture, like a fleck of salad dressing or even a splash of wine, proved Ves' undoing; for in making a sharp turn he slipped and went down. It did not look like a bad fall, and the audience laughed, expecting him to rise and go on. But he did not rise. Instead he sat on the floor, his face ashen, his hands grasping his ankle.

Cloom descended upon the house of Elkus, and the Garden of Roses became for the rest of that night a Garden of Weeping Willows. They picked up poor Ves and taxicabbed him home and called the doctor, whose verdict Mrs. Budd delivered to Ves next forenoon, as has been set down.

"Dog-gone!" said Ves when Junie came in to see him, round eleven o'clock. "It's tough to have this thing crab the best act you ever invented. Say, I must have looked foolish in that costume; but the crowd fell for the whole thing. It was immense—or it would have been if I hadn't made a chump of myself."

"Hush, honey," said Junie. "It wasn't your fault. I'm so thankful the ankle isn't broken! Poor old Vessie! Junie's dragged him through some awful hard sledding."

"But the act, Junie, our act!"

"Bother the act! What I'm interested in is seeing you get well. Does it hurt much?"

"Do you suppose Fred d'Orlan could take my place?"

"Oh, Ves, he's such a worm. I despise him!"

Ves named five or six other dancers, all well known. Junie shook her head.

"No go," she said. "None of those fellows are the class of men I'd care to associate with. I want you or no one."

"But we've got to keep faith with Morrie Elkus."

"It isn't bad faith to sprain your ankle. You could sue Morrie for the grease spot that upset you."

"Well, you'll have to think up someone in my place. Or else tell Elkus to put on another act until I'm on my pins again."

Junie's face clouded.

"That's the hard part of it," she said. "Doctor Giles says you can't dance again for months and months."

Ves looked off, out of the window across the housetops jumbled against a gray sky. Suddenly he said, "It won't interfere with the jug business, after a few days."

"Well, if there's any comfort in the idea I'm sure I won't grudge it," said Junie with wry generosity. "I'll have to report to Morrie Elkus and tell him the sad truth. Maybe he'll let me dance a solo for a few weeks, to keep the wolf from the door. I guess it's the best I can expect."

Late that afternoon, when Junie had gone to the hairdresser's, Mrs. Budd came up to Ves' room with a card.

"Nice-looking gentleman, too," she said. "You feel equal to seeing him?"

"Sure!" said Ves.

The surprise of this visit went a long way as a remedy for the tedium of his imprisonment.

So presently Charles Harkins entered and sat down by Ves' bed.

"Well, young man," he said, "this is a queer how-d'ye-do. I happened to be at the Garden last night when you came to grief; but before I could get to you they'd whisked you away. Besides, I don't suppose I had any license to butt in. However, I called up Elkus to-day and asked him for your address. I don't know anything about you or your friends, but by George, it struck me that if I was laid up with a bad hurt and some chap I'd been courteous to showed a little interest in me it might help a bit."

"It's darned good of you, Harkins," said Ves. "Not many fellers would take so much trouble for a stranger."

"Well, old man, you know I took sort of a shine to you. Somehow, you seem a bit different from some of those dancing chaps. Can't tell what it is, but you struck me as having character. I should say you were a person of considerable force. You made a great hit with my sister. She'd feel I did quite the right thing in blowing round, you know."

"Mighty friendly. She's a nice girl, your sister. Wish you'd give her my regards. How's that feller, Reed, from St. Louis? Did you ever take back those dishes or jugs or whatever it was he said he was stuck with?"

"Oh, Reed was kidding me. He sold the stock all right and ordered more. You know you startled me that night, young man, when you asked me that question about our new line of baking dishes. I'd have sworn for a moment you knew a lot about crockery. Something professional in the tone of your voice. Of course I saw right away you weren't that kind of a fellow—you're an artist and all that; full of temperament, I suppose. Wouldn't be a bit happy in a commercial line; not cut out for it. Dare say you're tremendously in love with your profession. Well, old man, everyone to his taste.

"There, I've stayed as long as I ought. Mustn't tire you. You've got my card. Wish you'd call me up some day when you get on your pins and let me take you to lunch. And say, I've no doubt you're comfortably fixed here—looks a bit lonely to me, of course—but if there's anything I can do for you, sing out, will you? I'd be only too glad. You'll be rather shaky for a while. You'll get pretty dull, I should say. Tell you what, come up to the house for dinner some Sunday; my sister'd love to have you. How's that? Is it agreed? Well, then, so long, and a quick recovery."

Harkins, brisk, jovial, keen, friendly and, for all that, a bit patronizing, was gone.

"Dog-gone!" muttered Ves. "That feller can certainly talk a streak. Funny he should come to see me. Now I wonder if he isn't a pretty useful citizen to know. Rather guess I'll accept that invitation. Wish he'd invited Junie too."

XI

ONE morning two weeks after his mishap Ves hobbled into the office with a cane.

"Well, well," cried McPherson, "it's fine to see you! The old man's been stewing about you ever since you got hurt."

"But I'm fired, ain't I?"

"You were fired until you didn't show up that morning. Then you were the most important guy in the place. And say, wish you could have heard what your uncle said to Gaines. He bawled him out for fair."

"What're you going to do for a salesman?"

"Don't know. No one seems to want Gaines' job. Who the hell would work for this fly-blown old has-been of a business?"

"I would," said Ves cheerfully. "I was never so glad to see a place in my life as I am to see this office. Say, look at the dust. Doesn't anyone ever sweep the place? No wonder I've been missed. Say, how is the old skeezicks, anyhow, bless his old heart?"

"Grouchy as ever. Nothing ever goes right with him. Business isn't so rotten, at that. Say, there's a kind of solid foundation to the jug industry; d'you know it?"

"Why, you poor fish, of course I know it! Say, Mac, I guess I'll make Gaines' territory. Never sold a dollar's worth of stuff in my life. I ought to learn sometime."

"The old boy'll never stand for it."

"Haw! Don't cause me this unseemly lofter, McPhusson, old top! When is my esteemed relative coming in?"

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"Little later. He's out wrangling with some guy that owes us forty-two dollars."

Half an hour later Enoch Jones turned down cold his nephew's proposition to go on the road.

"Why, you don't know anything about selling our goods. You'd kill off what's left of our business. No, sir, you stay right here and help out in the office. There's plenty to do."

Nevertheless, in another two weeks Sylvester Lehigh Pennyworth Tibble was riding westward in a Pullman sleeper, the first he'd ever entered in his life. In his pocket was a couple of hundred dollars of his own money. Old Enoch had flatly declined to finance the trip. Furthermore, he said he was going to stop Ves' weekly salary while he was gone. He wasn't going to pay anyone for spoiling his trade.

When Ves had been away from New York six days he got a letter from his uncle, summarily dismissing him.

"Well," he smiled to himself, "that's quite a novelty. First time Uncle Enoch ever bounced me by mail."

To go off on a two months' trip and leave Junie Budd behind was the hardest thing Ves had ever done.

"Aw, say, Junie, let's get married," he had pleaded. "Then you come along with me on a nice wedding trip."

"And help you spend your savings? Not much, Ves Tibble! When you get enough money for us to live on without touching that nest egg, let me know. But I'd never forgive myself if I let you cut into your capital. That little bank account will come in mighty handy some day."

So Junie stuck to her job, which was doing a solo dance at the Garden of Roses, at least for the present. Maybe some acceptable partner would turn up, but none had materialized as yet. Somehow, without Ves, life looked altogether drab to poor Junie. Elkus fixed her salary at only a hundred and fifty a week.

Standing before her mirror, Junie discovered to her dismay that there were little tired shadows under her eyes. Now, when one's livelihood depends upon looking joyous, buoyant, the very personification of youth, it causes a horrible sinking sensation to find that your joyousness lacks spontaneity.

And then Junie discovered something else. In a week she gained two pounds. Shades of all Barnum's fat ladies, but Junie was scared almost enough to drop the two pounds in as many minutes; but she didn't! She kept it all and added half a pound in the next fortnight.

"My land sakes!" she moaned. "I daren't look a potato in the eye now. What'll I cut out next? Might as well leave off eating altogether."

Nevertheless, she continued to be a favorite with Morrie Elkus' patrons, and her place in their esteem was secure enough for sometime to come. Only, without Ves, she had an unprotected feeling she had been blissfully free from ever since she had known him.

Even among the select company of Elkus' high-paying customers there were men whose admiration for a girl as pretty as Junie Budd led them into rather indiscreet expressions of it. Sometimes it was pretty flagrant, and many a night Junie went home in deep disgust, declaring that Ves Tibble was right, the jug business was respectable and substantial and safe.

Meanwhile that young man was learning things. When he had been away from New York a month he no longer needed his cane. His ankle seemed almost as strong as ever.

So he trotted about among the trade, made long and short jumps by train and automobile, studied the market, and learned some amazing things about his own business and that of his competitors. And he sold a raft of goods. Curiously, though he had never himself suspected it, Ves Tibble was a natural salesman. He had magnetism to an unusual degree. When he smiled men knew he was just the most honest, sincere and truthful young chap they had ever met. He was the soul of frankness.

"You see, it's like this," he would say: "We folks don't pretend to make a lot of gimcracks out of cheap material, badly molded and poorly fired. That stuff is easy to make and sell cheap. But our old reliable Jones jugs are just the same as they've always been, and the guaranty is behind every jug. There's no clay in the world like our clay, and that's why our jugs and bean pots and earthenware jars stand the racket."

But Ves learned that jugs and bean pots and earthenware jars represented but a small part of his competitors' lines. And he learned that it was pretty hard to make jugs and bean pots and earthenware jars pay one's expenses. The other chaps, with their more varied goods, had numerous novelties that helped. There was the Harkins line of baking dishes. It was a tremendous success. Ves often thought how much better it would be if it were made of the Jones clay.

And then one night in a Mid-Western town where he had sold all the staple stuff his customer had any right to buy, and realizing how easy it would be if he could only show a few novelty savings banks and some quaint form of drinking cup or fancy, cheaply made ash trays and match holders—the very gimcracks he had to pretend to turn his nose up at—he fell to sketching, half idly, with his pencil; and there under his fingers grew the now famous Bjones Bjug.

Yes, sir; the Bjones Bjug was born in Ashtabula, Ohio, just as sure as this is a true tale.

As it took form in Ves Tibble's mind and became visible on paper there in the hotel room the Bjones Bjug was a whole family of jugs, the cutest things you ever saw—a little Bjones Bjug for baby to drink his milk out of, and a big Bjones Bjug for father to use for—well, coffee; or iced tea. Then there was a special Bjones Bjug—I should say, Bmug, for shaving purposes, and a Bjones Cream Bjug, and a Bjones Sirup Bjug ——

Sort of squatty, funny little things, they were, that made you laugh every time you looked at them, with their comical, brownie faces and cordial little hands to take hold of. Oh, what's the need of describing them, when you know Bjones Bjugs as well as I do? All you are interested in is how they happened to happen, and what effect they had on the life of Ves Tibble and the other people in this story.

Next morning Ves went round to the very stores he had called on the day before, and showed his sketches; and some of the dealers gave him the loud laugh of derision. To these he remarked that he'd show them yet. But some fell upon his neck with loud cries of welcome and acclaim, and assured him he had hit a dandy seller and a name that would ring down the long echoing corridors of time; and Ves strengthened this prediction by saying that the corridors that would do the echoing were the advertising columns of magazines and newspapers.

This pleased the dealers, too, because they knew pretty well that Bjones Bjugs needed only to be advertised. And they had confidence in Ves Tibble and that inimitable, irresistible smile of his.

Ves wondered if these staid citizens would have had that same confidence in the great Pierre.

And so in the course of weeks the inventor of Bjones Bjugs landed once more in New York, with a stack of orders that the cow who jumped over the moon would have preferred to walk round.

Old Enoch greeted him sourly.

"Bless my soul, how do you expect we're going to take care of all that business?" he demanded crustily. "You must think we've got a plant like the steel corporation. I hope you didn't promise deliveries very soon."

The odd part of it was that Enoch didn't know a thing about Bjones Bjugs, because Ves hadn't sent in any orders for them. He had only forwarded his orders for staple goods.

Now he went out to New Haven and saw the superintendent of the pottery, and found out that if given time to adjust himself the superintendent could take care of the orders for staples.

Whereupon Ves showed him his sketches, and two or three reams of sales he had made on Bjones Bjugs; and the superintendent went up like a charge of T N T and hit the ceiling. Great Scott, what the devil did Ves think? And of all the crazy notions! Well, he'd better see what old Enoch would say when he proposed to make up a lot of those impractical dooflickers!

It took Ves three difficult hours and cost him the best dinner he could buy at the Hotel Taft to swing the super round to his way of thinking; and then the crusty old fellow was just as enthusiastic as before he had been dubious. Sure, he could make them! Why of course, that Jones clay was

(Continued on Page 169)

Swelter of Sun or Road Doesn't Sap Their Strength

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Gillette Chilled Rubber Process

Every particle of mileage in Gillette Tires and Tubes is registered on your mileage meter. Not a single foot of travel value is stolen by heat of sun or road. You obtain the mileage you pay for.

That is because of the exclusive Gillette Chilled Rubber process. It toughens the rubber. It creates might of resistance from which heat of sun or soil cannot melt mileage. This elimination of waste — waste greater possibly than you realize — means mileage economy never before attainable, and *with* it maximum of riding comfort.

A Gillette on one wheel of your machine will prove that Tires and Tubes produced the Improved Gillette way will not only serve you longer but also serve you better.

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Gillette TIRES AND TUBES

Cultivator Rake No. PEC—Adjustable 6 in. to 18 in. wide. Nine teeth. All steel parts enameled royal blue. Four and a half foot French polished hardwood handle. Middle tooth removable for cultivating rows of small plants on both sides at the same time. Weight 3 lbs. Price, prepaid parcel post, $1.50. Canada, $2.00.

Cultivator Hoe No. PE5—Adjustable 6 in. to 12 in. wide. Five teeth, each nine inches long. Enameled blue. Sturdy four foot handle. Long grasping teeth will cultivate deeply and thoroughly. Tooth points concaved for perfect scouring. Middle tooth removable. Weight 2½ lbs. Price, prepaid parcel post, $1.25; Canada, $1.50.

"Some Gardeners, Aren't We?"

"YOU were right, Sis, when you made us get the ground all powdered and soft to start with. The new plants got plenty of air and water to grow on—and now look at 'em."

Sis ***was*** right, for preparing the soil is half the battle in making a garden thrive. The long, grasping teeth of the PULL-EASY Cultivator make it easy to prepare a deep seed bed of thoroughly mulched soil. With the same tool you can keep the soil thoroughly loosened around the roots and in prime condition right through to harvest time.

It is the only practical garden tool that is ***instantly adjustable*** for working between any width rows or between plants.

Junior Cultivator No. PEJ4—Adjustable 2 in. to 6 in. wide. Four teeth. All steel parts enameled royal blue. Four foot hardwood handle. Best adapted for cultivating small vegetables or flowers in narrow rows. Ideal for women and children to use. Weight, 1¼ lbs. Price, prepaid parcel post, 75 cents. Canada, 80 cents.

Wheeled Cultivator No. PEW2—Has our PEC adjustable cultivator rake attachment, also a keen-edged steel weed cutter. Tools may be used together or separately. Nine toothed tool can be put on hoe handle and used for hand cultivation. 14 in. wheel, 4½ ft. plough style handles. Complete weight 12 lbs. Price, prepaid parcel post, $4.00; Canada, $5.00.

Half Million in Use. Whether you garden in inches or in acres, there is a PULL-EASY for you. It is the most necessary garden tool.

If you take pride in your garden and want to make the most of it, ask your dealer to show you the adjustable feature of the PULL-EASY.

If your dealer does not handle the PULL-EASY, write your name and your dealer's name on the margin of this advertisement, forward to us with retail price and we will send you the PULL-EASY you want, parcel post prepaid. Literature sent on request.

THE PULL-EASY MFG. CO., 405 Barstow St., Waukesha, Wisconsin

Canadian Branch: 35 Colborne Street, Toronto

PULL-EASY ADJUSTABLE Garden Cultivators

(Continued from Page 166

the very material! Well, here was a real seller at last, something good to build up a business on: and he hoped Ves had other ideas as clever, because you know when you once start you've got to keep going. The trade would expect the inventor of Bjones Bjugs to keep right on giving them one thing after another. Thank God, Jones had the clay deposits, and the plant: as good as any in the country, with a little overhauling and some new machinery. The super didn't know just where the capital was coming from to make extensive additions, but he guessed a feller as smart as Ves would be able to attend to that.

So Ves went back to the office and put his orders through in the regular form; and then he sent out for an artist and gave him instructions, with the result that in less than a week he had pictures of twelve different styles of Bjones Bjugs tacked up on the walls.

That was the sight that greeted the eyes of old Enoch Jones one morning when, all unsuspecting, he came plodding in to open his morning mail.

"My soul and body, what's those things?" he demanded.

"Just what it says," replied Ves, pointing to a big sign, lettered with the words Bjones Bjugs. "Wait till you see this month's Crockery Trade Journal."

At the end of two hours of explanation and expounding Ves Tibble got the facts concerning Bjones Bjugs beaten into the idea-proof dome of Enoch Jones. And not since the day after he fired Gaines had Ves been so emphatically and thoroughly flayed by the tongue of his uncle's abuse as he was now. Once again Miss Keyes and Miss Gilfoyle took to the tall timber to await the abatement of the storm.

"Seems like old times, doesn't it?" said Miss Keyes.

"Isn't it grand to have Mr. Sylvester back again?" said Miss Gilfoyle.

After the hurricane had passed, Ves took down the artist's sketches and did them up in a package and shipped them over to the pottery by express so that the superintendent could have them to follow in making his models. And next morning the Crockery Trade Journal came in by mail, and Uncle Enoch saw blazoned across two pages, in letters of fiery red:

BJONES BJUGS

THE "B" IS SILENT, AS IN SHORTCAKE

BEST NOVELTY LINE IN JUGDOM

GET YOUR ORDERS IN NOW OR YOU WON'T GET YOUR BJUGS

No wonder the poor old gentleman reached for his hat and coat and staggered out with the snarled announcement that he wouldn't be back until next week.

XII

JUNIE BUDD was still dancing at the Garden of Roses; but what a disillusioned Junie Budd she was. With Ves Tibble knocking about the Middle West selling jugs, Junie had known what it was to be lonely in the midst of the multitude. And now and again the damning scales showed her another half pound of Junie Budd, and the tired look would persist in chasing the spirit of youth out of her eyes.

She danced beautifully; but one night there came a new dancer to the Garden of Roses who danced more beautifully. Junie knew it. In her heart came the hurt of jealousy, which she stifled bravely. But she knew her days with Morrie Elkus were numbered. There were other places where she could get as much money, perhaps even more, for a while. But she had no courage. Some of the joyousness was gone out of her step—at least until such time as Ves Tibble should return to be her dancing mate.

And then Ves came back and took up his abode at Ma Budd's once more, and his presence cheered Junie amazingly. But the doctor said his ankle wasn't fit to dance on.

"Anyhow," said Junie when Ves told her, with his bubbling enthusiasm, of the progress of the jug business, "I don't know that it would be for the best if you could start in again. Ves, it's a rotten life, and I hate it. You're better off in the jug business. You were right."

"And we can get married?"

"How much you making?"

"Fifty a week."

"Not yet, Ves. Let me dance a while longer, and you juggle the jugs. Then we'll see. I'm not going to turn down that hundred and fifty yet a while. Why don't you run into the Garden to-night?"

Now to tell the truth Ves Tibble was afraid of just that question. He was afraid. What would the music do to him? He was a dancin' fool, that he knew. Wasn't he better off to keep his nose on the grindstone and the bright lights out of his eyes, the strains of the jazz band out of his ears? Suppose he should resprain that ankle?

He made an excuse. Said he'd call round for her when she was ready to go home; and he did. Then in a couple of days he was obliged to start off on another trip to cover more territory; and when he got back he spent whole weeks in New Haven, to be near the factory. Old Enoch growled and snarled and fired him every few days, and the jug business grew in spite of him. The superintendent had done wonders, and the new family of Bjones Bjugs appeared in the market amid loud cheers from the trade.

But now loomed up the question of capital. Old Enoch was a stone wall. Ves couldn't pry a penny loose from Enoch's bank account; and matters were going to come to a head before long. The pay roll at the plant had doubled, and new machinery had been bought. Now it must be paid for, several thousand dollars' worth.

Furthermore, old Enoch refused point-blank to borrow money from a bank. He was as stubborn as a mule. At last Ves Tibble had come to the place where the jug business stumped him.

Ves had five thousand dollars in the bank, or a little more. He had hung on to every penny he could, and now he saw that it was going to be a temptation to keep from dumping some of this, or all of it, into the Bjones Bjug business; yet something told him to go slow. Finally he talked it over with the canny Miss Budd.

"Don't you do it!" said Junie. "You've got a nice business there for old Jones. Five thousand dollars isn't enough, and if you lend the company that much money you'll lose it unless you can get a whole lot more to put in with it."

Ves saw that Junie was right, and kept his funds in the banks, where they would be safe. But he was in a fearful state of mind. The big opportunity in the jug business was slipping through his fingers; in fact, he could see now where he had got the Jones concern into serious danger; for in order to swing the business he had obligated it for debts that must be paid. With some liquid capital the tide might be turned; but Enoch, obdurate old fool, stood in the way, like a dog in the manger. Well, Enoch was a pretty old man anyhow; getting along in his second childhood. Ves guessed he had been a fool to hang so many hopes on the whim of a dotard.

And then occurred an event which goes as far as any episode I can remember to prove that you never can tell.

There blew into town all at one time three of Ves Tibble's best customers. They were among those merchants who had been the first to accept the idea of Bjones Bjugs, and it had been such enthusiasm as theirs that had encouraged him to go ahead and market the product.

These were Mr. Biggs, of Detroit; Mr. Monroe, of Grand Rapids; and Mr. Gallup, of Des Moines. Each in his section was influential and worth cultivating. And it was up to Ves to show them a good time.

He made various suggestions that day at lunch in the basement of the Woolworth Building.

"I'll tell you," said Mr. Biggs. "There's one place I want to go, and that's the Garden of Roses. I've never seen it, and I hear it's immense."

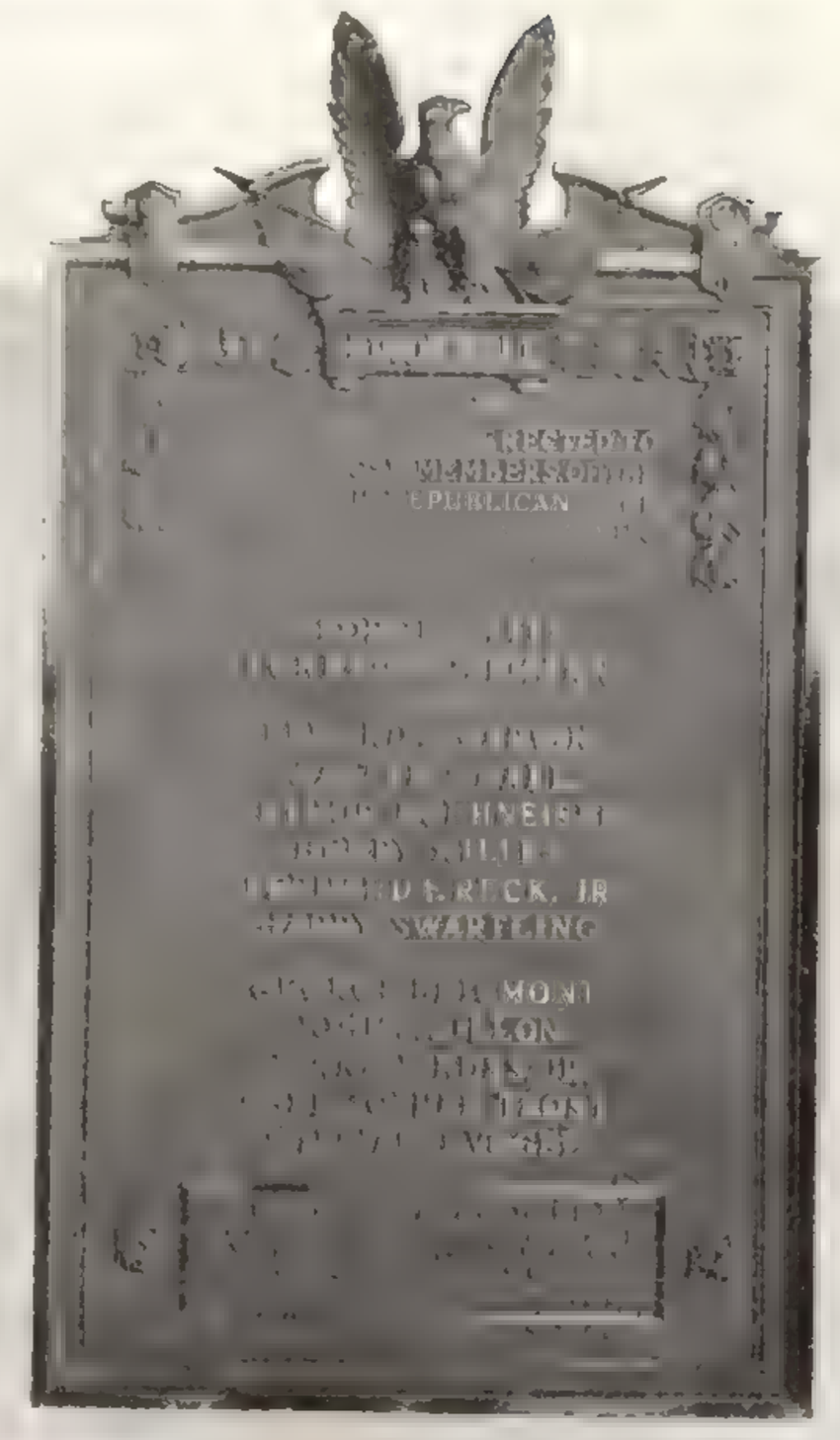
"Me for that!" said Monroe. "I never was there, either."

"You fellows are on!" cried Gallup. "I wouldn't go back to Des Moines on my life and confess I'd missed that place."

So what could the inventor of Bjones Bjugs do but get into his evening clothes and escort the three visiting buyers to the Garden of Roses?

Nothing, I answer. But inside he was all torn to pieces with fears. What would the music do to a dancin' fool who hadn't danced in four months?

He talked it over with Junie from a telephone booth, and she agreed to stand by him if he needed any help. Goodness knew, she said, what she could do. If he had to dance there wouldn't be any holding him. Well, she'd meet his friends; and furthermore she'd tip off the waiters and the rest of the attachés to be careful not to call him "Pierre" or in any other way betray him.



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THE sacrifices of our Heroes can never be paid for, but they can be forever commemorated in enduring bronze.

Correctness of design and perfection in workmanship are of prime importance in memorials of this kind. Tyler Bronze Tablets have received the commendation of architects and purchasers throughout the country.

A folder of designs will be sent on request. Prices or special designs will also be furnished if you will mention the approximate size, inscription, and location of the tablet in which you are interested.

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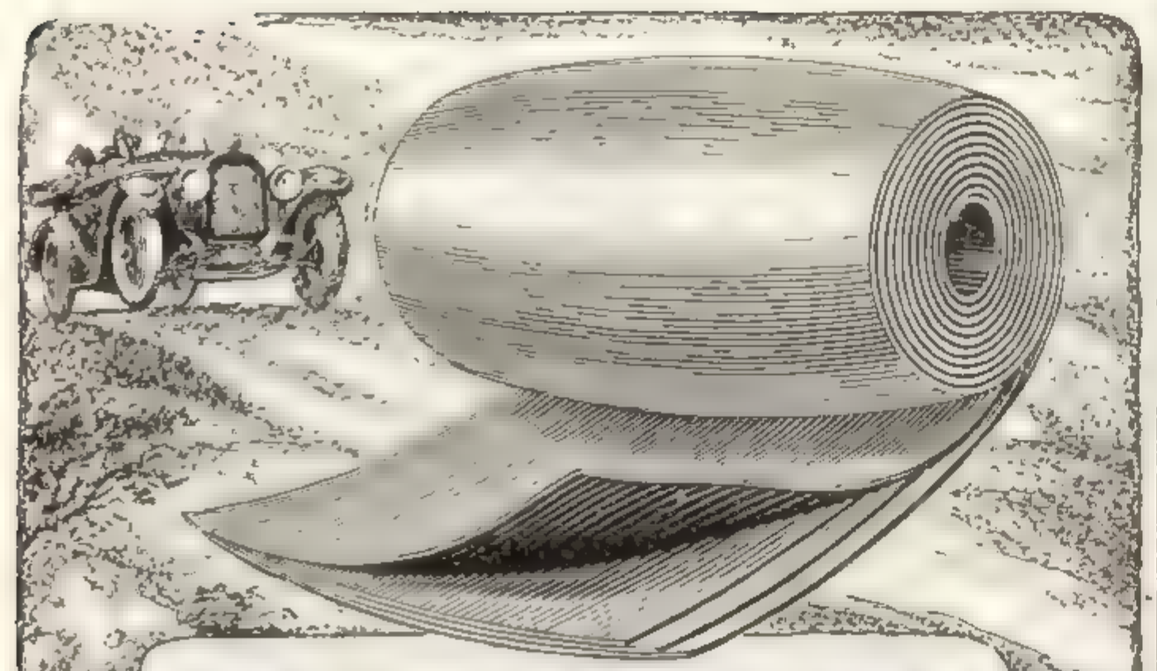
ORNAMENTAL IRON AND BRONZE FOR BUILDINGS OF ALL TYPES



AJAX

H.Q. HIGH QUALITY TIRE ACCESSORIES

HERE we show two of the leaders in Ajax Rubber Company's fine line of H. Q. Tire Accessories. Each article in the whole line is better made—featured by definite, in-built superiorities.

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The Ajax H. Q. Tire Reliner—shown above—adds many miles to old casings. It is a long-lasting repair, designed to enable you to get the very utmost in tire mileage. Your attention is particularly called to the width of the many plies of rubberized fabric. Note how they extend from bead to bead, thus giving extra strength at flexing point.

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The Ajax H. Q. Inside Blowout Patch meets any emergency. When that dreadful "bang!" occurs, this Ajax accessory is priceless. It is extra long, and rubber tipped, to prevent tube chafing. Each ply extends beyond the strain point.

An investment in Ajax H. Q. Tire Accessories is a thrift step that means big returns in tire economy and peace of mind. You can buy Ajax H. Q. Tire Accessories with that same assurance of highest value with which you buy Ajax Tires.

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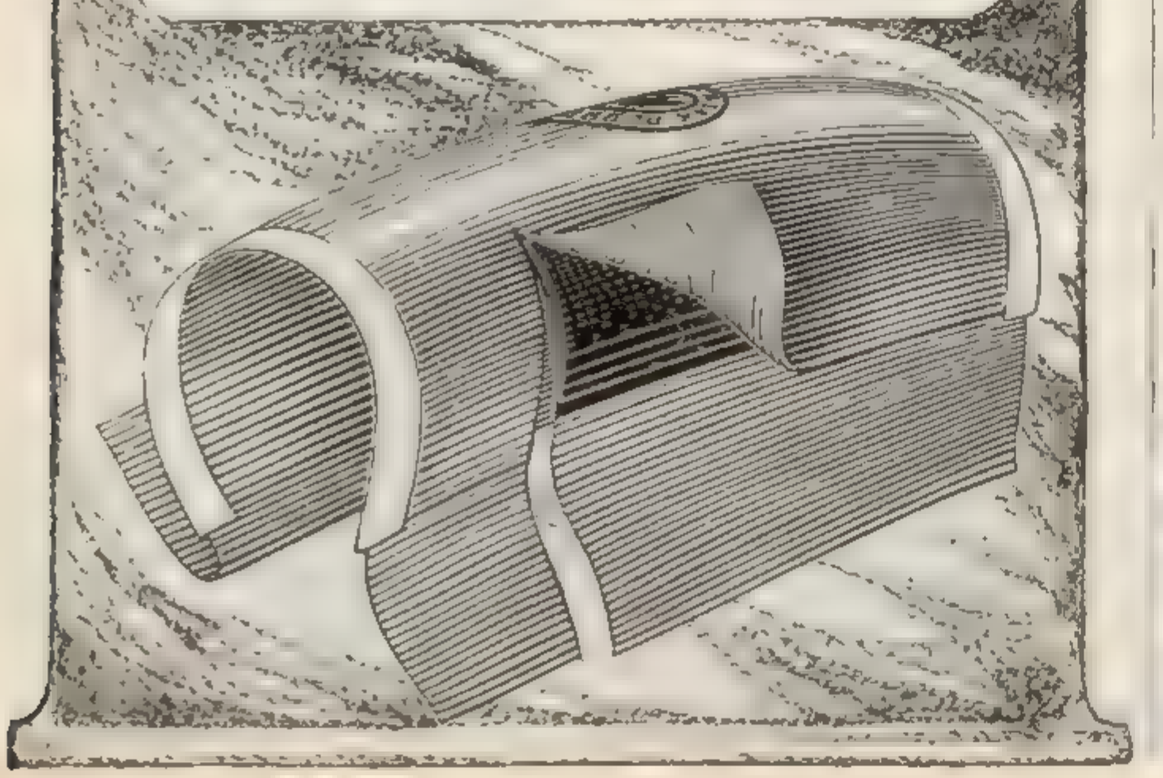

So that is how it all happened, as shall be set forth in the thirteenth and concluding chapter of this veracious tale.

XIII

MR. CHARLES HARKINS and his sister, Miss Sally Harkins, and Mr. Harkins' friends, the Reeds, from St. Louis, occupied a table quite close to the roped floor devoted to dancing at the Garden of Roses.

"I wonder," said Miss Sally, "whatever became of that fascinating Pierre, who hurt his ankle the time you came here with Mr. Platko, of Dubuque."

"Funny," said Charles, "I haven't taken the trouble to look him up since I called on him, and he hasn't paid the slightest attention to the invitation I gave him. Probably one of us is as much at fault as the other. I dare say the poor chap has gone into some other line of business. I understood his ankle was pretty seriously hurt."

"Too bad," cooed the sympathetic Miss Harkins.

"He was such a nice young man," said Mrs. Reed.

"We wondered about him," said Reed. "Remember that question he asked you about the glazed baking dishes, Charlie?"

The party sat idly, watching the dancers. To-night there was no extra chair at their table.

"That was a clever dodge of Elkus'," said Harkins. "I wouldn't mind chatting with the great Pierre. He had a fetching sort of way with him."

"The girl he danced with is still here," said Miss Harkins in a tone which said very plainly how lucky she considered that particular girl. "She must miss him. I wonder if they were married."

"Blessed if I know; but I think not," replied her brother. "Hello; something's doing. There go the lights."

The orchestra swung into the music of Junie Budd's dance. She was billed as La Peonie. Now she came wafting into the spot, every movement in absolutely perfect rhythm, every pose velvet smooth, every attitude a picture of exquisite grace. She was the embodiment of joy, the buoyant spirit of youth. The audience watched her with the satisfaction which comes from the lazy contemplation of perfection.

And then as the music quickened and the dancer's motions took up a livelier tempo a little gasp ran through the crowd; for a man had sprung over the ropes and was running straight for Junie.

The captains started forward; then stopped. A whisper ran through the house.

"It's Pierre!" said the people. "The great Pierre! He's back! It's one of Morrie Elkus' surprises. This is immense!"

Well, it certainly was immense. No one had ever seen Pierre dance so well. He outdid himself. And his partner back in the arms of the man she loved, fired to all the old verve and spirit by his touch, was fairly caught up with an almost superhuman expertness into a very heaven of rhythm and grace.

The Garden of Roses had not since the night of the antediluvian specialty gone so completely off its head with enthusiasm. It rocked and shouted and cheered and thumped and roared. Again and again Ves and Junie bowed their acknowledgments; and finally there being no help for it they did the whole dance again amid a tempestuous silence, followed by a second explosion of acclamation.

Junie made her escape to the dressing room; but there was nothing for Ves to do but find his way back to his guests. These worthies, quite uncomprehending the real significance of the episode, were fairly beside themselves with delight.

"Well, well, I guess we didn't know what kind of a feller you were, Tibble," said Biggs.

"I beg pardon," purred a well-modulated voice; and a young man, slightly gray over the temples and wearing tortoise-shell spectacles, touched Ves Tibble on the arm. Ves turned, to confront Charles Harkins. But all three of the Mid-Westerners fell upon Harkins with loud outcries:

"Well, Charlie, for the love Mike!"

"Darned if it isn't Hark!"

"Say, Hark, did you notice who's entertaining us crockery chaps to-night?"

"Why, yes, it's my old friend, the great Pierre."

"Pierre nothin'!" cried Biggs. "Don't you know this guy, Charlie? Why, this is little old Sylvester Tibble, the inventor of Bjones Bjugs. Toughest competitor you've got, Charlie Harkins, and don't you forget it. And as for entertaining visitin' buyers, he's certainly the last word and then some."

"So you see," said Harkins, twenty-four hours later, "it isn't that I want the Jones plant. Of course the Jones clay pits would be a fine acquisition. But what I want is you. We've got a growing organization, and young fellows with brains and initiative are what we need. The old Jones business doesn't amount to much, though your Bjones Bjugs are good. But the brain that conceived Bjones Bjugs and put them across with the trade is a thousand times better. So if you can get hold of the Jones business for me for one hundred thousand dollars, and want to come along with it, I shouldn't think ten thousand dollars to start at all too much salary to pay you. I dare say you could make that much as a dancer, but —— Well, I guess you can be trusted to know which is the better business for you."

"You see, kid, it was like this," said the inventor of Bjones Bjugs to Miss Junie Budd: "Uncle Enoch was just as cantankerous as ever, and when I said something about buying out the business and the claypits he fired me right off the bat. Then he wanted to know how much I could give him, and I said one hundred thousand dollars. That sort of floored him. It's all they're worth, and twice as much as he's got outside the business, I guess.

"Well, then he wanted to see the money, and I asked him if he thought I lugged one hundred thousand dollars round in my clothes; and he said I was bluffing, and if I could show him even part of the money he'd talk to me. He said if I'd pay him five thousand dollars to bind the bargain he'd sign up right then and there. Of course he thought he was calling my bluff. But I showed him. He's got my five thousand, and I've got Harkins' check for five thousand to take its place. To-morrow they're going to close the deal."

Junie Budd looked thoughtful.

"I guess," said Ves, "maybe I was right to play the jug business instead of the cabaret stuff after all. And maybe it wasn't such darned hard luck, that time I sprained my ankle."

"No," said Junie. "And say, Ves, what do you think? I've gained five pounds in the last three months, and I can't work it off or diet it off or bathe it off to save my life. If this keeps up, my career as a dancer will soon be over."

"Honey," said Ves, pulling Junie down on his knee, "every time you gain a pound it's one more pound of you for me to love. Come on, I've made good. You quit the dancing game and marry old commonplace Sylvester Lehigh Pennyworth Tibble, the same hayseed you met that night in McGammon's. You can be my little Bjunie, and join the Bjug family. Will you, honey girl?"

Junie put her arms round Ves' neck and laid her round cheek against his face. All this happened in the parlor of Mrs. Budd's boarding house after Ves had brought Junie home from the Garden of Roses.

"Sure I will," said Junie. "You know it!"

"And Junie?"

"Yes, Ves."

"Tell me the truth about somethin'?"

"Yes."

"Am I a dancin' fool?"

"Not by a bjugful, Ves. You're a dancin' angel!"

(THE END)

Mrs. Tied-To-Her-Work Does a Little Thinking

"Why is it my work is never done—Mrs. Bright doesn't stay cooped up in the house all day."

Thousands of women, tired of old-fashioned housekeeping methods, are turning to the easiest and most practical solution of their problems—electricity, the power that waits in every light socket, instantly ready for any kind of work.

Are you applying these new principles to the business of running your house? You can lengthen the life of your rugs with a vacuum cleaner; you can save your clothes with an electric washing machine, and save your own or your servant's time besides.

A portable electric sewing machine enables you to make more clothes in less time; an electric iron helps you save time and fuel; while electric cooking conserves not only time and fuel but food values, as well. The electric dishwasher solves the last remaining task in household drudgery.

All of these labor savers can be had with the familiar trademark, "Western Electric," and a demonstration will convince you of their uniform worth. If your electric company or dealer cannot show you any or all of these devices, write for booklet No. 62Q, "To Lighten the Labor of the Home," and the name of our agent nearest you.

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Electric cleaning saves rugs

Clothes washed and ironed the electric way last longer. Save your time and steps

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When Your Springs Break

put on

VULCAN QUALITY

The Replacement Spring

The resilient strength of Vulcan combined with the "Built in Quality" produces the element of spring character vital to the safety of your family and your car.

VULCAN Service

is available at over 7,000 Replacement Stations and six factory Branches. A Vulcan of the exact size, weight and design of the broken spring is at hand no matter where the need occurs. The Vulcan Service Sign identifies the Vulcan Dealer.

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JENKINS VULCAN SPRING CO. RICHMOND INDIANA

WHO WON THE WAR?

(Continued from Page 7)

But no belligerent's opinion of its own share in the war can carry much force beyond its own boundaries, for national prejudices shape the thought and determine the perspective of ninety-nine per cent of the population. Therefore it will be instructive to ascertain what the enemy thinks—to what causes he attributes his defeat—to what nation he ascribes it.

The Arbeiter Zeitung of Vienna said, on October 24, 1918: "Every day ten thousand Americans cross the seas; three hundred thousand men are added to the Allied Army every month. This superiority in forces is becoming most alarming. The Americans send over fresh, well-nourished troops, while the Germans can oppose them with only poorly nourished soldiers, many of whom are old and have fought through four years of war. The powerful well-ordered industries of America and England provide the Allied Army with equipment in great quantities. Do the people wish to continue war under such circumstances?"

Enemy Testimony

The famous German newspaper, Vorwaerts, declared on October 22, 1918: "The unrestricted submarine warfare was, as seen from the moral point of view, and paralleling the march through Belgium, the greatest miscalculation which has been made by the leaders of our warfare. Its declaration twenty months ago completely destroyed promising peace negotiations, changed America from a neutral power to an ally of our enemy, united the entire world against us, and decided the war in our disfavor."

A colonel of the General Staff of the American Expeditionary Force was sent in advance of the Army of Occupation when it entered Germany. At Wetzlar he was received by the chief of staff of the Third German Army; this was in the first week of December.

"Do you speak German?" demanded the boche.

On the American's replying in the affirmative the chief of staff dismissed the officers who accompanied him and then approached close to the colonel and said earnestly:

"Sir, I fought in campaigns against the Russian Army, the Serbian Army, the Rumanian Army, the British Army, the French Army and the American Army. All told, in this war I have participated in more than eighty battles. I have found your American Army the bravest of our enemies, and in fact the only ones who have attacked us seriously in this year's battles."

In an interview with Ladislas Czapski, of the Chicago Tribune's foreign news service, Field Marshal Conrad von Hoetzendorf, for ten years chief of the Austro-Hungarian General Staff and a strategist of international reputation, declared it his conviction if America had not stepped in when she did the Entente Powers would have been beaten by the end of 1917.

"From the moment when America, for reasons which I do not understand even today, threw in the gigantic weight of her man power, food and wealth on the side of the Entente things began to look darker and darker for the Central Powers.

"It was at the moment when the armies of the Central Powers had Serbia and Rumania just where they wanted them. We stood far in the interior of Italy. We held Belgium in our grasp, while in Northern France our position grew stronger in proportion as France's fighting power dwindled from day to day. We had just dealt a knock-out blow to Russia, which lay at our feet, helpless, and we were on the point of turning our concentrated strength against England.

"England remained as our most formidable opponent, not so much on account of her armies in Flanders, but in the first place because, thanks to her fleet, she held the knife at our throats. Even England wouldn't have succeeded in defeating us by starvation, as we had a powerful counter-weapon in the shape of the submarines. . . .

"It was at a moment like this that America flung herself into the conflict. At first we didn't take her intervention seriously, as we couldn't discern sufficiently the powerful motive behind her action. American idealism? In politics and diplomacy that word is used whenever it is expedient.

"Lusitania? Ruthless U-boat warfare? There again you have pretexts. I feel there was exactly as much justification for the submarine war on the part of Germany as for the starvation by blockade on the part of England. Every outsider who deliberately enters a battlefield must be prepared to accept the consequences; so with American passengers on American ships on the high seas, where England and Germany were at death grips ——

"When we later realized that America was in the fight to win or lose all we didn't at once give up all hope. It became our object to finish off our other opponents before America could develop her entire striking force. Germany had this in view when she launched the big offensives in France and Flanders last year. To prevent Italy from sending aid to her Allies, Austria had to strike a blow on the Italian Front."

After a few remarks on the failure of the German Army to achieve its object the field marshal continued: "In a word, American money, food and material—and above all, her enormous possibilities as a source of good man power—enabled our enemies to grow ever stronger at a moment when our human and material resources began to decline both in quantity and quality.

"The fact that America did not employ all her purely military forces on the battlefields does not affect the truth of what I said. For the Central Powers were not defeated by force of arms. They were forced to give way partly owing to the spread of Bolshevist ideas in the armies, in the case of the Dual Monarchy, and also due to the decomposition of the fighting forces along nationalist lines; but in the main, owing to the overwhelming superiority of the Entente in man power, war material and food. America's entry into the war made this preponderance possible."

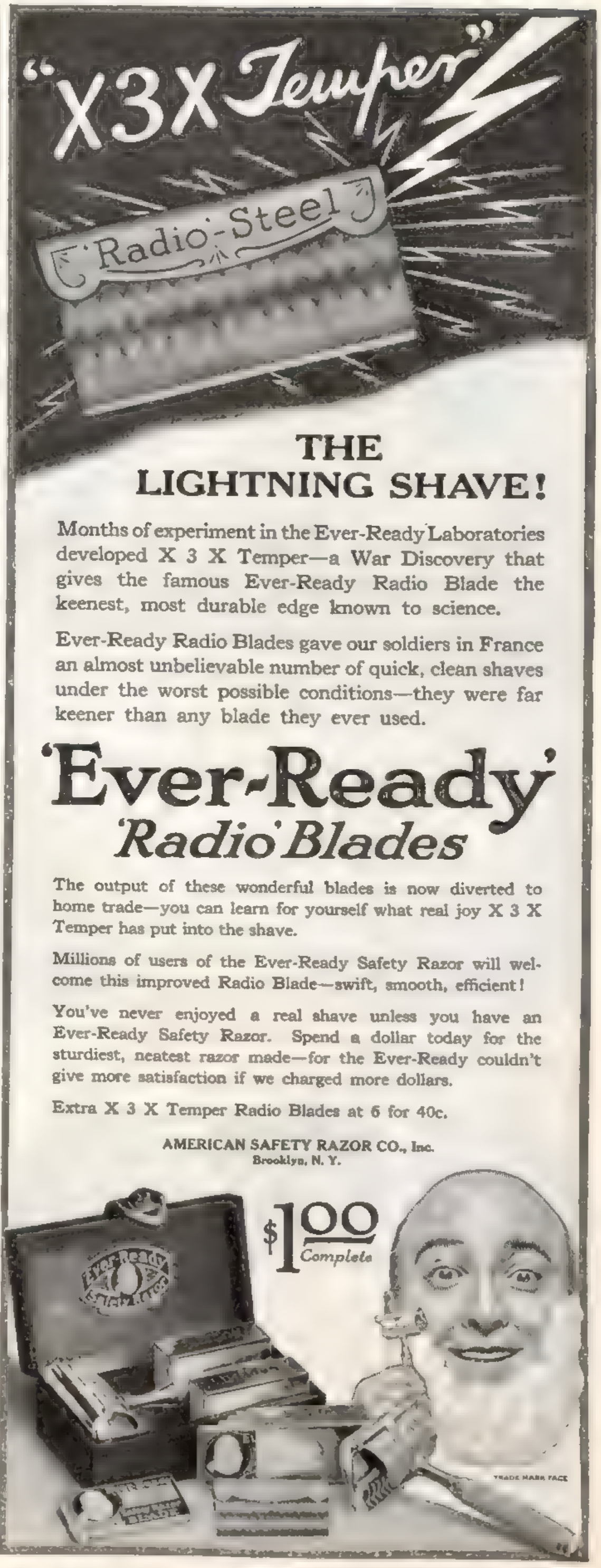
The Scarred Waiter's Story

The German masses are unanimous in ascribing their defeat to the United States. I have lived in Germany the past three months and have talked with demobilized officers and soldiers, with German officials and civilians. Every man of them—colonels, captains, lieutenants, privates, mail carriers, clerks, storekeepers, farmers, professional men, priests—blames the submarine campaign for their present plight, because it enlisted America in the ranks of their foes.

It's a far cry from a field marshal to a demobilized private, but you are much more apt to get the truth from the latter, because he speaks from the heart, whereas policy most frequently dictates a leader's utterances. And so I am going to include in this symposium what a few of the German proletariat think about the war.

With three or four officers I was taking lunch in a restaurant in Coblenz last December—this was before the order came out forbidding Americans to buy food from the boches. Among them was a young Frenchman, and he was giving us his idea of the factors which determined the outcome. Our waiter was a black-haired, alert, straight-backed individual, who brought his heels together every time he passed us a dish. On his left cheek was a scar—a livid pucker—where a bullet had penetrated.

Suddenly he butted into the conversation, his eyes popping, his whole body quivering with excitement; evidently he was unable longer to repress his feelings on hearing the French officer's claims. The latter was angry and wanted to cut him short and discipline him, but the boche's first rush of words consisted of: "I was at Château-Thierry," and we wanted to hear more. Over our French friend's protests we told him to fire ahead. And this is substantially what he said, in English: "*Ja*, I was at Château-Thierry! And, sir, I wear the Iron Cross. The French?" He snorted. "The English? The English were beaten. Yes, we had whipped them. They had enough after the March fighting, and they had more than enough after Kemmel. They were like this." He held his two hands high in air. "And then at the end of May we broke through the French. *Ja*—the war was *fini*. They yelled 'The war's over!' Like this." He drew a finger rapidly across his throat. "So we came on again. We came on again, sir, not expecting real resistance. And then suddenly we smashed into Americans. None of us soldiers knew they were there. They put up a fight, and then there were more of them, and still more. We had been deceived. There were too many



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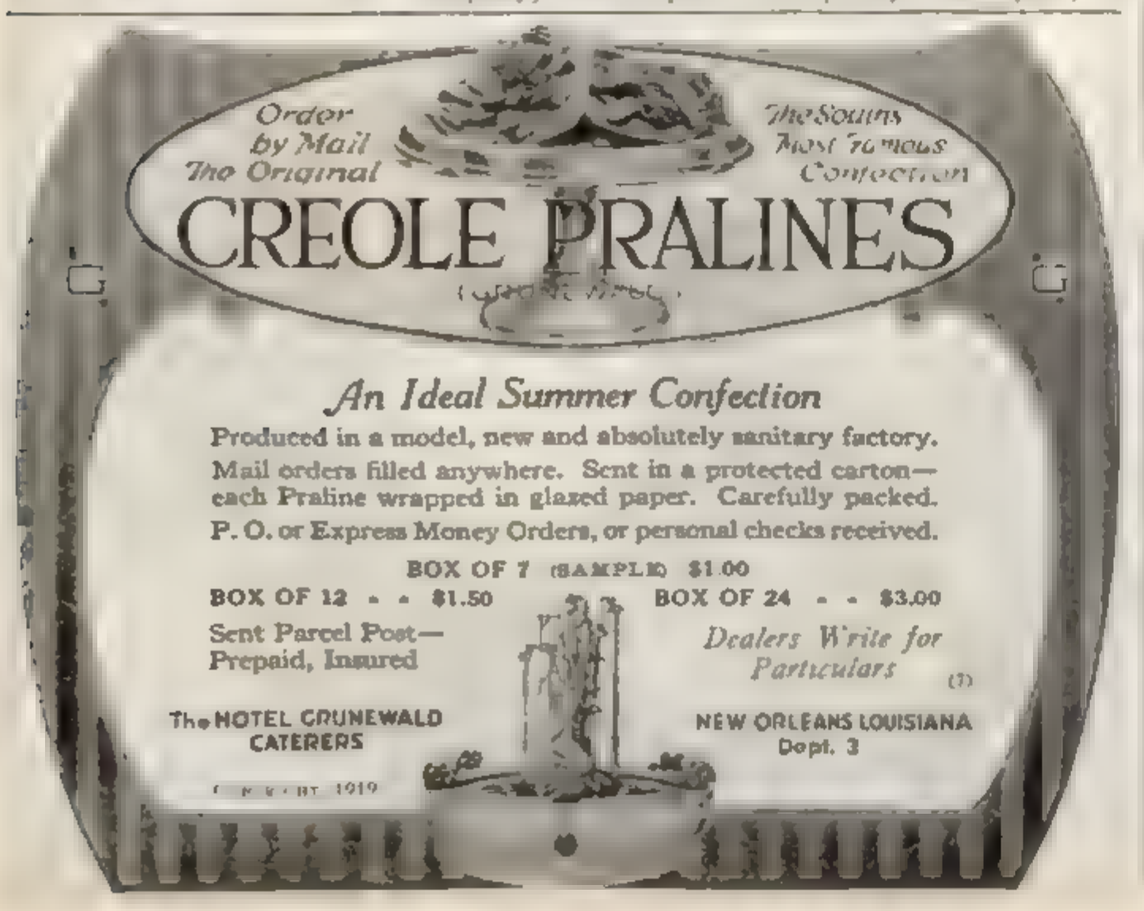
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Americans; so what could we do?" He finished with an eloquent shrug.

Mail Carrier Oster of Montabaur was emphatic in his assertion that the submarine was to blame for Germany's present situation. Had it not been for that campaign of sinkings the United States would never have come in, and the Allies would long ago have been defeated. "It was the prospect of help from the United States that kept them going," he declared.

These are humble persons to quote, but such reflect the viewpoint of the majority. And almost wherever you turn in Germany it is the same—the United States turned the scale, and the submarine was responsible for the United States' taking sides with the Allies.

In several villages they told me that up to the very last they were utterly ignorant of the magnitude of the American effort. At Leuterod, where I spent a week, fully a dozen citizens said the people had been assured that only a handful of Americans had arrived in Europe—that the United States could not transport any forces because the submarines had the sea blocked. But toward the end men came back from the Front with strange tales.

Colossal Egotism

"There were Americans everywhere on the Front. We found that out too late. No matter where we struck we bumped into Americans there; and all were fresh, young men. Is it true that all your soldiers are hardly more than boys? We were told that the few Americans in France were old men, and no good. And now comes your Army, and it is full of young men. Yes; they lied to us and cheated us. For when the soldiers came through they said your men fought savagely and without fear. They said that they would do things every day though it meant sure death, and that a lot of Americans were thus killed."

Said Peter Renzel: "We were told a lie. The announcements by the German press of innumerable sinkings of American transports proved to be false. If it was not for America, Germany could have won the war. As a German I am sorry, but the result may prove to be good, for the poor people at least. Now they will have something to say and will not be kicked round by their superiors the way they used to be. And in one way we are lucky that America was in it, for President Wilson will see to it that Germany gets a fair deal."

Which appears to be the hope of the bulk of Germany's population. It is a curious fact that they not only look to America to stand between them and too harsh treatment at the hands of the Allies but entertain implicit confidence that the United States will feed them and open her markets to them readily after peace is signed. They expect all this from a nation they deliberately wronged—a nation they flouted and professed to despise—a nation they dragged into war by calculated murder. Never was such colossal egotism! The boches have the naïve viewpoint of an utterly selfish child: they can never see anything except from the angle of their own interests.

Even now their interpretation of the war's finish is an astounding one. They admit they lost it; they can see for themselves that this must have been so, inasmuch as enemy armies are occupying a portion of the Fatherland; but they will not admit that they were beaten through force of arms. No, indeed! They simply quit because their armies were tired of fighting and the prospect was hopeless. But defeated? Never! Didn't the German troops whip every enemy they encountered until finally sheer weight of numbers, supplied from America, made it advisable to ask for an armistice in order to save their country from possible invasion? This is a line of reasoning difficult for a sane outsider to follow, but it seems to satisfy the mental requirements of the boches.

A clerk in the Landrath's office of the Unterwesterwald Kreis solemnly delivered himself of the following opinion: "Germany was not defeated at all, but simply grew tired of fighting. She could have continued fighting for a long while. France invaded Belgium first, and so Germany was perfectly justified in invading that country, in order to protect herself. Germany was forced into the war and was only defending herself."

That speaks volumes for the boche propaganda. When people will still cling to such ideas, even after the living refutation of them stands before their very eyes, it is evidence of a lifetime of educational preparation—also of boneheadedness unapproached anywhere else in the world.

Among the better educated and better informed Germans I found much wonderment that the United States should have been able to achieve so much in the building up of her Armies in so short a space of time. From their own experience and knowledge of military machines they had deemed it an impossibility to put large bodies of trained troops into the field inside two or three years; yet they are ready to admit that the American divisions their own encountered were the equal of their best in fighting value.

Hard-Boiled Anzacs

Could they see the vast system of supply, of railways and cantonments, of training areas and ports of entry—could they get a glimpse of the American stores of war material—they would marvel still more. For nothing like it has ever been done in a like period of time.

As for the quality of the American troops, they are unsurpassed as fighting men. When it comes to going forward against certain death, to ability to stand punishment, to making long hikes and doing without chow, without sleep, without anything a man needs—only those hard-boiled hombres from Canada, Australia and New Zealand can compete with them.

Not that the French and English haven't troops that will acquit themselves as well in a fight, because they have. And there are some boche divisions that know how to stand their ground and die too—many of them. But the European soldier must be well taken care of if he is to be counted on for an attack, yet in the fighting of September and October and November regiments of American infantry went into battle after twenty-four hours of marching along the roads, without a meal or a stop for sleep, and fought all day to gain their objectives, leaving their dead on the field in windrows. But they got the objectives.

What well-informed military men in Europe think of the American troops as fighting men is shown by a remark of General Garibaldi, grandson of the great Italian patriot, "Red Shirt" Garibaldi. Though he referred to only one division the tribute is applicable to a dozen.

At a dinner party given by Mr. Page in Rome the general noticed the insigne on the shoulder of Brig. Gen. F. C. Marshall, U. S. A., and inquired what it meant.

(Concluded on Page 177)

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(Concluded from Page 174)

"The First Division," was the reply.

"Ah, yes," said Garibaldi to Mrs. Page. "There is probably not to-day a better division in Europe."

Here is a ditty which has grown popular among the men of the A. E. F. The author is anonymous; title, The Yanks on the Marne:

Oh, the English and the Irish, and the 'owlin' Scotties too,
The Canucks and Austrilee-uns, and the 'airy French poilu;
The only things that bothered us, a year before we knew,
Was 'ow in 'ell the Yanks'd look, an' wot in 'ell they'd do.

They 'adn't 'ad no trynin'; they didn't know the gime;
They 'adn't never marched it much; their shootin' was the sime;
An' the only thing that bothered us that day in lawst July
Was 'ow in 'ell the line'd 'old if they should run aw'y.

The leggy, nosy new 'uns, just come acrosst the sea!
We couldn't 'elp but wonder 'ow in 'ell their guts'd be;
An' the only thing that bothered us in all our staggerin' ranks
Was wot in 'ell would 'appen w'en the 'Uns 'ad 'it the Yanks.

My word, it 'appened sudden w'en the drive 'ad first begun;
We seen the Yanks a-runnin'—Gaw Blimy, how they run!
But the only thing that bothered us that seen the chase begin
Was 'ow in 'ell to stop 'em 'fore they got into Berlin.

They didn't 'ave no tactics but the bloody manual;
They 'adn't learned no orders but "Ooray" and "Give 'em 'ell!"
But the only thing that bothered us about them leggy lads
Was 'ow in 'ell to get the chow to feed their Kamerads.

Oh, the English and the Irish, and the 'owlin' Scotties too,
The Canucks and Austrilee-uns, and the 'airy French poilu;
The only thing that bothered us don't bother us no more,
It's only w'y in 'ell we didn't know the Yanks before.

They said a democracy could not learn discipline. To-day there is not an army in Europe which possesses the real discipline found in the American Army of Occupation. And the nine American divisions are combat divisions of the first order, tried on many a field, welded by the punishment they have taken and the blood they have shed.

Lord Northcliffe said that democracy was a poor war maker, and the entire world assented. But the American people displayed a unity of purpose which surprised even the most ardent and hopeful Americans; they voluntarily submitted to food restrictions which could not be enforced on the Continent, though they did so in order to feed their European Allies.

Who won the war? In my opinion God Almighty won the war. That is the only way I can account for the defeat of the boches. By all the laws of odds and fortune Germany ought to have beaten France decisively in 1914. Time after time in the years that followed she had victory within her grasp and let it slip. There is no way of accounting for her colossal mistakes except by divine intervention. The Allies blundered and dubbed and committed mistake after sickening mistake; that Germany's should have been even more costly is beyond human capacity for error. And so it looks to me as though Providence took care of the Allies. Hard-headed military men without much religion in their make-up have said the same thing to me. What happened is beyond other explanation.

The British Fleet, the French, British and Russian Armies saved civilization through four long years of war. But God Almighty won it and the United States was most certainly His instrument to give the finishing strokes.

SECRET SERVICE

(Continued from Page 15)

seemed to me that it was extremely—oh, immensely important that I should understand what they were saying. I listened with all my soul. It almost hurt me to listen as hard as I did. And yet I couldn't get a word of it. What they said was somehow just out of reach—like people you see talking on the bioscope. And then all of a sudden I heard—one sentence—as clearly as possible: 'Forsdyke is the man who prepares the schedule!'"

Jimmy Lomax uttered a sharp cry of amazement.

"What!" He turned to Forsdyke. "Chief, that's strange!"

Forsdyke imposed silence with a gesture.

"Go on, Hetty," he said calmly. "What then?"

"Then I woke up. The words were ringing in my ears. They haunted me all the time I was dressing for dinner. I wondered if I ought to tell you. Something was whispering to me that I should. But I was afraid you would laugh at me. But that's not all. You remember at dinner I dropped a glass. Papa"—her voice suddenly became very earnest—"I saw that man, the man who had grown out of the girl, standing behind you. His eyes were fixed on you as though trying to read into you; so evilly that I went cold all over."

The professor gave her a sharp glance.

"No vision of the room in Berlin—or wherever it was?" he queried.

She shook her head.

"No. Just the man. But even that's not all. Just now when I was playing and looking across to you I distinctly saw him again, close behind papa! He moved this time, moved with a funny little limp; just like a real man with a bad leg. I jumped up—and—and he was gone!"

She looked round apprehensively, as though expecting to see him still.

"Your liver's out of order, my dear," said her father. "Take a pill when you go to bed to-night."

"No," said the girl. "It's not that. I knew you would say I was ill. That is why I asked the professor to examine me. I am sure it means something!"

Captain Sergeantson threw the end of his cigar into the fireplace and took a wallet out of his pocket. The wallet contained photographs. He handed them to the girl.

"Miss Forsdyke," he said gravely, "would you mind telling me if you have ever seen any of these people?"

The girl examined them.

Suddenly she uttered a cry and held up one of the prints.

"This!" she said. Her eyes were wide with astonishment. "This is the man I saw! There's the scar too—exactly! Who is he? Do you know him?"

"That man," replied Captain Sergeantson sententiously, "is Karl Wertheimer, about the cutest spy the German Secret Service ever had. I was going to tell Jimmy a story about him and brought his picture along with me," he added in explanation. "I sort of recognized him from your description."

The girl stared at the photograph.

"Of course," continued Sergeantson, "he made up over that scar. He was an extraordinarily clever actor, by the way. They cleaned off the make-up when they took the photograph."

"And he is a German spy!" mused the girl, still staring at the picture.

"He was!" replied Sergeantson grimly. "The British shot him in the Tower when I was in London six months ago."

The girl looked up sharply.

"I'm sure I've never seen his photograph before!" she said, as though answering an allegation she felt in the silence of the others. "How could I?"

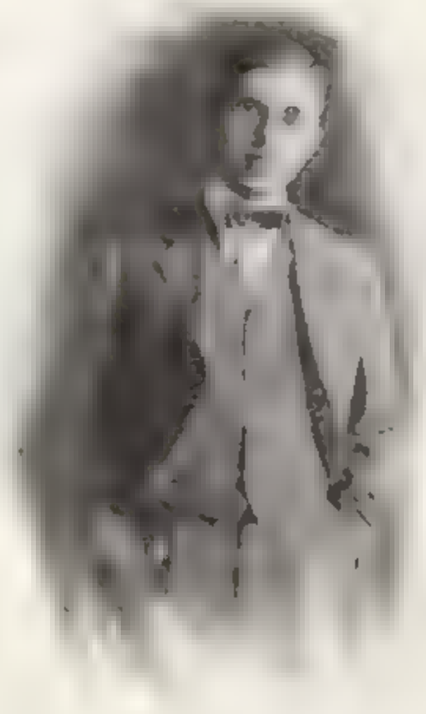
"I can't imagine, Miss Forsdyke. The extraordinary thing is that you should have got his limp. That's what gave him away to the British. He broke his leg dropping over a wall in an exceedingly daring escape at the beginning of the war. But how you should know about it beats me all to pieces."

"I didn't know! I saw ——"

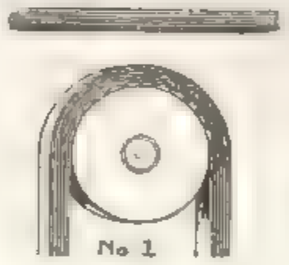
"You saw his ghost, I guess, Miss Forsdyke. And that's all there is to it."

Captain Sergeantson lit himself another cigar by way of showing how cold-blooded he could be in the possible presence of a specter.

Jimmy shuddered. "It's uncanny," he said. "I don't like it."



How to Pick a Fan-Belt



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"But why?" puzzled Hetty, wrinkling her brows. She turned to her father. "Papa ——"

Forsdyke shook his head smilingly.

"I'm out of this deal. Ask the professor. He's the authority on spooks. What does it all mean, Lomax? Can you give an explanation that doesn't outrage common sense?"

The professor smiled. The eyes in that clean-cut face twinkled.

"Common sense?" He shrugged his shoulders. "We want to start by defining that—by defining all our senses; and we should never finish." He looked with his challenging smile round the group. "I see you are inviting me to throw away my last little shred of reputation as a sane man," he said humorously. "Well, I will not venture on any explanation of my own. The evidence, with all respect to Hetty here, is insufficient. We only know that she had a dream and a hallucination twice repeated. We know that the hallucination corresponds to a photograph in Captain Sergeantson's pocket. We do not know what basis there is, if any, for her dream. But I will give you two alternative explanations that might be suggested by other people. Will that satisfy you?"

"Go ahead, professor," said Forsdyke. "Don't ask me to believe in ghosts, that's all!"

"I don't ask you to believe in anything," replied the professor. "I don't ask you to believe in the reality of your presence and ours in this room. If you have ever read old Bishop Berkeley you will know that you would find it exceedingly difficult to evade the thesis that it may all be an illusion. Your consciousness—whatever that is—builds up a picture from impressions on your senses. You can't test the reality of the origins of those impressions—you can only collate the subjective results. Everything—time and space—may be an illusion for all you or I know!"

"I heard that in my dream!" Hetty broke in. "Someone said it: 'Time and space are an illusion!' I remember it so clearly now!" Her eyes glistened with excitement.

"All right, Hetty," said her father. "Let the professor have his say. It's his turn. And don't take us out of our depth, Lomax. You know as well as I do what I mean by common sense."

The professor laughed.

"Well, I'm not going to guarantee either of the explanations, Forsdyke. I merely put them before you. The first is the out-and-out spiritualist explanation. Let us see what we can make of that. You must assume, with the spiritualists, that man has a soul which survives with its attributes of memory, volition and a certain potentiality for action upon what we know as matter. Captain Sergeantson here vouches for the fact that a certain German spy, Karl Wertheimer, was shot in London six months ago. The spiritualist would allege that it is possible—under certain conditions which are very imperfectly under human command—for the soul—we'll call it that—of Karl Wertheimer to put itself into communication with his old associates who still remain in the world of the living. There is an enormous mass of human testimony—which you may reject as worthless if you like—to the possibility of such a thing. Assume it is possible.

"Karl Wertheimer was a spy so successful, according to Captain Sergeantson, that it is reasonable to suppose that spying was his natural vocation, his life passion, as much as painting pictures is the life passion of an artist. It may be assumed that if anything survives, one's life passion survives. Now suppose that Karl Wertheimer's late employers believe in the possibility of communication with their late agent; that they find a medium—in this case, the young girl that Hetty saw in her dream—who can be controlled by the defunct Karl Wertheimer, through whom they can speak to him and receive communications from him. What is more natural than that they should do so? Admitting the premises, difficult as they are, it appears to me that the discarnate soul of Karl Wertheimer would be an extremely valuable secret agent ——"

"Yes, suppose! Suppose!" said Forsdyke. "It is all supposition. And it doesn't explain Hetty's dream."

"I am coming to that," pursued the professor. "Grant me, for the sake of argument, all my suppositions. Karl Wertheimer's employers are communicating with him and setting him tasks. One of those tasks, we will assume, concerns you. Now it may be, Forsdyke, that in the unseen world of discarnate spirits there is one who watches over you, guards you from danger. Someone, perhaps, who loved you in this life"

Forsdyke glanced up to the portrait of his wife upon the wall.

"I leave the suggestion to you," said the professor delicately. "We will merely pursue it as a hypothesis. Such a spirit would seek to warn you. It is obviously futile to discuss the means it might or might not employ. We know nothing of the conditions of discarnate life—nothing, at any rate, with scientific certainty. But we will assume that such a spirit, desirous of communicating, finds that Hetty here is temporarily in a mediumistic condition; and by 'mediumistic' I mean merely that she is in that abnormal state which, in all ages and in all countries, induces persons to declare that they see and hear things imperceptible to others. She certainly had an abnormal headache. She goes to sleep and dreams.

"We won't analyze dream consciousness now. I will only point out that in a clearly remembered dream the events of that dream are as real to consciousness as the events of waking life, and that the perception of time is enormously modified—you dream through hours of experience while the hand marks minutes on the clock. You are subject to a different illusion of time—and as time and space are but two faces of the same phenomenon it may be said that you are subject to a different illusion of space as well. The spiritualist uses this undoubted fact to support his assertion that in dream sleep the spirit of the living person is freed from the conditions of matter and is in a condition at least approximating to that of a person who is dead; that it can and does accompany the spirits of those who in this life were linked to it.

"The spiritualist, then, endeavoring to explain our present problem, would allege that a spiritual agency concerned with your welfare led Hetty's spirit into a room in Berlin where Karl Wertheimer's employers were indicating him to you for some special purpose; that Hetty, being then pure spirit, could actually perceive Karl Wertheimer as a living being when perhaps those in the room—if there was such a room—could only perceive the girl through whom he was speaking; that she could actually hear the significant phrase of their conversation.

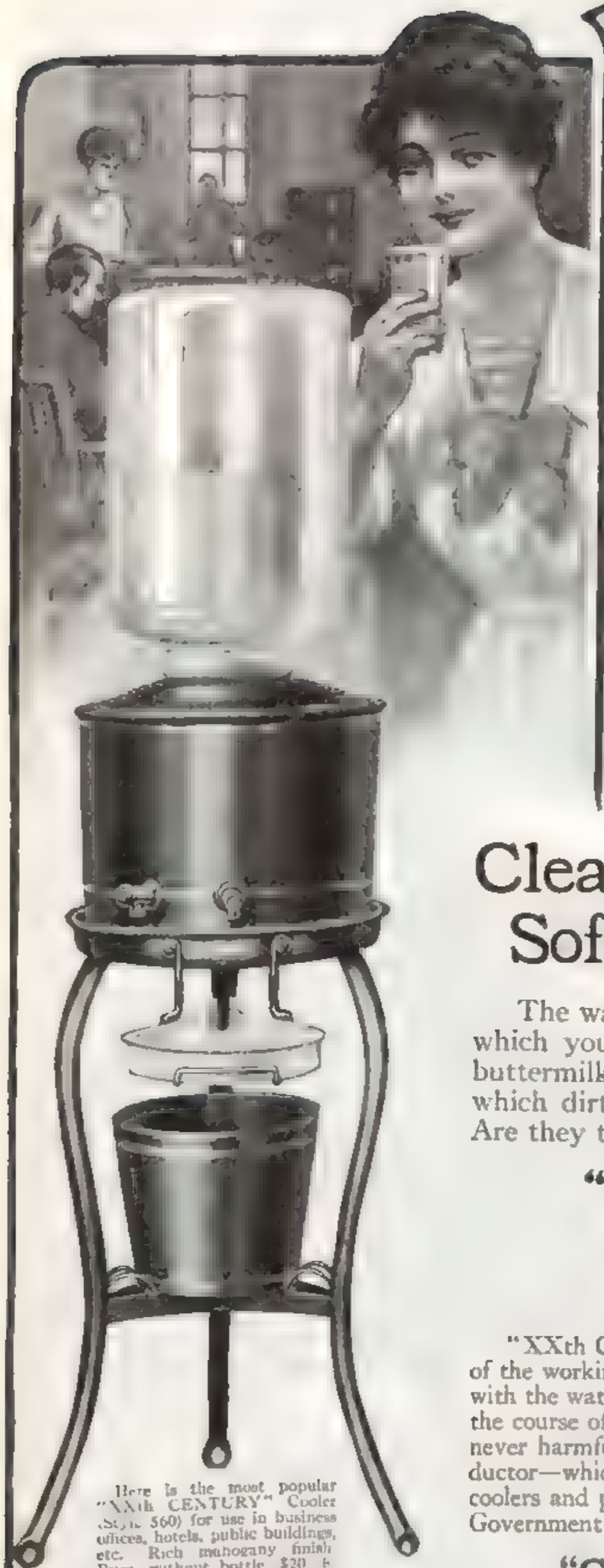
"Further, the spiritualist would assert as a possibility that Karl Wertheimer, ordered to obtain information in your possession, is actually here—shadowing you more effectively than any mortal spy could do; and that Hetty, still retaining her mediumistic power, has actually seen him. That is a spiritualistic explanation. I apologize for its length, Forsdyke. Give me another of your very excellent and material cigars!"

"It is a fantastic explanation. I don't believe a word of it," said Forsdyke, passing him the box. "Let us have the other one."

"The other one," replied the professor, cutting the tip of his cigar and lighting it carefully, with a critical glance at its even burning, "is shorter. It is the explanation of those who are determined to explain a great mass of well-attested and apparently abnormal facts by normal agency. Their explanation in one word is—telepathy. You know the idea—the common phenomenon of two people who utter a remark, unconnected with previous conversation, at the same moment. Living minds unconsciously act upon each other; that is experimentally proved. Why, therefore, drag in dead ones? That is their argument.

"Let us apply their theory. Hetty is in an abnormal condition. Captain Sergeantson is coming to dinner. In his pocket he has a photograph of the notorious German spy, Karl Wertheimer. In his mind he has a story about him that he intends to relate. Now, there are well-documented cases of hallucinations of persons actually on their way to a house where they were not expected appearing to their destined hostesses. I could quote you dozens of examples. The telepathist says this is because the guest forms in his mind a vivid picture of himself in that house, which is projected forward to the hostess' mind and causes her to think she sees him. Now, Captain Sergeantson's mind is not full of himself—it is full of the story about Karl Wertheimer that he is going to tell.

(Continued on Page 181)



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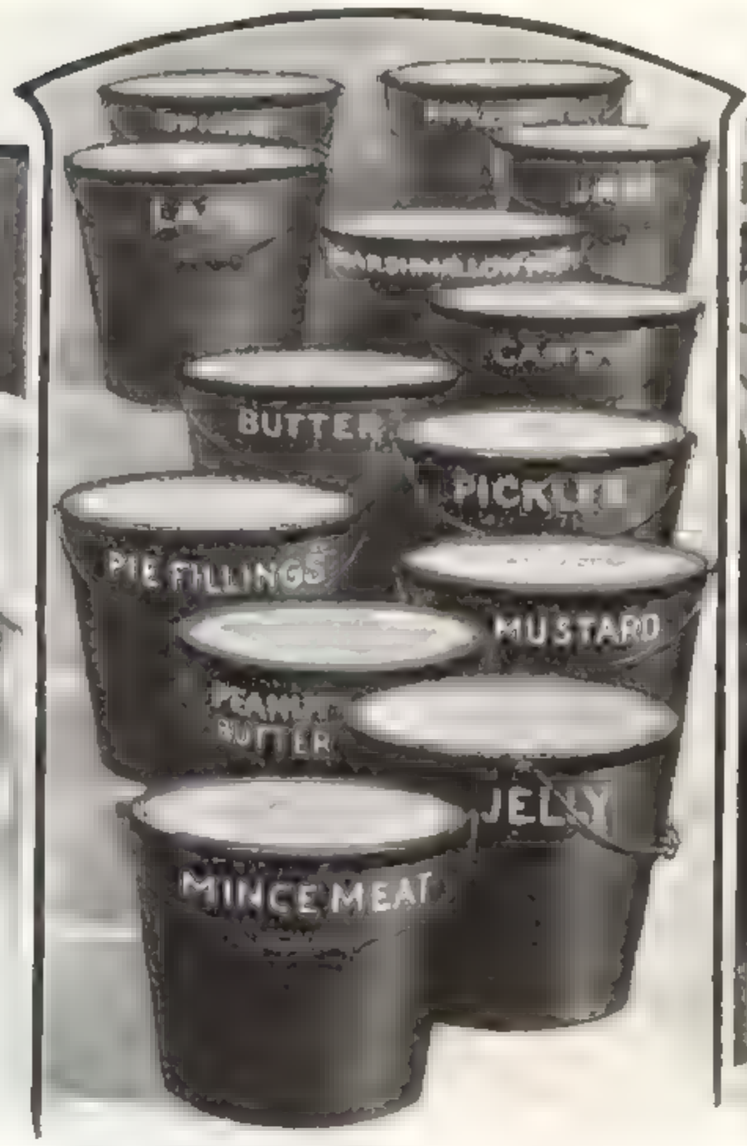

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(Continued from Page 178)

Hetty's mind somehow picks this up. She goes to sleep, and as in sleep, notoriously, the human mind has a faculty for building up pictures and a story, Hetty dreams this story about Karl Wertheimer. It is true that she has never seen Karl Wertheimer. But Captain Sergeantson presumably has a visualization of him, including the limp, in his mind.

"The subsequent hallucinations are explained by the tendency to automatic repetition of any vivid impression upon the nervous centers, which excite a picture in consciousness. It is a more or less tenable theory, but it would be gravely shaken if it happened that, unknown to Hetty or Captain Sergeantson, you actually had something to do with a secret schedule which would interest our friends the enemy."

There was a silence. Forsdyke's brow wrinkled as he stared into the fire. Suddenly he switched round to the professor.

"That's the devil of it, Lomax!" he exclaimed. "I have! A most secret schedule. Thank God, it will be out of my possession to-morrow morning, when I ——"

"Don't, papa!" cried Hetty, clapping her hand over his mouth. She stared wildly round her. "I feel sure that someone is listening!"

Forsdyke freed himself with a gesture that expressed his impatience of this absurdity.

"What do you make of that, Lomax?" he asked.

"Of course," murmured the professor, "Hetty's mind may be influenced by a dominant anxiety in yours. I should not like to say, Forsdyke!" His tone was emphatic. "Personally I have never heard of a spectral spy—but—well, you are, on your own showing, worth spying on. And 'there are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,' you know! If it is possible—then there are things more improbable than that this means of acquiring information should be used. Your schedule would, I take it, be priceless?"

"The fate of the world may be involved in it," replied Forsdyke. "But I can't believe ——"

"I am certain!" exclaimed Hetty. "I feel there's something uncanny round us now!" She shuddered. "Oh, do take care, papa!"

"But what can he do?" asked Jimmy, who had been listening anxiously to the professor's explanation. "What do you suggest, Sergeantson? You're the authentic spy catcher. How can you defeat the ghost of one?"

"I pass!" replied Sergeantson laconically. "Professor, the word's to you!"

Forsdyke looked genuinely worried.

"Of course I don't believe it, Lomax," he said. "But supposing—supposing there were something like you suggest. What could I do?"

The professor's eyes twinkled.

"Assuming the objective reality of our supposition, my dear Forsdyke," he replied, "I can think of only one effective counterstroke."

He held their interest for a moment in suspense.

"And that is ——"

"To drop a bomb on the girl!"

"A bomb—on the girl," puzzled Jimmy slowly. "Why?"

"Because when you break the telephone receiver it doesn't matter what the fellow at the other end says. You can't hear!"

"But we can't get at her," said Sergeantson. "We don't even know who she is, or where. We should never find out—in time."

"That's just it," agreed the professor. "You would have no time. Assuming that a ghostly spy is haunting our friend Forsdyke, the moment he reads that schedule, or even indicates where it is, the spy reads it, too, and possibly communicates it instantaneously. As Forsdyke is going to do something with that schedule to-morrow morning, well"—he shrugged his shoulders—"my money would be on the ghost!"

"My God!" said Forsdyke, thoroughly alarmed, "if it's true—it's maddening! One can do nothing!"

"Nothing," agreed the professor. "There would be no time."

The men stared at each other, exasperated at the hopelessness of the problem. If—they scarcely dared admit it to their sanity—it really were the case?

Hetty startled them by a sudden cry.

"Didn't you hear? Didn't you hear?" she exclaimed. "Someone laughing at us—close behind! Oh, look! Look!" She pointed to empty space. "There he is again! Don't you see?"

She fainted in Jimmy's ready arms.

The next morning Hetty found her father already at breakfast.

"Well," he asked, his dry smile mildly sarcastic, "any more dreams?"

"Horrid!" she replied with a little shudder as she poured herself some coffee. "But I don't remember them."

"You will see the doctor to-day, young woman," observed her father in a tone which indicated his verdict on the happenings of the previous night.

Hetty was docility itself, a phenomenon not altogether lost on her experienced parent.

"Very well, papa," she agreed demurely. "What are you going to do this morning?"

"I am going to the office to get some papers."

"The papers?" She checked herself with a little frightened glance round the room.

Her father laughed—a good healthy common-sense laugh.

"The papers!" he said. "No more nonsense about ghosts, Hetty. I'm going to get the papers from my office and take them round to the conference. So now you know. And there's an automatic in the pocket of the automobile if anyone tries tricks on the way."

Hetty nodded her head sagely.

"Guess you've a place for me in that automobile, papa," she said. "I'll come with you to the office, wait while you get the papers, and go on with you to the conference building; and while you're there I'll go on to see that doctor. I shall be back in time to pick you up before you are finished with your old conference."

Her father saw no objection to this, was, in fact, secretly glad to have her under his eye as long as possible.

"Mind, no tricks about the doctor!" he said with an assumption of severity.

"Sure, papa!" was her equable reply.

A few minutes later saw them speeding through the keen air of a frosty morning toward Forsdyke's office. But the interior of the limousine was warm and Hetty, snug in her furs, looked a picture of young healthy beauty; looked —— A memory came to Henry Forsdyke in a pang that brought a sigh. He thought of the professor's suggestion of last night. Of course the whole thing was absurd—but he wondered

The car swung in to the sidewalk in front of the government building, stopped before the big doorway with the marble steps. Forsdyke got out.

"I shall be back in a few minutes," he said.

Hetty watched him go across the pavement, ascend the marble steps. He looked neither to right nor left. Then who was that with him? Hetty felt her heart stop. Who was that who passed into the doorway with him? No one had been on the steps—she was suddenly sure of it. Yet—her heart began to pump again—certainly two figures had passed through the swing doors! She sat chilled and paralyzed for the moment in which she visualized the memory of those two figures passing into the shadow of the interior; tried to think when she had first perceived the second. A certitude shot through her, a wild alarm.

She jumped to her feet and with a blind instinctive desire for a weapon pulled the automatic out of the pocket of the limousine and thrust it into her muff. A moment later she was running across the pavement and up the marble steps. The janitor pulled open the swing door for her.

She fixed him with excited eyes. "Who was that who came in with Mr. Forsdyke just now?" she asked breathlessly.

The janitor stared.

"No one, miss. Mr. Forsdyke was alone."

Alone! She repressed an impulse to scream out, dashed to the elevator, which had just come to rest after its descent. The attendant opened the gate at her approach.

"Did you take Mr. Forsdyke up just now?" she asked.

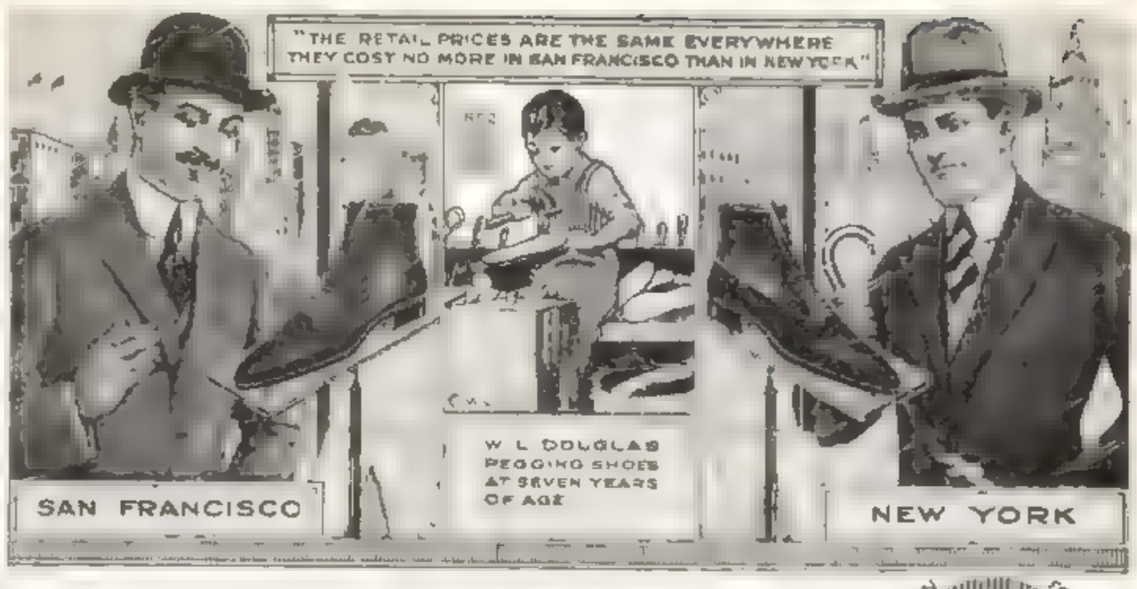
"Yes, miss."

"Was he alone?"

"Sure! He came in alone."

"Take me up!" She trembled so that she could scarcely stand. Her eyes closed in a sickening anxiety as she swayed back against the wall of the elevator.

She shot upward. Another moment and she found herself racing along the corridor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to her father's rooms, twisting at the handle of the door.

She almost fell into the anteroom occupied by Jimmy Lomax. He jumped to his feet.

"Hetty!"

"Father!" She had scarcely breath enough for utterance. "Father! I must see father!"

"Hetty, you can't! He's busy in his private room. No one dare ——"

"I must!" she gasped. "Quick! The ghost!"

He stared in astonishment. She dodged past him and flung open the door into the next room.

Henry Forsdyke was standing, checking over a sheaf of papers in his hand, in front of the swung-open wall of the room, now revealed as a safe divided into many compartments. Hetty perceived him at the first glance; perceived, standing at his side, a man with a sardonic mocking face and a scar over the right eye, who peered over his shoulder.

In a blind whirl of impulse she whipped out the automatic, rushed up close, and fired—into thin air!

Her father swung round on her in a burst of anger.

"Good God, Hetty, are you mad?"

She looked wildly at him.

"The ghost! The ghost!"

He laughed despite his genuine wrath.

"Great heavens, what nonsense it all is! What are you thinking of? You can't shoot a ghost!"

But Hetty had sunk onto a chair and was sobbing hysterically.

In the luxuriously furnished room in Berlin Kranz was speaking excitedly into the telephone.

"*Excellenz!*" he called. "*Excellenz!* Are you there? Quickly! . . . Karl says he will tell us in ten minutes!" He glanced toward the girl sleeping in the big chair. "Quickly!"

He listened for a moment and then put down the receiver with a satisfied air. He rose from his seat and began to pace nervously up and down the room. From time to time he threw a glance at the still figure stretched back among the cushions. She slept with a regular deep breathing. He listened anxiously, alert for any change.

The minutes passed, slowly enough to his impatience. He looked at his watch. It marked ten minutes of four. A thought occurred to him—he amplified it deliberately, to occupy his mind. Ten minutes of four! What time would it be in Washington? Six hours—ten minutes of ten in the morning. What would be happening at ten minutes of ten? What was Karl looking at?

The raucous hoot of an automobile horn startled him out of these meditations. He ran to the window, looked out. A familiar motor car was drawing up by the pavement. His Excellency had lost no time!

A few moments later the dreaded chief stood in the room, formidable still despite his dwarfed appearance in the great fur coat turned up to his ears. The clipped white mustache bristled more than ever, it seemed, as he glared at Kranz through the pince-nez with a ferocity that was but the expression of his excitement.

"Yes!" he cried ere the door had closed after him. "What has happened? Speak, man!"

"Nothing yet, *Excellenz!*" Kranz hastened to assure him. "The girl swooned off suddenly at about a quarter of four. I have not let her out of my sight since last night. And then Karl spoke. He said—and it sounded as though he meant it—that he would give us the information in ten minutes. I telephoned you at once."

"Right! Quite right!" snapped His Excellency. "Ten minutes! The time must be up."

"Good afternoon, *Excellenz!*"

The old man jumped. The familiar mocking voice came from the lifeless mask of the sleeping girl. "Your suggestion was correct—Forsdyke! He is taking me to it now!" The derisive laugh rang out, uncanny in the silent room. "Patience for a few minutes!"

The old man made an effort of his will.

"Where are you now, Karl?" he asked.

"In a motor car. Funny story—tell you later. Patience." The voice sounded far away and faint. "Look to the girl, Kranz. Not breathing properly. Can't speak—if—power—fails."

Kranz went to the sleeping girl. Her head had fallen forward and she was breathing stertorously. He rearranged the cushions, posed her head so that she once more breathed deeply and evenly.

They waited in a tense silence. Then her lips moved again.

"Listen—now! Take it down as I read it!" Karl's voice rang with an unholy triumph.

"Quick, Kranz! Write!" commanded the old man.

His subordinate leaped to the table, settled himself, pen in hand.

The girl's lips trembled in the commencement of speech, opened.

"Schedule of Sailings of American Army to Europe!" began the triumphant voice.

There was a pause.

"Yes—yes!" cried the old man impatiently. "Go on!"

"Numbers for March ——" Karl Wertheimer's voice came with a curious deliberation as though he were memorizing figures. "Ah-h!" The voice broke in a wild unearthly cry that froze the blood.

They waited. There was no sound. They heard their hearts beat in a growing terror.

Suddenly the old man spoke:

"The girl! Look, Kranz! She does not breathe!"

Kranz sprang to her, lifted her hand, bent suddenly down to her face. He looked up with the eyes of a balked demon.

"She is dead!" he said hoarsely.

He turned to her again and with a frenzied rage tore away the clothes from her throat and chest. Just over her heart was a small round dark spot staining the unbroken skin.

"Look!" he cried.

The old man peered down at the mark, and then stared round the room.

"What has happened?" The wild cry quavered with the terror of the unseen.

No answer came from the silence.

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And here, briefly, is what the American Mutual's Claim Service means to the manufacturer:

1—Complete protection

2—Relief from all anxiety or trouble in connection with the settlement of claims

3—Immediate, exhaustive and expert investigation

4—Quick and satisfactory settlements

5—A satisfied force of employees

Protection for Employee

Here, briefly, is what the American Mutual's Claim Service means to a manufacturer's employees:

1—Immediate attention after injury

2—The best medical treatment at all times

3—In case of serious injury, the best hospital and surgical treatment obtainable

4—Considerate and humane treatment always

5—Absolute satisfaction of all lawful demands

But that is not all. Accidents are most unwelcome in any plant. The Engineering Service of the American Mutual tends to Accident Prevention, Reducing Severity of Accidents, Improvement of Working Conditions and the Reduction of Rates. Is your plant properly classified? Our survey and suggestions for improvements, in many instances, have been the means of reclassifying the risk and materially reducing the rate. We aid, too, in the creation of a Safety and Welfare Organization, within the plant of the manufacturer.

The American Mutual is a policy-holders' organization, controlled directly by and accountable to the policy-holders, rendering a service solely for the policy-holders. And it is a policy-holders' institution that in the 32 years of its existence has never returned less than 30% of their premiums to the policy-holders.

Automobile Insurance Direct-By-Mail

Our AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE, covering Public Liability, Property Damage and Collision, affords the owners of pleasure cars, or commercial vehicles, the same mutual service and the same dividend return as does our Workmen's Compensation and Employers' Liability Insurance. Address the Boston Office, giving make, year and model of your car, and the expiration date of your present policy.

American Mutual Liability Insurance Co.

Executive Offices: 245 State Street, Boston. 18 East 41st Street, New York.

Branches in Principal Cities

Protection for Employer and Employee

AMERICAN MUTUAL
LIABILITY INSURANCE CO.

Use this coupon in requesting further information.

American Mutual Liability Insurance Co.
245 State Street, Boston, Mass.

Without obligation or charge, send your booklet, "The Return of 100." We check the kind of insurance in which we are interested, and give data pertinent to our risk.

☐ Workmen's Compensation
☐ Public Liability

Name_____
Address_____
Nature of business_____ Number of Employees_____
Name and office of individual placing the insurance:

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

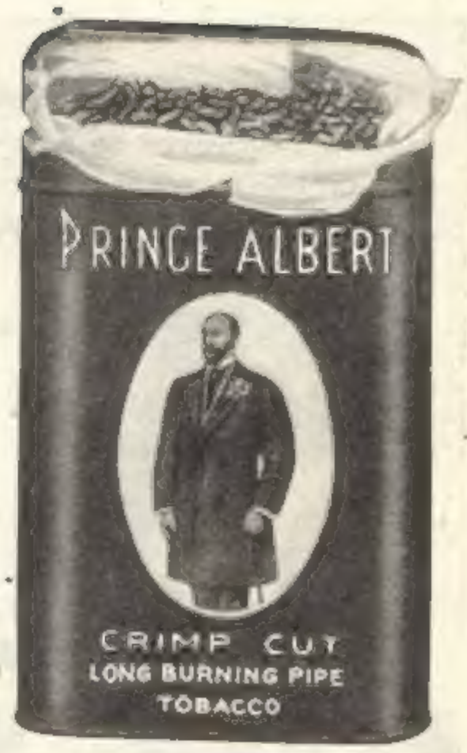
PEACE for jimmy pipe smokers was settled for all time by Prince Albert—tobacco that soft-pedals any smokekick you or any other man has in stock; tobacco that tips you to dig-deep-into-the-cushions and p-p-p-puff away in the swellest-swim-of-smokesunshine that ever did flow your direction!

Real Tobacco Quality—that's Prince Albert's basis for negotiations! And, it has won in every civilized language, just as it will win you! Quality *plus* freedom from bite and parch which are cut out by our exclusive patented process.

Ship your smokegrouch to the back bushes and play the smoke-game *with both hands* in the Prince Albert Jimmy Pipe League! Talk about batting out high figures! Why, your smokeaverage will get such a hunch you'll be hustling for championship honors before the sun breaks over the horizon!

Get into action while the season's young! Don't slip another hour! For, what P. A. will hand you will make you wish you could get lost in a long ton of Prince Albert—*it tastes so good, it smells so good, it IS so good!*

Never was such a peck-of-pleasure rambling your way!



WHEREVER your baggage is checked to, there you'll find awaiting your howdy-do, toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—and—that classy, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

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R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

A Breakfast-Jar Comes Free

To let you try luscious Sunkist Orange Marmalade from the Sunkist Orange groves. Clip the coupon and send it to us. Taste this delicious new preserve at our expense.

HERE'S *a new American Marmalade,* made in California by the growers of Sunkist Oranges.

You have never tasted better marmalade—we feel sure you'll agree to that. For never before has marmalade been prepared for you in the incomparable "Sunkist way."

Made by Women

The cooking is superintended by a Scotch woman who brought the recipe here from Scotland.

To insure a genuine "home taste," she uses small individual stoves, and cooks but a few pounds at a time. The home unit is simply multiplied in the Sunkist kitchens.

A staff of expert women-cooks, under her direction, are constantly watching every kettle. Each is individually done to a turn,—just like home-made preserves. They do in these spick and span Sunkist kitchens just what you would do in yours to make the best marmalade you know.

Home Purity

Our women-cooks use only the rich juice and yellow part of the peel of fresh, ripe fruit from Sunkist Orange groves. They add pure sugar and a little lemon or grapefruit juice.

Nothing else whatever comes to you in this marmalade. All pulp is discarded. The peel is finely shredded so it doesn't form lumps.

They cook down two pounds of fruit to make one pound of marmalade—that's four times as much as most cooks use. Thus we get the full orange flavor. That concentration of fruit and the careful "small stove" cooking insures a natural jell.

You'll know as soon as you taste it that this is a prime preserve.

Clip the Coupon Now

Clip your coupon and send it now. Your first breakfast is our treat. Try Sunkist Marmalade on toast, hot corn bread, muffins, biscuits, griddle cakes or waffles. Serve it at breakfast or at tea-time.

This marmalade will make you a regular customer, we feel sure, so we can afford to let you try one breakfast free.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE
Los Angeles, California
A co-operative organization of 8500 growers
Distributors of Sunkist Oranges, Lemons, Grapefruit, Marmalades and Orange Jelly.

"ONE BREAKFAST FREE" COUPON
We can send only one jar to each family

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE
Div. M-6, Los Angeles, California

Please send one "breakfast sample" of Sunkist Orange Marmalade Free to the following address. In the acceptance of your offer I am furnishing my grocer's name and address. I have not previously accepted your offer.

My name is _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

My grocer's name is _____

Address _____

Sunkist
MARMALADE
MADE BY THE GROWERS
OF SUNKIST ORANGES

Keep the date and title on the Film

Keep a Kodak Story of the Children

AND along with it, written on the film *at the time*, keep dates and titles. So, by and by, when you live over again, through pictures, these incomparable days with the children, you can answer such questions as, "How old *was* Betty then?" or "When *did* we spend that day with the Blakes?" and your film records will provide a permanent and authentic means of refreshing your memory at need.

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All Dealers *"If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak"*

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